

Mar. 29, 1982

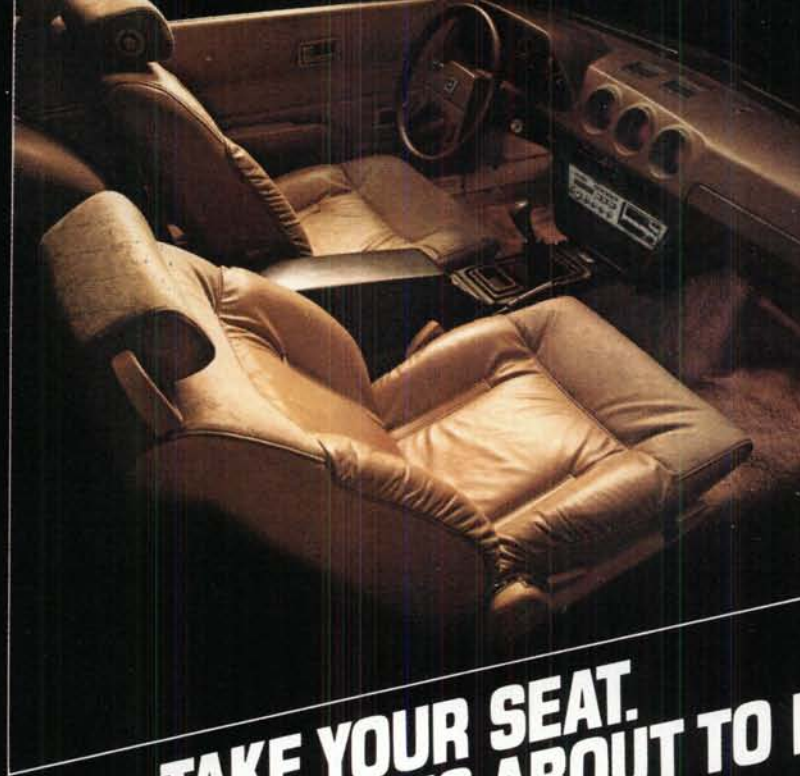
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THE NEW YORKER

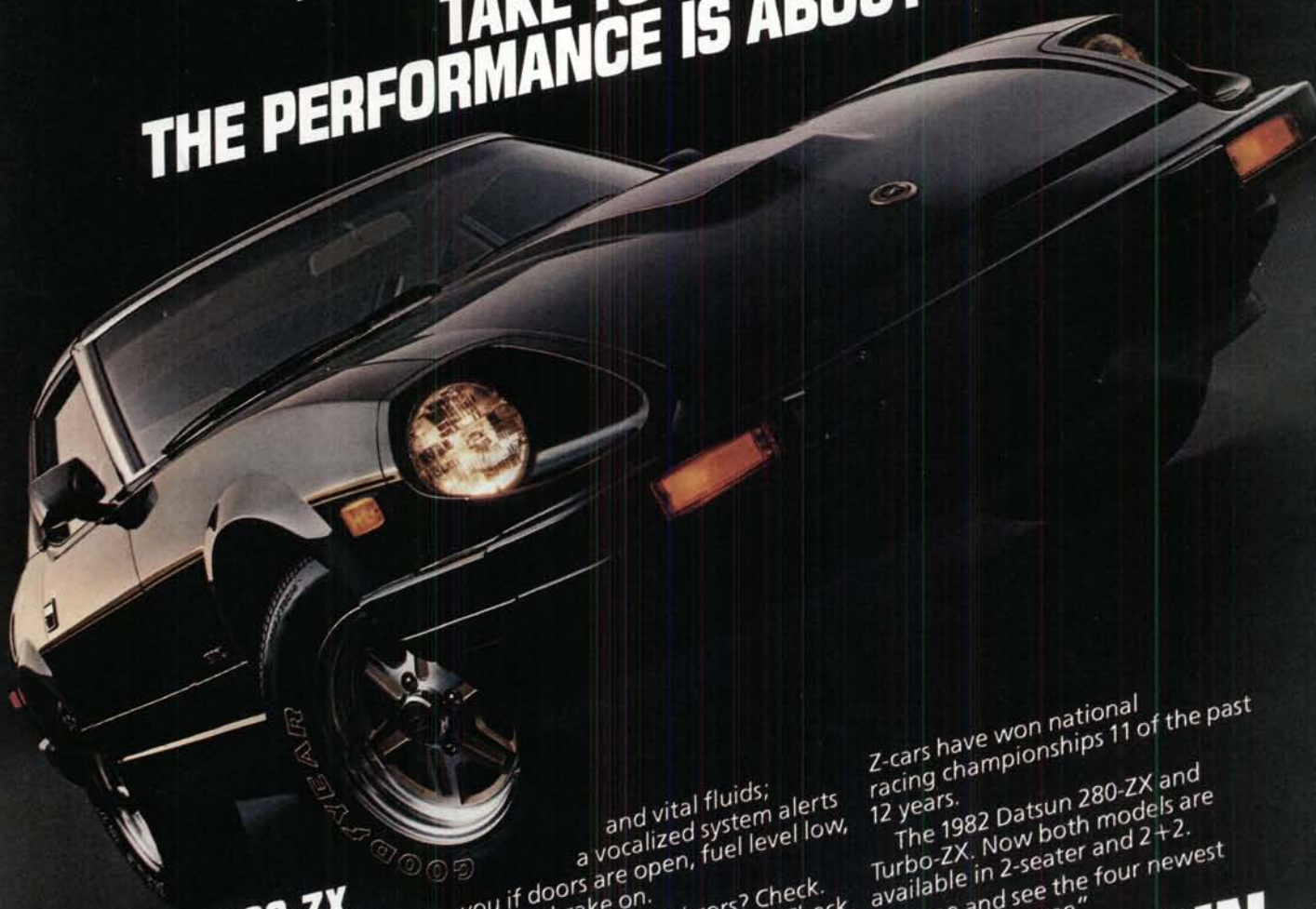


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AGNES OF GOD—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer in a play by John Pielmeier. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Previews through Monday, March 29. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Sundays at 2:30.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Three productions in two theatres. At the Circle Repertory Company Theatre, through Sunday, April 11: **SNOW ORCHID**, a foolish melodrama by Joe Pin-tauro, about a seething Italian family in Brooklyn. It is well performed under the able direction of Tony Giordano; with Olympia Dukakis and Peter Boyle, among others. (3/22/82) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . At the Entermidia Theatre, through Sunday, April 4: **THE GREAT GRANDSON OF JEDEDIAH KOHLER**, by John Bishop, with Trish Hawkins, Michael Ayr, and Jimmie Ray Weeks. Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 8; Sunday, March 28, at 3 and 8; Tuesday, March 30, and Friday, April 2, at 8; and Saturday, April 3, at 2. . . . **Shakespeare's RICHARD II**, with William Hurt, Lindsay Crouse, Richard Cox, and Jacqueline Brookes. Friday, March 26, at 8; Saturday, March 27, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 31-April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8. (189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN—In which Cher steals a show that is not worth stealing. Also present are Sandy Dennis and Karen Black. (3/1/82) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

COTTON PATCH GOSPEL—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DINING ROOM—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearlthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Traditional musical-comedy ho-

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kum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE DRESSER—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EMINENT DOMAIN—A play by Percy Granger, with Philip Bosco and Betty Miller. Paul Austin directed. Previews through Saturday, March 27. Opens officially on Sunday, March 28. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Cole Porter's 1933 Lon-

don musical **NYMPH ERRANT** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

HOW I GOT THAT STORY—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, April 4: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MASS APPEAL—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life;

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THE NEW YORKER

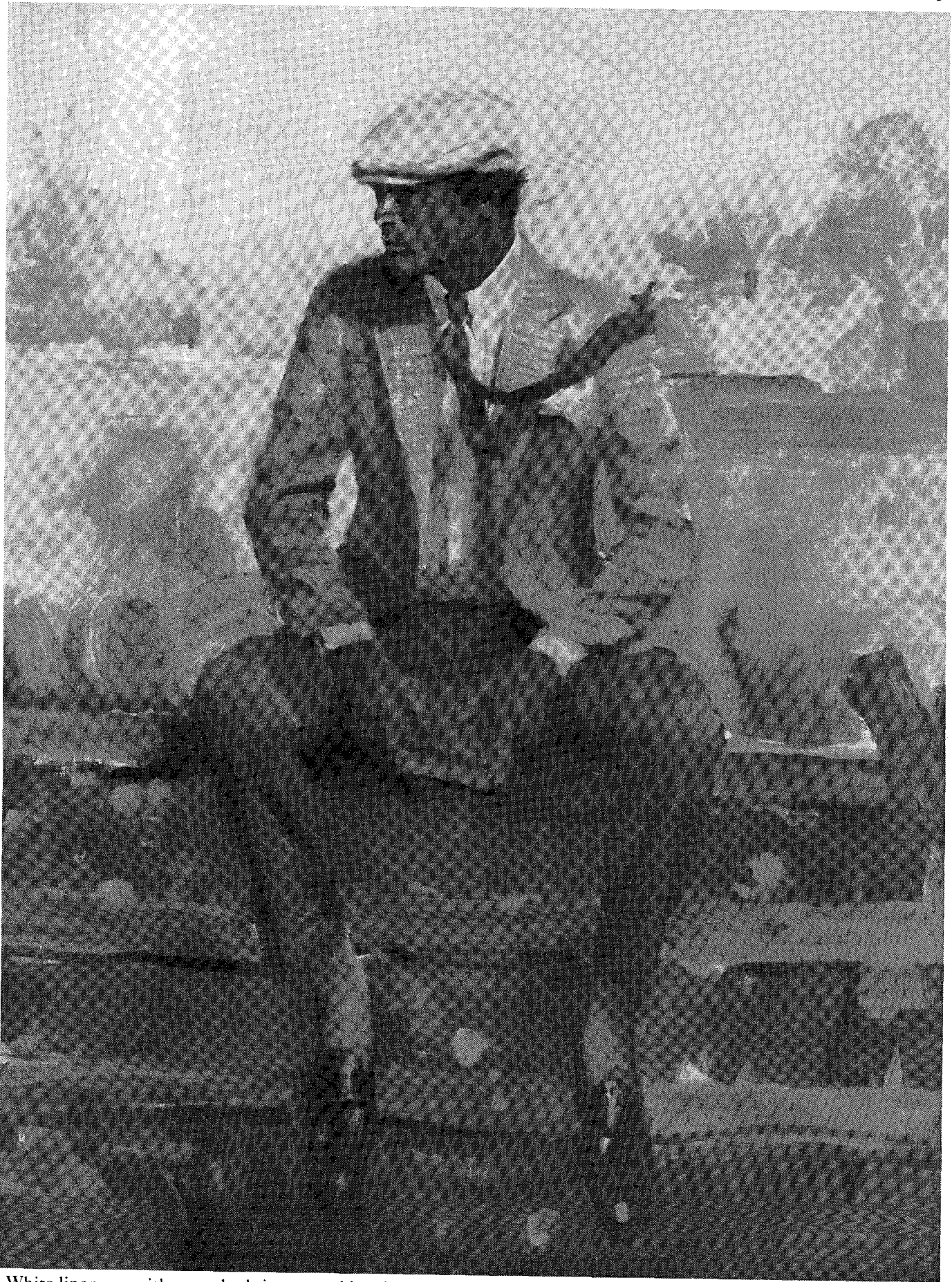
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MAYBE I'M DOING IT WRONG—The songs of Randy Newman may or may not be worth an evening by themselves, but they are certainly sung with wit and charm by Deborah Rush, Mark Linn-Baker, Larry Riley, and Patti Perkins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE MIDDLE AGES—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Jack Gilpin, Carolyn Mignini, Steven Gilborn, and Pat Lavelle. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 431-6285. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—Though he claimed to have loved not wisely but too well, Othello knew little about love and poor Desdemona knew still less. James Earl Jones speaks his great lines with fitting dignity and Christopher Plummer makes an incomparable Iago. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PAPER ANGELS—A play by Genny Lim. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—A play by David Blomquist, **WEEKENDS LIKE OTHER PEOPLE**, stars Kenneth McMillan and Rose Gregorio, two fine actors, as an employee in a warehouse and his patient wife, who must come to terms with the stagnation of their lives and with each other. Ulu Grosbard is the good director. (3/22/82) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

POOR LITTLE LAMBS—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs of the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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SALLY AND MARSHA—Sybille Pearson's gentle, subtle comedy about the growing friendship of two housewives on the upper West Side has been directed with far too broad a hand, but Bernadette Peters gives a legitimate and charming performance as one of the two ladies concerned. (3/8/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TOMFOOLERY—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinee Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

THE UNSEEN HAND—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WALTZ OF THE STORK—Melvin Van Peebles in a

quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education of Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY'RE ALL ALONE AND SCENES DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER—A double bill by Joel Homer. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS**: We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, John Pankow, and Michele Farr heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. On Wednesday evening, March 31, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **BARNUM**: A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Master-son wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and James N. Stephens play the leads. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CLOUD 9**: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosités of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinee performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,112 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10;

and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-twelfth edition. Opens Wednesday, March 31, and will run through Monday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 31, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 1, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes aren't going to miss a second of this. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8; Saturday, March 27, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 28, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.

Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical. "Sealed with a Quiche," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-617 495-5205.)

DANCE

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Trails," Duets, "Locale," and "Gallopade."... **Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Event #2."**... **Friday, March 26, at 8, and Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Fielding Sixes," "10's with Shoes," "Tango," and "Channels/Inserts."**... **Saturday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 2: "Trails," "Channels/Inserts," and "Gallopade."** (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **GUS SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Thursday, March 25, and Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8. **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Wednesday, March 31, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 3-4, at 2. **RIRIE-WOODBURY DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, April 1, and Saturday and Sunday, April 3-4, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-9299.)

NINA WIENER AND DANCERS—"Lullabies for Elisabeth," "Hug and Kisses, Nina," excerpts from "The Condor Material," and "Irish Jumping Songs." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3. Through Monday, April 5. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)... **Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)**

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, will be devoted to the animated duets of pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**; on Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will be on hand with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Hard-bop tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a quartet through Sunday, March 28; on Tuesday, March 30, **JOHNNY HARTMAN**, the jazz musician's ballad singer, will arrive with a quartet. Mondays belong to guitarist Daniel Licht's quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, March 24,

pop-rock singer **Ronnie Spector** shares the stage with **Eye to Eye**; Thursday through Saturday, March 25-27, **BETTY CARTER** will sing with accompaniment from her trio and from a sixteen-piece orchestra conducted by **DAVID AMRAM**; Wednesday, March 31, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY** and the **RED CLAY RAMBLERS**; Thursday, April 1, will be given over to comedians **Charlie Barnett**, **Rick Overton**, **Mark Schiff**, and **Marc Weiner**; and Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, comic **Jackie Mason** will trade sets with the folk duo **Buskin & Batteau**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **FRED HERSCH**, who is at the piano through Saturday, March 27, receives bass support from **RON CARTER** on Wednesday, March 24, and from **CHARLIE HADEN** Thursday through Saturday, March 25-27. On Sunday, March 28, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will begin working with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious onstage patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. She's performing in the Café Carlyle through Wednesday, March 31, with pianist **MIKE ABENE** and his trio. On Thursday, April 1, **BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty *compadres*, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT**, will return for a three-month stay—no fooling. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... **BARBARA CARROLL**, who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. His last night will be Saturday, March 27. Music from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, March 24, All Nite Lovers, Fred's Band, the Seizures, and the Feds; Thursday, March 25, the Mob, Genocide, and Seeds of Terror; Friday, March 26, the Swinging Madisons, the Donny Fury Band, and the Egyptians; and Saturday, March 27, Urban Blight, RPM, and the Blenders. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hang-out for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-

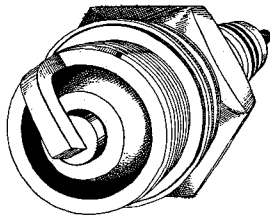




Spark plugs tipped with silver, magnetic pulse ignition, precisely metered fuel injection...the Peugeot 505 S shrugs off tune-ups for 30,000 miles.

Silver-tipped spark plugs? An extravagance, to be sure, but for an utterly practical reason: in the Peugeot 505 S, they last 2 to 3 times longer than average spark plugs.

Similarly, magnetic pulse ignition. Specified by Peugeot engineers, it has no points to be adjusted or replaced, ever.



The spark plugs of the Peugeot 505 S are tipped with silver. They last 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary spark plugs.



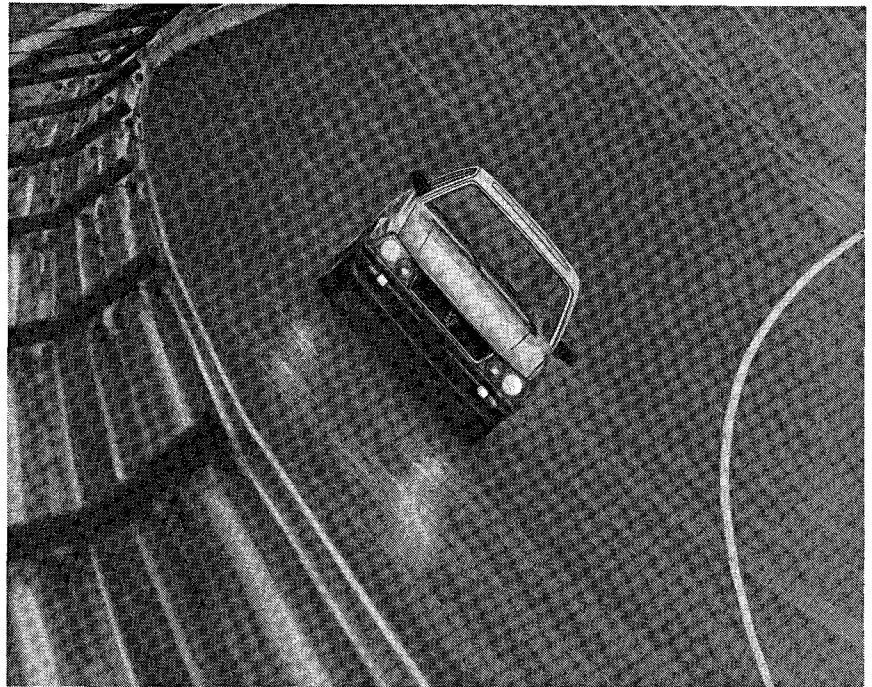
Precisely metered fuel

Peugeot considers fuel injection a far more exact method of metering fuel to the engine than the more primitive carburetor.

A control valve, manufactured to an accuracy of 4/10ths of one thousandth of an inch, directs a precise amount of fuel to each cylinder. Result: more complete combustion, less wastage of fuel.

Leaving nothing to chance, Peugeot engineers mount a sensor in the tailpipe to check the performance of the fuel injection. If it detects an imbalance in the fuel-air mixture, an on-board computer sends a correcting signal to the engine.

This technology is so effective



The Peugeot 505 S—a ton and a half of solid European craftsmanship—hurtles around the test track at the Peugeot Technical Center.

that the recommended tune-up interval of the XN6 engine has been extended to 30,000 miles.



A fortress of strength

Clever engine technology is of little use if the rest of the car crumbles before its time. The Peugeot

The Peugeot Lion



The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)...the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)...and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).

505 S, however, is a veritable fortress of strength.

The body, for example, is welded in 4,032 places. A steel frame forms a safety cage around the passenger compartment. There are 21 separate measures to combat rust and corrosion.

Peugeot is a stickler for quality. After assembly, every single car is put through a thorough road test on a special track. It costs more to build a car this way. Nonetheless, Peugeot would have it no other way.

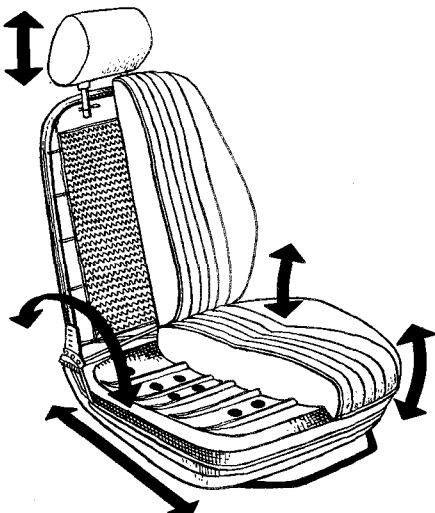


Seats "tuned" to the suspension

Most carmakers use springs in their seats. But seat springs tend to amplify the oscillations of the car's

suspension, which can actually disturb one's stomach.

Peugeot has banished springs in favor of more expensive polymerized foam, *tuned* to the suspension.



Polymerized foam replaces springs in the 505 S seat construction. The seat backs can be raked to 16 positions, and the driver's seat adjusts for height.

The foam is molded under heat to the shape of the human anatomy, and covered with soft velour.

Thanks to the long, 107.9-inch wheelbase and efficient use of interior space, the 505 S is a *true* 5-seater, with room in the back seat for adult legs and adult heads.

Awesome damping devices

No seats, no matter how comfortable, can disguise the deficiencies of a poor suspension. Normally, a shock absorber is designed to deliver either a soft ride *or* good handling, but not both at the same time.

The Peugeot shock absorbers, however, are awesome damping devices. They will swallow large bumps without breaking stride... *and* deliver excellent handling.

Cut apart a Peugeot shock absorber and you will discover why. The piston contains *four times as many valves* as a normal shock absorber.

Complex, indeed, but amazingly durable. Where lesser shock absorbers might be expected to show signs of weakening after 30,000 miles, the Peugeot shock absorber has been designed to maintain peak efficiency for 60,000 miles of normal use.

Peugeot has little tolerance for poorly made cars.



The meaning of "S"

Peugeot does not believe in nibbling you to death with extra-cost options. When you spend \$13,990* for a gasoline-engined 505 S, this is the "S" (for Special) equipment that comes with the car:

- Factory-installed air conditioning
- Electric windows
- Electric sunroof
- Cruise control
- Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
- Automatic electric antenna
- Central door locking—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
- Alloy wheels
- Multi-adjustable driver's seat.

So fully equipped is the 505 S that the only other ways to spend your money are by ordering a 3-speed automatic transmission (\$370) in place of the manual 5-speed overdrive gearbox, and by specifying metallic paint (\$295).

See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

*Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges (\$255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

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Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

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The Peugeot 505 S, from the second-largest carmaker in Europe. At \$13,990, many observers consider it undervalued in today's market.



PEUGEOT

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** presents show tunes in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. Mr. Siegel appears to be very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks a great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, March 24, John Roberts; Thursday, March 25, the Wooden Nickel String Band; Saturday, March 27, the Double Decker String Band; Sunday, March 28, guitarists Ken Perlman and Bob Mellman; Thursday, April 1, Bluegrass Run (a Brooklyn band); and Saturday, April 3, the Rural Valley Revellers String Band, from West Virginia. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 28, the Lou Stein quintet will perform from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. The **HEATH BROTHERS BAND**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, guitarist **TONY PURRONE**, and drummer **AKIRA TANA**—is on the premises through Sunday, March 28; on Tuesday, March 30, Tania Maria, a Brazilian singer, will arrive with her band. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, March 24, Jan Greenwald and the Jessica Ruff band; Thursday, March 25, Joe and Antoinette McKenna; Saturday, March 27, **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE**, a bluegrass outfit; Sunday, March 28, the Microtones and Friends & Enemies; Tuesday, March 30, Moonbeam; Wednesday, March 31, Susan Savell; Friday, April 2, **MICHAEL HURLEY**; and Saturday, April 3, **ERIC ANDERSEN**. Two shows, at about nine and midnight, every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummer-less music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** through Saturday, March 27; Monday, March 29, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS**; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30-31, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and his band, **TOP SHELF**; and Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, singer **CISSY HOUSTON**. On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, tenor saxophonist **ARTHUR BARRON**, bassist **ALEX BLAKE**, and percussionist **STEVE BERRIOS** jam. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA**

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works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **Ronnie Markowitz**, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman** Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist **Don Golson** is at the piano from five to ten nightly except Sundays.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists and bassists. **JOHN BUNCH** is the pianist through Saturday, March 27; on Tuesday, March 30, pianist **ARTHUR RHAMES** will come in with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **SAMMY PRICE**, who was born in Honey Grove, Texas, in 1908, started out in the twenties as a Charleston dancer. In the forties, he was playing solo piano at Café Society, the Downbeat, and the Famous Door, and led the Texas Blueicians, a recording aggregation that included Lester Young. By the fifties, he had become a businessman and politician, but he kept active in music, recording some jumping rock and roll and rhythm and blues with drummer **Panama Francis**. He's at the dining-room grand, playing blues and boogie-woogie Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, March 28-29, **Vinson Hill** will play piano. Sets Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist **Chuck Folds** alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Wednesday, March 24, trombonist **BENNY POWELL's** Swing Four will perform; Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, composer and bassist **Saheb Sarbib** will lead his sextet and his dance troupe; and Wednesday, March 31, will be claimed by a group called **Jersey Bounce**. On Thursdays, a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**, plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo*. Music from about eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays

and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by **Mike Morgenstern**, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to **Eddie Condon's** (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter **Spanky Davis** occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, **Kaminsky** directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **HANK JONES** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, March 27; on Tuesday, March 30, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and superbassist **RON CARTER** will move in. Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, another first-rate piano-bass duo, keep the good listeners listening. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. **JUNIOR WALKER**, the sixties R. & B. saxophonist and singer who has been appearing locally for the past couple of years, doesn't provide any of the special effects from his Motown days—no tambourine and no echo chamber, that is—and sometimes his young band plays as though it were working a lacklustre frat-party gig. But Mr. Walker's singing and the comfortable, jagged tone he gets on his horn are in fine shape, and when one is presented with a set list that has "Shotgun," "How Sweet It Is (To Be Loved by You)," and "(I'm a) Road Runner" on it, one can hardly complain. He'll be onstage on Monday and Tuesday, March 29-30, along with **Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows**. The rest of the week: Thursday, March 25, singer and bassist **RICK DANKO** and the **Aztec Two-Step**; Sunday, March 28, **Kinky Friedman**; and Thursday, April 1, **Evelyn (Champaigne) King**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A practically brand-new jazz club that already has an exciting, established feel to it. **MORGANA KING** sings here through Saturday, March 27; on Monday and Tuesday, March 29-30, pianist **JOANNE BRACEEN** will head up a trio; and on Wednesday, March 31, singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family will take over. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Sundays are devoted to a new big band directed by **CECIL TAYLOR**, at nine-thirty and midnight. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of none other than **MEL TORNE**, through Saturday, March 27. On Monday, March 29, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will begin singing in her unmistakable soft, low, non-emotional voice, with a backup band. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and actor **BILL HENDERSON** is doing a program of Ellington and Gershwin tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the **New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band**, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, March 24, **Dave Tofani**; Thursday, March 25, **Wareika**, a reggae band; Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, guitarist **ERIC GALE's** reggae band; Sunday, March 28, **String Fever**, an all-string (plus a drummer) fifteen-piece swing-music ensemble; Monday, March 29, **French Toast**; Tuesday, March 30, **Survival**; Wednesday, March 31, **Thom Rotella**; and Thursday, April 1, **trum-**



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WE'VE GOT THE ANSWERS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

peter SHUNZO ONO. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, March 24, the Phil Garland Band; Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, Peggie Blue; Sunday, March 28, **JOSH WHITE, JR.**; Wednesday, March 31, country-rock pianist Floyd Domino; Friday, April 2, Billy Mernit; and Saturday, April 3, the Strangers. Thursdays are claimed by the wonderful R. & B. band the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, March 24, Rubber Rodeo; Thursday, March 25, the Outsets; Friday, March 26, Konk; Saturday, March 27, Panther Burns; and Sunday, March 28, Fear. Music from about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. On Wednesday, March 24, alto saxophonist and composer **ORNETTE COLEMAN**, who's been playing future-perfect forms of rock and roll for years—he's called it harmelodic music but it sounds like wild and woolly out-there R. & B.—will lead his band, **PRIME TIME**. The rest of the schedule: Thursday, March 25, **THIRD WORLD**, a reggae sextet (at eight and eleven); Friday, March 26, the Nitecaps and Moonbeam; Saturday, March 27, the Lenny Kaye Connection and Johnny Jewell; Sunday, March 28, pianist, singer, and songwriter **LEON RUSSELL**; Monday, March 29, B. B. Buel; Wednesday, March 31, **RPM**; Thursday, April 1, **JORMA KAUKONEN**; and Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, Mink DeVille and Eve Moon. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern jus' keeps rollin', it keeps on rollin' along. The cast of four: Judy Kaye, Terry Burrell, Ira Hawkins, and Patrick Quinn. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday, March 24, a band named Starfleet, which features saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, drummer **JIMMY COBB**, and bassist **WALTER BOOKER**; Thursday through Sunday, March 25-28, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS**; Monday, March 29, guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO**; Tuesday, March 30, Pete Chavez; Wednesday and Thursday, March 31-April 1, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and a trio; and Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, swamp-rockers **DR. JOHN**. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, **HAROLD OUSELY**, a bluesy tenor saxophonist, will lead a

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trio; and on Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his group. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BILLY HART**—what a rhythm section!—perform through Saturday, March 27; on Sunday and Monday, March 28-29, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** will guide his band, **TOP SHELF**; and on Tuesday, March 30, pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN** will come in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). **OTIS RUSH**, one of the most exciting Chicago-blues guitarists and singers around today, performs with the Charles Otis band on Wednesday, March 24, and Friday and Saturday, March 26-27. On Thursday, March 25, **ALBERT COLLINS**, another real fine blues singer and guitarist, will drop by. On Wednesday, March 31, **CHARLES BROWN**, an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties, will begin a rare New York visit. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet, the **UPTOWN HORNS**, which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Thursday, March 25, George Sanders and Rhythm Method; Friday, March 26, Gentz and Single Strings; Saturday, March 27, Scarlet Fever and Cookie Watkins & Jet; Monday, March 29, Eye to Eye; Wednesday, March 31, Mindy Farrell; Friday, April 2, Patti Scialfa; and Saturday, April 3, Velvee-teen and Eat Right with Stu Daye. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sunday, March 28.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room: on Monday, March 29, there will be two bands, **TITO PUENTE'S** and **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ'S**, and one guest soloist, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, and things will get going about nine. On Fridays the room becomes a jazz-concert site: on Friday, March 26, at eleven, tenor saxophonist **KALAPARUSHA**, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, bassist **SIRONI**, and drummer **RASHID SINAN** will perform; and on Friday, April 2, at ten-thirty, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** and his septet will back up vocalists **GRACE TESTANI** and **CATHY ROSE SALIT**. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND'S** quintet winds up a week here on Sunday, March 28; on Tuesday, March 30, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will begin co-piloting a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared

collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** and his quintet can be heard through Sunday, March 28; Monday and Tuesday, March 29-30, will belong to the Percy France quartet; and on Friday, April 2, **BENNY WATERS**, a veteran of the reed sections in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford, will come in with a quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CLAUDE BOLLING and **HUBERT LAWS**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 26, at 8.

JORGE DALTO—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 26, at 8.

NICK LOWE & HIS NOISE TO GO—With Screamin' Jay Hawkins. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

MIGHTY DIAMONDS, THE HEPTONES, and JAH MALLA—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, March 26, at 8.

RICKIE LEE JONES—Palladium. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.

RICHIE HAVENS—With the Long Island Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

DOO-WOPP VOL. IV—The Skyliners, Arlene Smith & the Chantels, Fourteen Karat Soul, the Penguins, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at 8.)

CHRIS WILLIAMSON—With Jackie Robbins. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

CHIC, "D" TRAIN, and T-CONNECTION—Palladium. Saturday, April 3, at 9.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jimmy Madison quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ron Carter quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 10 and midnight: Tony Dagradi. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, March 24, at 9: Kasim Sulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chuck Mangione quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 30, at 9: Lil Red and Pretty Wise Guys. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: Rickie Lee Jones. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 9: Bryan Adams and 4 Out of 5 Doctors. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Saturday, March 27: Irene Schweizer and Rudiger Carl. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2: David Murray quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3: Michele Rosewoman Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Bob James, Michael Brecker, Mike Mainieri, Peter Erskine, Don Grolnick, and Eddie Gomez. For the benefit of the legal fund of Citizens for Jazz on WRVR. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

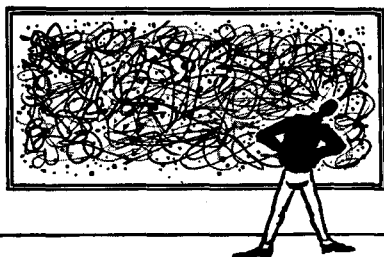
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—New constructions. Through April 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

PHYLLIS BRAMSON—Fantasy paintings supplemented by pieces of related sculpture either



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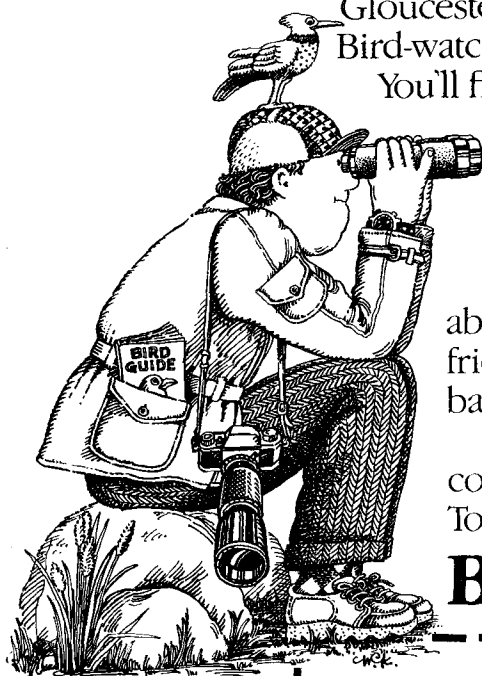
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| ☐ Boating | ☐ Music |
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| ☐ Conservation/Ecology | ☐ Pottery |
| ☐ Dance | ☐ Soccer |
| ☐ Dogs | ☐ Stamps |
| ☐ Field & Nature Studies | ☐ Tennis |
| ☐ Fishing | ☐ Theater |
| ☐ Flowers | ☐ Walking/Hiking |
| ☐ Gardens | ☐ Weaving/Spinning |
| ☐ Geology | ☐ Writing |
| ☐ Genealogy | ☐ Yoga |
| Other (specify) _____ | |

*Ghosts.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

freestanding or applied as collage onto the canvas. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

HELENE BRANDT—Sculptures: welded-steel frameworks, the largest eight feet tall, housing chairs or ladders. Through April 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Recent color-field paintings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.) ... ¶ In the ground-floor rooms, drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Thomas Hart Benton, including some abstract notations by the latter which are very rare.

WILLEM DE KOONING—Large oils from the past year, reflecting somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

MARIUS DE ZAYAS (1880-1961)—Paintings and works on paper by a Mexican artist who was associated with Alfred Stieglitz. Caricatures of Stieglitz and other members of his avant-garde circle, among them Max Weber and John Marin, are included. Through April 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

HERBERT FERBER—Large abstract compositions painted on a double layer of canvas, one of which is slashed and peeled back to reveal the layer underneath. Two large bronze sculptures are also shown. Through Thursday, April 1. (Knoodler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BARKLEY HENDRICKS—Ten life-size portraits of contemporary men and women, plus works on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ALEXEJ JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

DIETER JUNG—Colored-pencil drawings and prints. Through Saturday, March 27. (Poin-dexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944)—Colored and black-and-white woodcuts, dated 1911, done while the artist was living in Munich. Through April 10. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

BARRY LEDOUX—Painted sculptures made of lead sheets in the shapes of empty sleeves, jackets, trousers—a sort of human chrysalis. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DAVID LEVINE—Watercolors, including street scenes of Cairo and caricatures. Through April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Paintings, drawings, collages, and graphics. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JUAN MARTINEZ—Victims of some nameless oppression are the subjects of these paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and paper overlaid with gauze. Through April 17. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

RORY McEWEN—Paintings and collages on the themes of leaves and flowers. Through Saturday, April 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches the artist painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through April 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK / HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY (1867-1945)—Abstract compositions, some of them combining needle and thread with pen and ink. / Portraits, landscapes, and still-lives by a Boston painter who was a quite successful and influential academician. Through April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

KENDALL SHAW—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 17. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—Nearly two dozen works from the past four decades, the earliest a collage dated 1941. Through April 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—A two-gallery show of sculp-

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tural pieces: Two big works and related drawings at Elkton, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through April 8); and three big works, including the macabre "House of the Hanged Man," which is eleven feet high, at 112 Greene Street (through Saturday, April 3).

GROUP SHOWS—At A.M. ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by American Impressionists who worked in Old Lyme, Connecticut, during the first half of this century: Lucien Abrams, George Burr, Charles Ebert, Mary Roberts Ebert, and Will Howe Foote. Through April 10. ... LA BOETIE, 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also, a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. ... GIBSON, 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, Janet Rifkin among them) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. ... MAZOH, 13 E. 76th St.: Works by a dozen or so artists—Rothko, Dubuffet, Jasper Johns, Kandinsky, Hockney—not to mention an unbaked terracotta head by Picasso. Through April 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... PAUL ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French art (1600-1900) not well known here, consisting of forty-nine paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight artists, organized by the gallery in concert with four Paris galleries. Through May 1. ... SCHLESINGER-BOISANTE, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists, among them Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, and Ilya Bolotowsky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO (1887-1964) / KATHERINE SCHMIDT (1898-1978)—Fifteen or so metal and stone sculptures, primarily female figures in the round, plus paintings and drawings. / Figure and landscape drawings by an artist whose bequest to the Whitney Museum is currently on view there. Through April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCH AVERY—New paintings, including landscapes and seascapes of the coast of Turkey. Through Saturday, April 3. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

MARILYN BAUM / CLAIRE MOORE—Collages of printed matter—money and medicine-bottle labels (one for a ringworm ointment)—the artist picked up on a recent trip to China, arranged together on a rich, glittery background. / Scraps of tinsel and bits of paint-soaked paper are glued into a random pattern in these collages, on which the artist also letters enigmatic remarks. Through Saturday, April 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) ... ¶ Gallery 120, at 120 Lafayette St., at Canal St., is showing new paintings by Moore. Through Sunday, March 28. (Open Thursdays through Sundays.)

LARRY BELL—This artist-chemist makes radiant-looking abstract drawings by vaporizing mineral elements and transferring them

to sheets of paper. Through April 10. (Goodman, in new quarters on the eighth floor at 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAKE BERTHOT—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALICE DALTON BROWN—Paintings of large details of white-clapboard American Victorian houses—a side wall, a porch, an entrance—with special attention to the gingerbread. The subjects are mostly upstate, around Ithaca. Through Saturday, March 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Oil paintings in which New York fruit markets and Caribbean vegetation are on equal footing. Through Friday, March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

HARRISON BURNS—Acrylic renderings based on movies viewed on television ("The Towering Inferno," for one) by an artist whose set seems perpetually on the blink. Through Saturday, April 3. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

MARTIN CHIRINO—Forged-steel sculptures, several of them suggestive of birds in flight—birds with a wingspan of twelve to fifteen feet. Through April 10. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Nearly a hundred woodcuts done from 1918 to 1940. Through Saturday, March 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

LOUISE FISHMAN—Recent abstract oils on linen, and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD GIOBI—Bronze sculptures that have a strong kinship with African masks, plus related paintings and drawings. Through April 10. (Grunebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Sword-swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through Friday, March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN / DON HAZLITT—This artist, known for her leather-covered sculptures of heads, is showing this time a series of collages made from shaped papers, which have been soaked in assorted inks and allowed to harden to a leatherlike texture. / Abstract oil-stick drawings on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAAS—A four-room installation in the Art Deco style of the thirties (some of it adapted from the old S.S. Bremen), complete with an offstage garden and mood music. Through April 7. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.) ... ¶ In the front gallery, paintings by Stephen Buckley, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, and Alan Turner.

IRA JOEL HABER—Wall pieces consisting of tiny houses, toy trees, painted strips of wood, pebbles, and assorted miniature architectural details, the whole suggestive of landscapes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

AL HELD—A show devoted solely to the artist's thickly painted Abstract Expressionist works of the fifties. Through Saturday, April 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Drawings dating from his student days at Cooper Union in the forties to last year. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

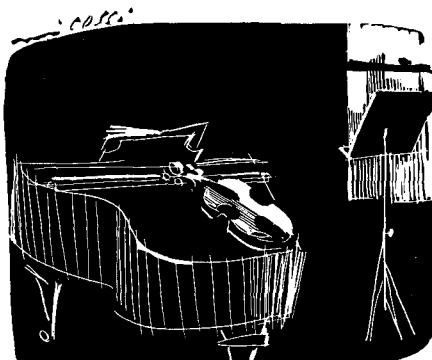
HENRY KOERNER—Outsize surrealist compositions in oils and watercolors. Through Saturday, April 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Oils and watercolors of showy blossoms painted larger than life—calla lilies, cyclamen, columbine, monkshood. Through Thursday, April 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Paintings and works on paper whose X pattern is repeated in pencil. Through Saturday, March 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

DAN MARSHALL / FRANK BOWLING—Eccentric paintings occupied mostly by female nudes in distorted positions and ducks with elongated necks. / Abstract paintings brushed over with a glaze that provides a crusty finish. Through Wednesday, March 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIZABETH OSBORNE—Delicately handled water-



THE OYSTER BAR RESTAURANT CATALOG

How can we justify an Oyster Bar catalog? We can't ship you our eight or more kinds of oysters or our little neck clams. Nor can we mail the infinite varieties of fish we prepare each day, or our pan roasts and chowders. But there's more, much more, to The Oyster Bar than a singularly fine seafood restaurant. Below the restaurant hidden away beneath Grand Central Station, is our smokehouse. There we produce some of the greatest smoked salmon and trout and sturgeon and mackerel an epicure could dream of. Also finnan haddie. All these we can mail.

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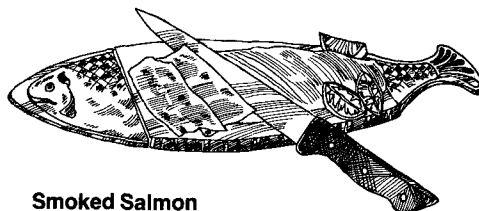
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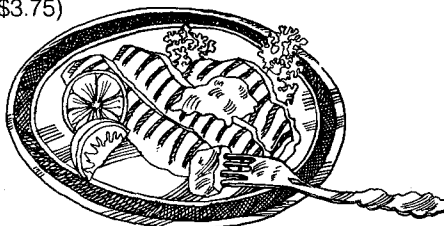
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Our choice, salmon from the icy waters of the northern North Atlantic. One side (3½ lbs. approx.) **\$60.** (\$5.)

For an additional **\$5** each we will include a professional filleting knife with your salmon.

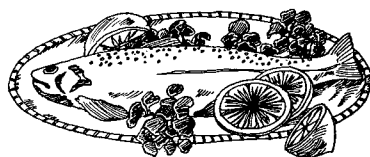
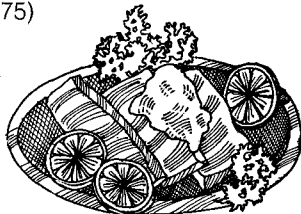
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Finnan Haddie

Smoked boneless haddock caught off the Georges Bank (see our recipe for Eggs Benedict Finnan Haddie, page 103 of the cookbook). Piece (2 lbs. approx.) **\$20.** (\$3.75)

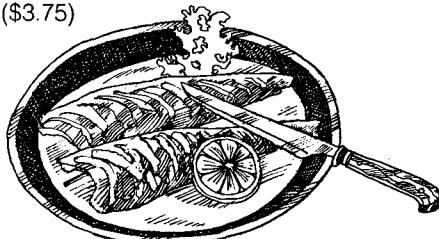


Smoked Rainbow Trout

A pair (12-14 oz. each fish.) **\$14.** (\$3.75)

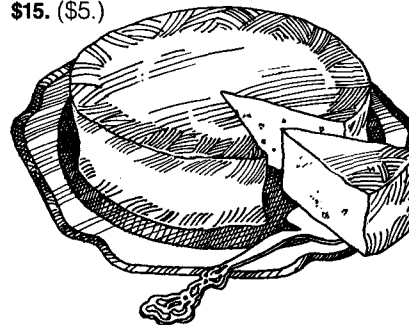
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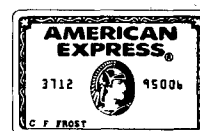
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

colors of still-lives, plus other paintings and pastels. Through April 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

DARRAGH PARK—Oil paintings of vistas in Chelsea and in Bridgehampton. Through Saturday, March 27. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—Small abstractions of the human figure (in bronze) and self-portraits (in pastels). Through Saturday, March 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

OI SAWA—Architectural motifs in oils on tin and in metallic inks on paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

JAN SAWKA—Paintings. Through April 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

KARL SCHRAG—Coastal scenes in Maine and the Caribbean, plus bright-colored still-lives, by an artist who works in various mediums—oil, gouache, pastel. Through Saturday, April 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MICHAEL STEINER / ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract bronzes. / Canvas collages on wood. Through Saturday, March 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

RANDY STEVENS—Ebullient paintings and drawings of teen-age prom queens, cheerleaders, beauty-contest winners, and various other charmers. Through Saturday, March 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

JONATHAN THOMAS—Geometric shapes painted and incised on Masonite. Through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

TIM—About sixty drawings by a political cartoonist for *L'Express*; about a third of the works are pastiches—Gloria Steinem sitting in for the Mona Lisa, for example. Through April 30. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

MARGIT VARGA—Paintings from the past five decades by a representational artist whose subjects have included New York City at night, Florida seascapes, and Greek fishing villages. Through Saturday, March 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Pop Art by Warhol, Oldenburg, and Lichtenstein. Through April 10. . . . **DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Rothko, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Guston, and other twentieth-century Americans. Through Saturday, April 3. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by such Europeans as Klimt, Kollwitz, Schiele, Mihaesco, and others. Through May 15. . . . **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by gallery artists (David Shapiro, James Torlakson) and others (Marianne Sikas, Brenda Goodman). Through Saturday, April 3. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Seven painters, among them Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, and Joan Snyder, are represented by works, each of which centers on a single large abstraction. Through Saturday, March 27. . . .

STEFANOTTI, 30 W. 57th St.: Works by a dozen artists in which photographs were taken as the starting point, either for visual inspiration (Mariann Miller's realist paintings) or as the basis for transformation (Lucas Samaras's manipulated Polaroids). Jolie Stahl, Lynton Wells, and Donald Newman are among the others. Through Wednesday, March 31. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by half a dozen English artists, among them Leonard Rosoman and Julian Trevelyan. Through Saturday, March 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE / DOUG OHLSON—This artist's latest sculptural effort is twenty-four feet long, an inch and three quarters high, and a couple of inches wide, and consists of about ten thousand tiny white bricks laid like a baseboard along the bottom of one wall. / Large canvases on which panels of solid color are painted in a sort of gridlock pattern. Through Saturday, March 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—To keep his subject matter from being unduly dominant, this German artist paints the main images upside down, trusting that in this way the viewer will be led to pay proper attention to texture, density, color, and the other aspects of his pic-

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tures. Through Saturday, March 27. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

JEAN MICHEL BASQUIAT—The graffiti artist whose nom de plume was "Samo" and whose works were concentrated on various walls on the lower East Side has now, at age twenty-one, graduated to large canvases and a proper gallery. The paintings maintain the same wild abandon and irrepressible energy. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

BILL BECKLEY / GORDON MOORE—Fragments of Latin poetry (Catullus) painted on what appear to be fragments of ancient walls set off by fragments of gold-leafed frames, plus other new works. / Shaped canvases that form tall, narrow triangles on the wall. Through April 10. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

MATTIE BERHANG / LARRY K. BROWN—Several thousand improbable trifles—twists of wire, sprockets, strips of punched-out metal—most of them found objects salvaged from industrial dustbins and strung together in glittering, showerlike mobiles. / Rectangular wall pieces made up of twenty-five or so layers of gaudily painted kraft paper into which sculptural designs have been carved, as much as a foot deep. Through Saturday, March 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . In one of the rear galleries, canvases by H. N. Han, who does Photo-Realist paintings in muted colors, usually a shimmering gray.

ROBERT BERLIND / RICHARD SABA—Realist Catskill landscapes seen in the dark of night thanks to the light coming from an approaching car or through the window of an isolated house. / Pyrotechnical-looking abstract paintings derived from landscapes. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

GRETN CAMPBELL—Recent paintings of coastal Maine. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

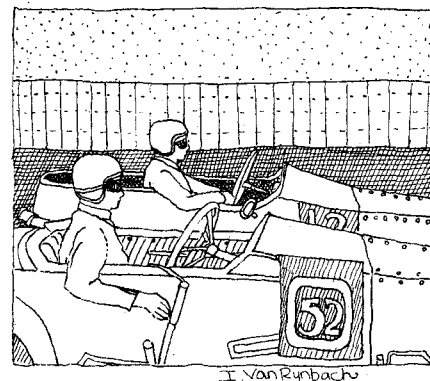
TOM CLANCY / NICOLAS COLLINS—A single sculpture composed of newspaper and two folded-steel plates. / Water-powered moving sculptures. Through Saturday, April 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

CHARLES DUBACK—Oil paintings depicting the surface of the artist's pond, fringed with jewel weed and goldenrod, or showing sunlight filtering through the surrounding beeches and birches. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

ERIC FISCHL—"A Private Beach," the title given to a series of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

ON KAWARA—The significance of these paintings of calendar dates is that each records the day on which it was executed. Through Saturday, March 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

MICHAEL LUCERO / WALLACE BERMAN (1926-76)—Ceramic-and-metal abstractions of fig-



ures that make up in height (eight feet) what they lack in girth (about three inches). / Collages and assemblages by an artist who worked on the West Coast. Through Saturday, March 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

KIM MACCONNEL—Panels of fabric emblazoned with recognizable images (the Kremlin and a light bulb are painted on one) and then stitched together into mural-size works. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—Paintings of figures, most of them traversed by series of horizontal lines. Through April 10. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Large new abstracts (the largest is about nine feet by twenty-six) in which this veteran painter's brushstrokes delving into a thick mélange of variously colored oil pigments add an almost sculptural quality to the works. Through Saturday, March 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

MIA WESTERLUND ROOSEN—A prehistoric aura informs these sculptural works, among them what looks like a mastodon tusk eight feet seven inches long. The pieces have cement cores and are covered with sheets of lead hammered in place. Through Saturday, March 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

DAVID SALLE—Figures painted with masterly draftsmanship are juxtaposed with large areas of repeated geometric patterns in these recent works, which include many diptychs and triptychs and which take up three whole galleries. (Both Boone galleries, at 417 and 420 West Broadway; through Wednesday, March 31. . . . Castelli, 420 West Broadway; through Saturday, March 27.)

ROBERT SMITHSON (1938-73)—Drawings and sculptures, the latter underscoring his interest in the Minimalist aesthetic. Through Saturday, March 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Whitney Museum.)

GAIL VAN DER LIPPE—Landscapes are the inspiration for these big abstract oil paintings that have the freshness and dash of pastels. Through Saturday, March 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JACKIE WINSOR / PETER CAMPUS—Recent sculptures—mostly cubes about three feet high made of cement, wood, or layers of wire mesh. The interiors of a couple have been subjected to fire and one of them withstood a dynamite explosion. Its exterior wasn't damaged, but the inside was torn up in just the way the artist wanted, exposing the remains of several different inside walls, visible now through peepholes. Through Saturday, March 27. / Photographs of industrial areas. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

MICHAEL YOUNG—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

TINO ZAGO / CLAYTON PATTERSON—Semi-abstract paintings of swampy areas, with sodden weeds lining the edges of the streams. / Freestanding sculptural pieces that look like juke boxes, except that the decorations include toy pistols, real bullets, human teeth, plastic jewelry, and so on. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have shown here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FELDMAN**, 31 Mercer St.: "War Games" includes Eleanor Antin's video of herself enacting Florence Nightingale's experiences during the Crimean War; Chris Burden's model incorporating three thousand war toys (castles, cannons, airplanes) and representing two city-states at war; and eight other artists' paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the same theme. Through Saturday, March 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN DOBBS—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a social realist. Through Wednesday, March 31. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

GERALD HAYES / NANCY BRETT—Paintings (circular and square) on plywood, overlaid with bits of zinc etching plates and linen. / Paintings and

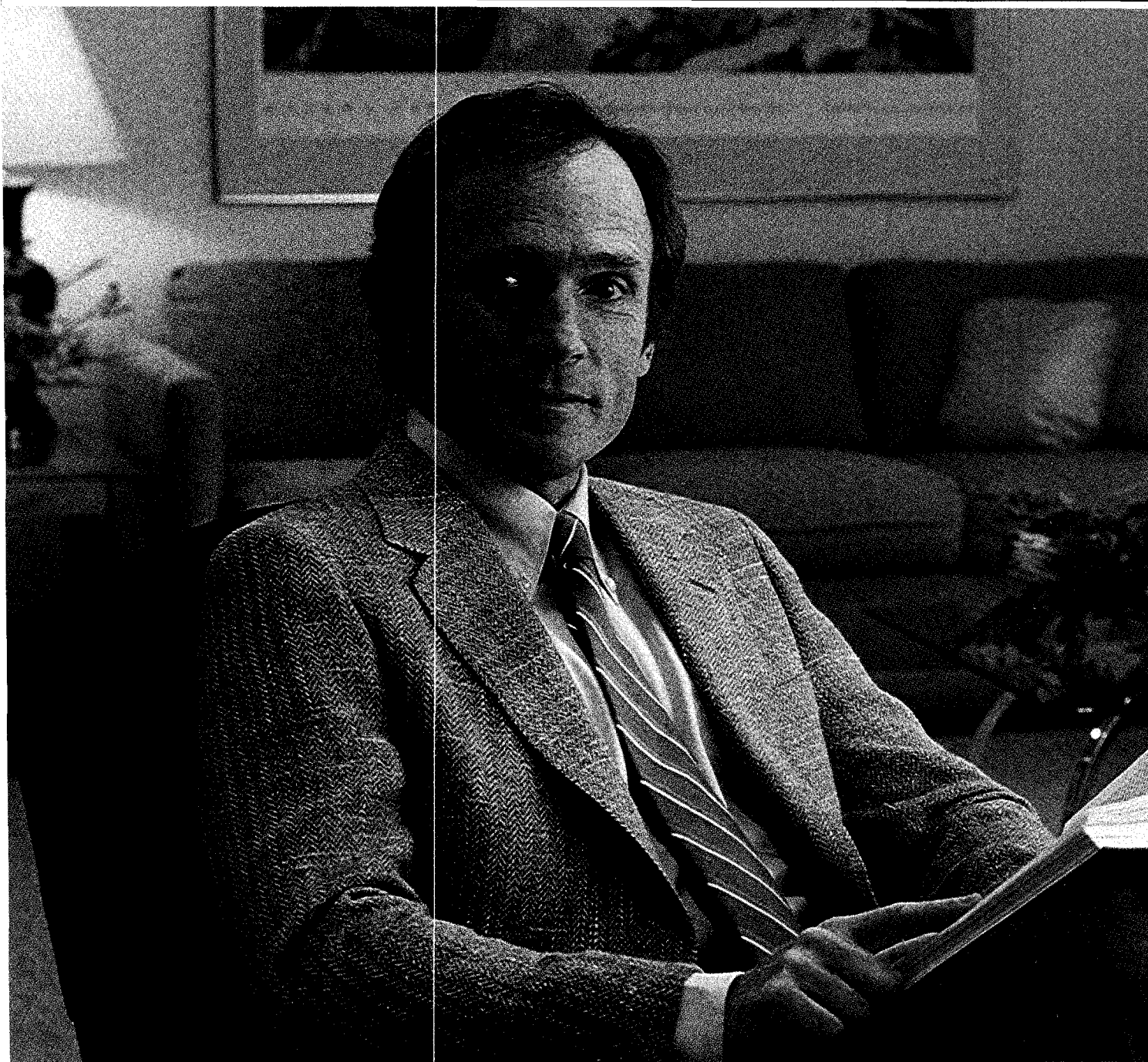
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They have luxurious suites instead of rooms.
And, of course, the good taste
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price of but a single room at other fine hotels. Which is certainly USP enough for me.

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Mr. Cavett is shown relaxing in the living room of a spacious Guest Quarters suite.

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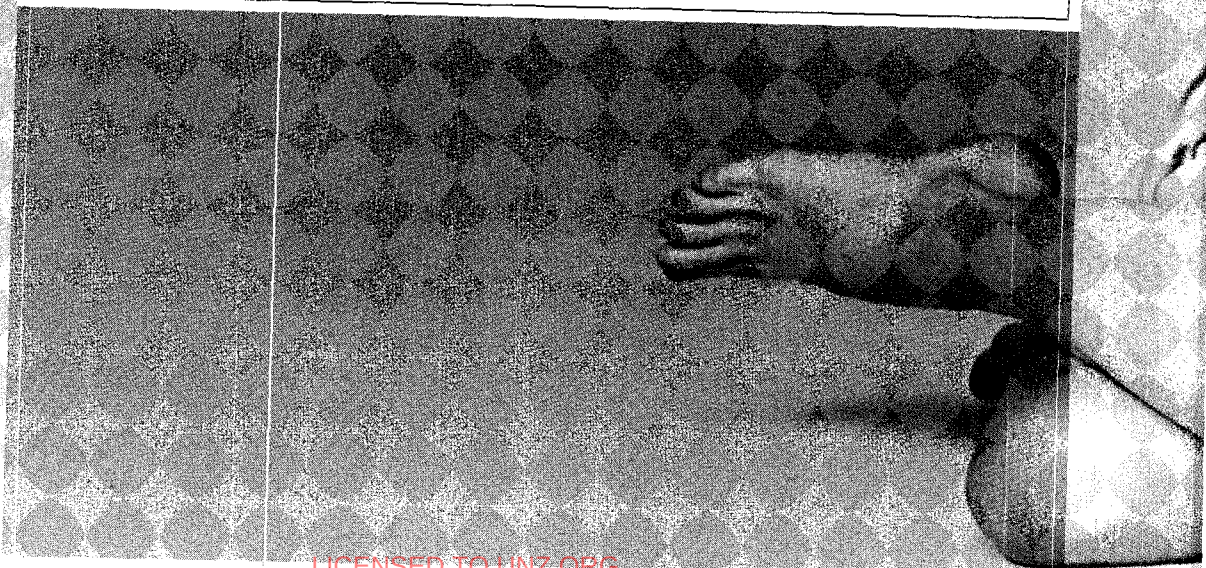
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For your lips, cheeks, nails and eyes.**

The Ultima II Safari takes you to the thrilling uncharted territory of colors like Flamingo, Endangered Blue, Canary, Silvered Ivory. Anyplace you wear the glamorous new Safari collection — backyard, out to dinner, your job — will be a wilder place than before you showed up.

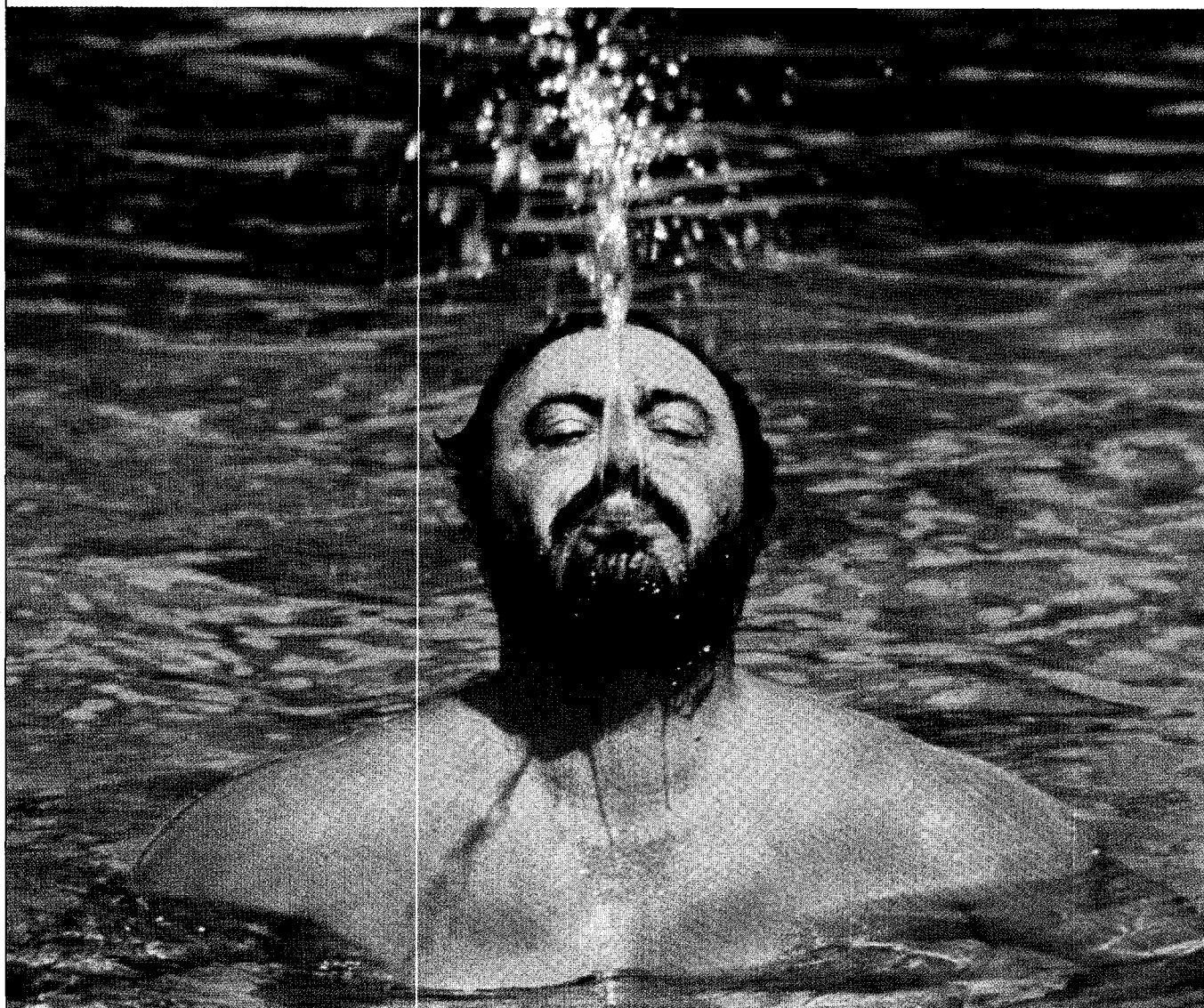
This spring Safari through unexplored colors.
Only at your Ultima II counter.

ULTIMA II





© 1982 Charles Revson Inc. Miss Hutton is wearing Clara Perfume, and a two-piece suede outfit by Izabel Lam.
Stiff Animals. Distributed by Reeves International, N.Y.



Enrico Ferorelli

Tenor of the times.

Luciano Pavarotti is the first tenor of modern times who not only pleases the devotee, but also wows the masses.

It's a basic premise at TIME Magazine that people are interesting, *per se*; and TIME's founding fathers prized the nugget of information, the unexpected facet, that made newsmakers come alive on the page.

This enthusiasm never serves TIME's readers better than it does when the subject is a performing artist, one of those people whom we all seem to know so well, without really knowing at all.

Consider, for instance, a recent cover story on Luciano Pavarotti.

TIME provided more than the usual look behind the scenes. Any performer is an exceptional person, and half of our interest lies in how a Pavarotti copes with the inevitable ordinaries of life: worrying about family, watching his diet (Pavarotti on a diet, TIME observed, is more tragic than any scene he plays onstage).

But TIME also analyzes, lucidly and knowledgeably, the artist: the special qualities of his talent, the disciplines of his craft, his private credo of excellence, and the means by

which he achieves it. The result is a three-dimensional portrait, big but full of fine detail, complex but coherent, lively and readable, so that it communicates the characteristic *brío* of its subject.

TIME. Millions more people read it every week than any other news magazine. Because we work so hard to put more into it.



More goes into it.

© Time Inc. 1982

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

LOU MYERS—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through Thursday, April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hammar skjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Handmade-paper works from 1978 on. Through Friday, March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

TERRY ROSENBERG / KATHARINE T. CARTER—Ominous-looking heavy cowhide robes topped with empty cowls and hung on the wall. / Black-and-white paintings in which basic architectural forms are rendered in gridlike squares. Through April 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Portraits in oil. Through Wednesday, March 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOW—"Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANIA BIEN / SHERIE SCHEER—Photographic works. / Hand-colored, panoramic (but segmented) photographs. Through Saturday, March 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroid photographs. Through Saturday, March 27. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

EMMET GOWIN / FRANK GOHLKE—Photographs of Mt. St. Helens; also portraits of the artist's wife. / Post-tornado photographs of a Texas town. Through April 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HANS HAACKE—Two photographic installations giving the artist's views on absentee landlords and on the Reagan Administration's social and economic policies. Through April 23. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

DAVID A. HANSON—Fifty photographs (printed using nineteenth-century processes) from thirteen handmade books by this artist. The prints are mounted on the walls. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ERICH HARTMANN AND CHRISTIAN LOUIS—The former is American, the latter French, and both are showing photographs of trains and railways in France. Through Wednesday, March 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KUSAKABE KIMBEI—Hand-colored albumen prints by a nineteenth-century Japanese commercial photographer. Through April 22. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82)—Albumen photographs from an album dated 1857 which record life as it was for Napoleon III's Imperial Guards (living quarters, maneuvers, Sunday Mass) in their training camp. Through Saturday, April 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HELMUT NEWTON—Large black-and-white prints (five are life-size female nudes) by a European fashion photographer. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

DON RODAN—Cibachrome prints of young people who the artist says represent the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Cardinal Virtues. Through Saturday, March 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A show of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers. They are arranged topically and in pairs for the purpose of illustrating different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside

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Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café." Other prints being compared are by Stieglitz, Weegee, Cartier-Bresson, and Callahan, to name a few. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocuses by Paul Caponigro, and more. Through April 24. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A selection from the permanent collection—situated, for the nonce, on the mezzanine of the new museum building—is the single show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show at the moment. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 27) is at the John Weber Gallery, 142 Greene St. . . . A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. . . . The exhibit of scores and graphics by John Cage in the lobby gallery will be complemented by three concerts of the composer's music, performed by the S.E.M. Ensemble under the direction of Petr Kotik. Wednesday, March 31: The first complete performance of "Song Books I, II." . . . Thursday, April 1: "Concert for Piano and Orchestra," "Atlas Eclipticalis," and "Aria." . . . Friday, April 2: "Etudes Australes," "Chorales," and "Cheap Imitation." All performances at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 570-3600. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednes-

days through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his exhibit of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. In addition, sports memorabilia: the 1938 Maserati Wilbur Shaw drove at Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940, and Johnny Weismuller's five Olympic gold medals. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10 to 4:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Through April 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—The teaching collection of Chinese art at Yale University Art Gallery provides an exhibit of about seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The largest single item is a feather cloak worn by a member of the royalty of the pristine Hawaii of two hundred years ago. Through May 9. . . . More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by living American artists. Among those earning prizes are Paul Resika, Leland Bell, and Nell Blaine. Through Sunday, March 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.) A hundred recently printed photographs of Dublin (from negatives surviving from the period when Joyce was in residence there) are being exhibited in the third-floor rotunda.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A few works apiece (the mediums vary) by thirty-two young veterans of gallery group shows. Through April 10.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Spectre Woman (perform-

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mance), Thursday, March 25, at 8:30 and 10.... Russian Samizdat (underground press) publications from the past two decades. Through April 17.... Drawings and books by four artists from West Germany. Through April 10.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Petr Kotik (music), Thursday, March 25, at 7; Alvin Singleton (music), Saturday, March 27, at 8:30; Charles Atlas (video), Sunday, March 28, at 8:30; Simone Forti (dance), Thursday through Sunday, April 1-4, at 8:30.... Jennifer Bolande's exhibition using photographs. Through Saturday, March 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 24: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Plácido Domingo; conducted by Riccardo Chailly.... Thursday evening, March 25: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis.... Friday evening, March 26: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Crech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... Saturday matinée, March 27: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Plácido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly.... Saturday evening, March 27: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine.... Sunday matinée, March 28: Leontyne Price and Marilyn Horne in a concert of operatic excerpts, with James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 582-6067.)... Monday evening, March 29: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink.... Tuesday evening, March 30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Viorica Cortez, and Plácido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly.... Wednesday evening, March 31: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Crech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... Thursday evening, April 1: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine.... Friday evening,

April 2: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink.... Saturday matinée, April 3: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Crech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... Saturday evening, April 3: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Viorica Cortez, and Plácido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 27, at 2; Sunday, March 28, at 5; and Saturday, April 3, at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Susannah," with Faith Esham, John Stewart, David Hall, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Bruce Ferden.... Friday, March 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Pellegrini, Judith Christin, John Stewart, and William Stone; David Efron.... Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, David Borgeson, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene.... Saturday, March 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with June Anderson, Barry McCauley, and Brent Ellis; Brian Salesky.... Sunday, March 28, at 1: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Henry Price, William Stone, and Ralph Bassett; Scott Bergeson.... Sunday, March 28, at 7: "Carmen," with Gail Gilmore, Judith Haddon, Garry Grice, and Justino Diaz; Imre Pallo.... Tuesday, March 30, at 8: "Susannah," with Faith Esham, John Stewart, Richard Cross, and David Hall; Bruce Ferden. (This performance will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters.)... Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "La Traviata," with June Anderson, Barry McCauley, and Brent Ellis; Brian Salesky.... Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, David Borgeson, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene.... Friday, April 2, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justino Diaz; Christopher Keene.... Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Jerry Hadley, William Stone, and Ralph Bassett; Scott Bergeson.... Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Gail Gilmore, Judith Haddon, Harry Theyard, and Justino Diaz; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, May 2.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—"The Living Flame of Love," a musical and dramatic presentation, using the poetry of St. John of the Cross along with music by Spanish Renaissance composers. With LaNoue Davenport, recorders; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; dancers Muna Tseng and Vic Stornant; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. In English Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at 8, and in Spanish Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, March 24, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Thursday, March 25, at 8; Friday, March 26, at 2; Saturday, March 27, at 8; and Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30: A program that includes the New York premiere of Mr. Bernstein's "Halil-Nocturne for Solo Flute, String Orchestra and Percussion," as well as works by Walton and Elgar, with Julius Baker, flute, and Sol Greitzer, viola.... Thursday, April 1, at 8; Friday, April 2, at 2; and Saturday, April 3, at 8: A Brahms-Stravinsky program; no soloists.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—David Zinman conducting the New York premiere of Donald Erb's "Sonneries II," as well as works by Beethoven and Richard Strauss. With Radu Lupu, piano; Christian Woehr, viola; and Steven Doane, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

SYRACUSE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Christopher Keene conducting a program featuring the New York premieres of compositions by John Corigliano, Claude Bolling, and Calvin Custer. With Mr. Bolling, jazz piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Andrew Davis conducting the New York premiere of Srul Irving Glick's "Psalm for Orchestra," as well



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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as music by Mozart and Tchaikovsky, with Anton Kuerti, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA SYMPHONIC WIND ENSEMBLE—Frank Benciscutto conducting, with the University Jazz Ensemble and Clark Terry, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting a Handel-Beethoven-Haydn program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 5:30.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE—Johannes Somary conducting an all-Haydn program, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Rob Fitz, tenor; Thomas Hewes, bass; John Grady, organ; and the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola Choir. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, March 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting, with Giora Feidman, clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—James Dixon conducting a program of music of our time, with Kurt Nikkanen, violin, and Paul Sperry, tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—Bruce Ferden conducting a Beethoven-Prokofiev-Dvorák program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series, this one entitled "Music + Film: Music for the Silent Cinema." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120. ... ♪ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Noyes Bartholomew conducting a program of music by Dennis Miller, Henri Wieniawski, and Dvorák, with Maria Zimmermann, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 3, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERT ROYAL—James Richman directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Jeffrey Thomas and David Gordon, tenors; Wilbur Pauley, baritone; Ann Monoyios, soprano; Drew Minter, alto; Kurt Richards, bass; and a chorus. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 28, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

NEW CALLOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Jon Humphrey, Phillip Sneed, and Daniel Pincus, tenors; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, alto; and a baroque orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

EDMUND BATTERSBY—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

RIVKA GOLANI-ERDESZ—Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—The last two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 24, and Sunday, March 28, at 8.)

EUGENIA EARLE—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—With Gilbert Kalish,

piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The sixth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Atlantic String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program entitled "The Birth of Bel Canto: Music of the Italian Baroque." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

NEW YORK CAMERATA—With Masako Yanagita, viola, and David Aks, cello. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one entitled "Quartet with Others." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 27, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 3.) ... ♪ With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

JOHN VAN BUSKIRK—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

MUIR STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

THE BACH WINTERFEST—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Daniel Waitzman, flute; Evan Paris, violin; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

ANA MARIA TRENCHI DE BOTTAZZI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 2:30.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The fifth in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one a Kodály-Długoszewski-Brahms program, performed by Richard Fredrickson, bass; Warren Lash and Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Renée Siebert, flute; Carol Webb, violin; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Martha Caplin and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Myron Bloom, horn; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Alice Tully Hall.

Sunday, March 28, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, March 29-30, at 7:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with John Steele Ritter, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8.)

ROBERT BLACK—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

STEVE REICH AND MUSICIANS—In a program of his own music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—The first of two programs under the over-all title "Connection with the Past," this one with William Blount and Les Thimmig, clarinet, and Roger Reynolds, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program of works by Francis Thorne and Edwin London. With Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Mr. Thorne, piano; the Columbia String Quartet; the University of Nebraska Singers; and the University of Akron Percussion Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

DETLEF KRAUS—Piano, in the second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

TONG IL HAN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

DONN-ALEXANDRE FEDER—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AKI TAKAHASHI—Piano. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Tuesday, March 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-3015.)

CAPRICORN—An all-Haydn program, with Evelyn Steinbock, cello. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave., at 54th St. Tuesday, March 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BENITA MESCHULAM—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

DIMITRI TOUFEXIS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

KRISTI BJARNASON—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND ISIDORE COHEN, WALTER TRAMPLER, AND LAURENCE LESSER—Violin, viola, and cello, in an all-Haydn program. With Schuyler Chapin, narrator. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

REBECCA LA BRECQUE—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

HERTZ TRIO—A chamber ensemble from Canada appearing here for the first time. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

BARTÓK STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

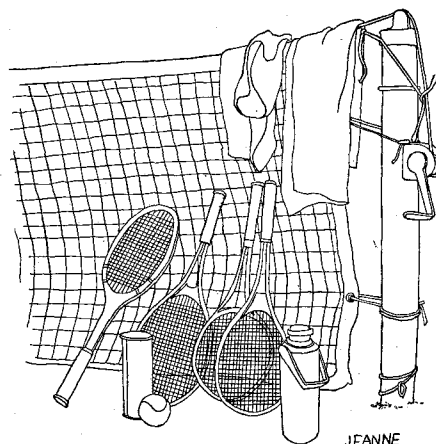
SHURA CHERKASSKY—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "A Little Knight Music." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

STEFAN WOLPE RETROSPECTIVE—A program of his works performed by Continuum, a group including Pina Carmirelli, violin; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; and Cheryl Seltzer,



JEANNE

Anne Chamberlain, and Joel Sachs, all piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Harry Belafonte, the Twyla Tharp Dance Theatre, the Nicholas Brothers, and others. The beneficiary is the Brooklyn Academy of Music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Sunday, March 28, at 7. For information about tickets, call 889-2244.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, March 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, April 1, at 8:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, March 28, at 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, April 2, at 7:35.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Islanders, Monday, March 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, April 2, at 8:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, March 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, March 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, April 3, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 27, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 3.

RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at eleven on Saturday, March 27, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

TENNIS—Avon Championships: Bettina Bunge, Sylvia Hanika, Mima Jausovec, Kathy Jordan, Martina Navratilova, Barbara Potter, Anne Smith, and Wendy Turnbull. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 24, at 10 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 27, at 1; and final singles match, Sunday, March 28, at noon.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Anthony Hecht and J. D. McClatchy reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 29, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Fitzgerald reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Carolyn Forché and Jana Harris reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Vietnam Voices—The War in American Literature," with panelists C. D. B. Bryan, Robert Olen Butler, George Davis, Frances FitzGerald, and Tim O'Brien, and moderator Harry Maurer. (Schimmel Auditorium, Tisch Hall, New York University, 40 W. 4th St. Tuesday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEY'S**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 25, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: Modern, Latin-American, and Haitian paintings, together with a varied selection of drawings and sculptures. . . . **SOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, March 26, at 10:15 and 2: Snuff bottles, from the Bob C. Stevens Collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 10:15: Lacquer works, from the Gretchen Kroch Kelsch Collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 11:15 and 2: Later Chinese and Japanese works of art. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4:30.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 10 and 2: Prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 7: Colonial American historical documents. Exhibition starts Friday, March 26.

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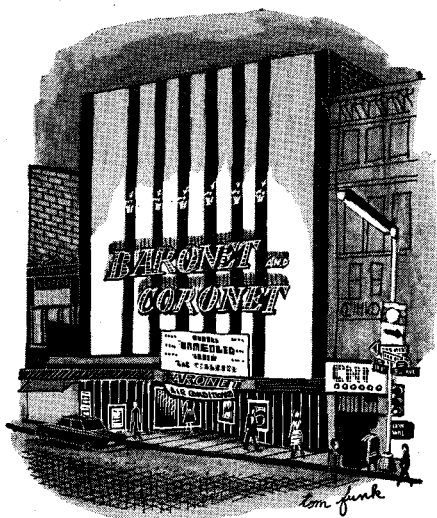
40 West 57th Street (5th Floor) New York 10019 (212)541-9600
Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
 March 24: "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." (1951; directed by Gordon Douglas), with Frank Lovejoy and Dorothy Hart; and "Storm Warning" (1951; Stuart Heisler), with Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, and Steve Cochran.
 March 25: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "My Son John" (1952; Leo McCarey), with Helen Hayes, Robert Walker, and Van Heflin.
 March 26: "Storm Center" (1956; Daniel Taradash), with Bette Davis, Brian Keith, Kim Hunter, and Paul Kelly; and "Crisis" (1950; Richard Brooks), with Cary Grant and José Ferrer.
 March 27: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Silk Stockings" (†).
 March 28: "It's a Big Country" (1952), an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, Gene Kelly, and others; and "Seven Days in May" (†).
 From March 30: "Alicia" (†) and "Giselle" (†).
R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
 "Chariots of Fire" (†).
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
 Through March 25: "Prince of the City" (†).
 From March 26: To be announced.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
 "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).
BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
 "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
 "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
 Theatre 1: Through March 25: "Missing" (†).
 From March 26: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
 Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
 Theatre 3: "Quest for Fire" (†).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
 Through April 1: "Atlantic City" (†).
 From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
 "Three Brothers" (†).
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
 "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
 Through March 25: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
 From March 26: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
 "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunckhorst.
MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
 Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
 Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Ragtime" (†).
 From April 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
 Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).
D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 "Personal Best" (†).
CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
 Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
 Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
 Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Parasite"

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

(Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D. From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
 Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
 From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
 "Missing" (†).
LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
 Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.
 Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
 "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
 "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hoffiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.
72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Through April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
 From April 2: To be announced.
U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
 Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
 From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.
LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
 Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.
 Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
 "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronny Cox and Bibi Besch.
R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
 Theatre 1: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
 Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Missing" (†).
 From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schra-

der), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Theatre 1: Through March 30: "The Atomic Café" (directed by Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From March 31: "Him and Me" (James Benning).
 Theatre 2: Through March 25: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
 March 26-27: "Knife in the Head" (†).
 March 28-29: "The Left-Handed Woman" (†).
 March 30-31: "Poto and Cabengo" (†); and "Pull My Daisy" (1960; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie). April 1: "La Drôlesse" (1978; Jacques Doillon; in French), with Madeleine Desdesvies and Claude Hebert.
 From April 2: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (†).
WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
 Theatre 1: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
 Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
 Theatre 2: "Personal Best" (†).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
 Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
 Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 Through April 1: "One from the Heart" (†).
 From April 2: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
 "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hoffiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
 "Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
 "Atlantic City" (†).
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
 Through March 27: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
 From March 28: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.
LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "Quest for Fire" (†).
LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
 Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
 Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).
 From March 28: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
 Theatre 2: "Three Brothers" (†).
EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
 Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
 Theatre 2: Through March 25: "Love and Lies" (Ilya Frez; in Russian).
 From March 26: "The Savage Hunt of King Stakh" (Valery Rubinchik; in Russian).
LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
 Theatre 1: Through March 25: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
 From March 26: To be announced.
 Theatre 2: Through March 25: "Personal Best" (†).
 From March 26: To be announced.
 Theatre 3: Through March 25: "Shoot the

Moon" (†). From March 26: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through March 25: "Missing" (†). From March 26: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Theatre 2: Through April 1: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 25: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. March 26-April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From April 2: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Absence of Malice" (†); and "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Ricky McNicol. From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

Theatre 3: Through March 25: "Arthur" (†) and "Altered States" (†). From March 26: "Atlantic City" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 1: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†). From April 2: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through March 25: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. From March 26: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.

Theatre 2: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 3: "Personal Best" (†).

Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 5: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Reds" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 25: "Iron Dragon Strikes Back" and "Bruce Lee's Deadly Kung Fu." From March 26: To be announced.

Theatre 4: "Ragtime" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D. (No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, March 31-April 1.)

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 25: "Enter the Ninja," with Franco Nero and Susan George.

From March 26: To be announced.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Missing" (†). From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov. From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).

Theatre 2: "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronny Cox and Bibi Besch.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. NATIONAL TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunckhorst.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 30: "A Married Woman"

(1965; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

From March 31: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Foreigner" (1977; Amos Poe).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

March 24: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

March 25: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979; Robert Altman), with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.

March 26-27: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

March 28: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

March 29: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpiil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (†).

March 30: "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Kyoshiro Nemuri; Fyflot Swordplay" (1969; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Hiroki Matsu-kata.

March 31: "Blue Collar" (†) and "Mean Streets" (†).

From April 1: To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through March 27: "Prince of the City" (†); and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

March 28: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.

March 29 (afternoon performances only): "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

March 29 at 6:30 and 9: "All the Way Home" (†).

March 30 (afternoon performances only): "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Exterminating Angel."

March 30 at 8: Three French films by René Clair—"Entr'acte" (1924; a silent film), "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927; a silent film), and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; in French).

March 31-April 1: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Double Indemnity" (Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

April 2-3: "Body Heat;" and "Kiss Me Deadly" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

March 26-27: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, David Hemmings, and John Philip Law; and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

March 28-30: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China" (1981); and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977; Harry Rasky), a documentary.

March 31-April 1: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (†); and "Shampoo" (1975;

Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

April 2-3: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

BTH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 25: "Coming Apart" (1969; Milton Moses Ginsberg), with Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors, and Sally Kirkland; and two programs of erotic films.

March 26-27: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth.

March 28: "Gizmo!" (†); and "Hurray for Betty Boop."

March 29: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (†) and "Mouchette" (†).

March 30: "Wedding in Blood" (†) and "Why Not!" (†).

March 31-April 1: "All Screwed Up" (†) and "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (†).

April 2: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash; "Reefer Madness" (1936); "Sex Madness;" and "The Cocaine Fiends."

April 3: "Multiple Maniacs" (1977) and "Mondo Trasho" (1970), both films directed by John Waters.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 27: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

March 28-30: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Night of the Hunter" (†).

March 31-April 3 (tentative): "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 27: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby.

March 28-30: "The Damned" (†); and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

March 31-April 3 (tentative): "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 24: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

March 25-27: "Inside Daisy Clover" (1966; Robert Mulligan), with Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Robert Redford, and Ruth Gordon; and "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson.

March 28-30: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Gloria Graham; and "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners.

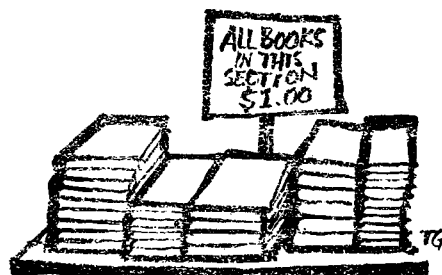
March 31: "The Strong Man" (1926; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Harry Langdon; and "Dirigible" (†).

April 1-3: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 24: "Altered States" (†); and "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill.

March 25: "The Narrow Margin" (1952; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw



and Marie Windsor; "Tension" (1950; John Berry), with Audrey Totter and Richard Basehart; and "Trapped" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges.

March 26-27: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais, in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais, in French), with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada.

March 28: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone," 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

March 29: "The Last Woman" (†) and "Sandra" (†).

March 30: "Bitter Rice" (1950; Giuseppe de Santis; in Italian), with Silvana Mangano, Raf Vallone, Doris Dowling, and Vittorio Gassman; and "Open City" (†).

March 31: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "Motel Hell" (1980; Kevin Connor), with Rory Calhoun.

April 1: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature; "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell; and "Port of New York" (1950; Laslo Benedek), with Scott Brady and K. T. Stevens.

April 2-3: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "Walkabout" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 24: "Deception" (1946; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "Beyond the Forest"

(1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian.

March 25: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

March 26-27: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

March 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

March 29: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Sansho the Bailiff" (†).

March 30: "Design for Living" (†) and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (†).

March 31: "A Kiss Before Dying" (1956; Gerd Oswald), with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Virginia Leith, Joanne Woodward, and Mary Astor; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (†).

April 1: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields; and "We're Not Dressing" (†).

April 2-3: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through March 28: A retrospective of videotapes directed by Bill Viola. At noon and

4:30, five tapes made between 1976 and 1977; at 1:15, "Chott el-Djerid" ("A Portrait in Light and Heat," 1979); at 2, "The Reflecting Pool" (1977-80), a five-part work; at 3:15, "Hatsu Yume" ("First Dream," 1981). . . . ¶ Starting March 30: The first in a two-part retrospective of the works of Robert Drew. At noon and Tuesdays at 6:15, "Primary" (1960); at 1:30, "On the Pole" (1960); at 3, "The Children Were Watching" (1960) and "Kenya, Africa" (1961); at 4:45, "Petey and Johnny" (1961). Mr. Drew will be present on Thursday, April 1, after the 1:30 showing. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 24 at 8: "Earth" (1930; A. Dovzhenko; a Russian film, no English titles). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8: A program of four films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: "Geography of the Body" (1943), "Image in the Snow" (1943), and "Narcissus" (1956), all by William Maas. . . . ¶ March 27 at 2: A video program by Rita Myers. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: A program of nine films by Marie Menken. . . . ¶ March 28 at 8: A program of films by Viking Eggeling, Marcel Duchamp, and Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ March 30 at 8: "Zorns Lemma" (1970) and "Hapax Legomena I: (nostalgia)" (1971), both films directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 31 at 8: A program of films by Dwinell Grant, Jean Genet, and Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: Two films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: "Rebuilding the Human Body" (1981; Andre Zdravic). . . . ¶ April 2 at 10: A program by Elaine Summers. . . . ¶ April 3 at 8: A program of five films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ April 3 at 10: "Rebuilding the Human Body."

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSENCE OF MALICE—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)

ALICIA (1977)—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from dances filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 30.)

ALL SCREWED UP (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown as tightfisted petit-bourgeois schemers who manipulate and exploit their likable proletarian men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who

has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; March 31-April 1.)

ALL THE WAY HOME (1963)—This adaptation of the Tad Mosel play, set in Knoxville in 1915 and based on James Agee's semi-autobiographical novel "A Death in the Family," is terribly earnest, pictorial, and well-intentioned. And a terrible mistake. Robert Preston had been a favorite actor of Agee's, but he's clearly in the wrong age bracket to play a young married man, and even the lovely Jean Simmons can't do anything to save her role as his wife, who soon becomes his widow. Michael Kearney is extremely unengaging as the bereaved child. With Aline MacMahon and Pat Hingle. Directed by Alex Segal; adapted by Philip Reisman, Jr.; cinematography by Boris Kaufman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 29 at 6:30 and 9.)

ALTERED STATES (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysicist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie debut, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying,

hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (1/19/81) (Olympia Quad; through March 25. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 24.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 25.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Little Carnegie.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

... 34th St. East; through April 1...

■ Olympia Quad; starting March 26.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)—Robert Bresson's grave, oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. It's a meditation on sin and saintliness. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. With Anne Wiazemsky as the passive, puffy-mouthed girl who falls in love with the cruel, thieving boy who is bound to make her miserable. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; March 29.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

BLUE COLLAR (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader ("Taxi Driver," "The Yakuza") in his debut as a director, with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged and methodical, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto as a man who's gentle and pleasure-loving, and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat with mean, calculating little eyes. With Harry Bellaver, George Memmoli, Lucy Saroyan, Cliff De Young, Ed Begley, Jr., Lane Smith, Borah Silver, Leonard Gaines, and Harry Northup. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH (1978)—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century (scrabbling tightwads who got where they are by self-denial) to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims: men are obliged to give a share of their earnings to their kin, even if their kin are drunken and diseased and want the money only to go on a binge. And men offer their wives to visiting kin as a form of hospitality. To the whites, giving money away is unfathomable laxity, and since the black women are so easily available, the white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels. Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty: a half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man; trying to improve himself, he's like a hair-raisingly foolish cross between Jude the Obscure and Gunga Din. When he rebels, it isn't

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Film Forum; starting April 2.)

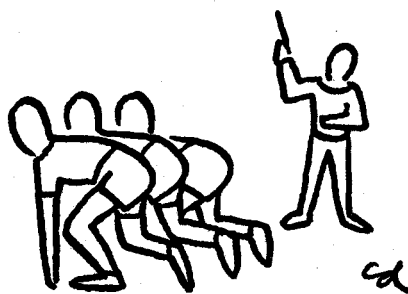
CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because “when I run, I can feel His pleasure.” The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of the depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates; green lights play on their faces, and they look like werewolves talking politics. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that “in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning,” he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. The centerpiece is the orgy and massacre of Roehm's homosexual Brown Shirts, with gorgeous naked boys in black lace panties; he doesn't seem sure what attitude to take, and he stages it immaculately, reverentially. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness who turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite; he molests little girls and eventually beds down with Mother—which is too much even for her and turns her into a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florida Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of “The Damned” has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—everything sounds stilted and slightly off. The characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 28-30.)

DESIGN FOR LIVING (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is not right for Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

DIRIGIBLE (1931)—Popular, handsomely produced action film starring a team of he-man heroes—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. This team appeared in “Submarine,” “Flight,” and, finally, “Dirigible”—all three directed by Frank Capra, and all three featuring enormous, photogenic disasters. The heroine of this one was the most disaster-prone of all the movie ladies—the screamer, Fay Wray. With Hobart Bosworth, Clarence Muse, and Roscoe Karns. (Regency; March 31.)

GISELLE (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband; Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 30.)

GIZMO! (1980)—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (8th St. Playhouse; March 28.)

KISS ME DEADLY (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make “The Dirty Dozen.” Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31....) ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2-3.)

KNIFE IN THE HEAD (1980)—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Film Forum; March 26-27.)

THE LAST WOMAN (1976)—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of “The Grande Bouffe.” Another of the many films of our time that are about male chauvinism, and yet made by men, with the chief male characters as the most fully explored ones. The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like “The Grande Bouffe,” it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite, not appetite for ornamentally prepared food. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest in his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son born of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler

care for himself. In French. (Thalia; March 29.)

THE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN (1980)—Peter Handke wrote and directed this moving, mysterious film about a young German wife and mother living near Paris who suddenly understands that she must live apart from her husband and from almost everyone else in the world. Watching it, we struggle a little at first against such an all-encompassing alienation, but the beautifully photographed (by Robby Müller) quiet scenes and the thrilling pauses of the movie, to say nothing of the presence and gravity of Edith Clever in the central role (she played the heroine in Eric Rohmer's “The Marquise of O”), silence and reward us with the unanswerable logic of art. With Bruno Ganz, Markus Muehleisen, and Bernhard Minetti. In German. (4/28/80) (Film Forum; March 28-29.)

MEAN STREETS (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. This picture about the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has an unsettling, episodic rhythm, and it's dizzyingly sensual. The director, Martin Scorsese, shows us a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Richard Romanus, David Proval, Harry Northup, George Memmoli, Amy Robinson, Cesare Danova, and, in bits, David Carradine, Robert Carradine, and the director—he's the gunman in the car. Script by Scorsese and Mardik Martin; cinematography by Kent Wakeford. (Most of the film was actually shot in Los Angeles.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

MISSING—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as “Coming Home” and “The China Syndrome”: he's the naïve, protected, non-political conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reeducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema....) ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 25.... ¶ R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through April 1.)

MOUCHETTE (1966)—Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. “Mouchette,” from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. Cinematography by Ghislain Cloquet. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; March 29.)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glitter-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has

torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' fight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 28-30.)

ONE FROM THE HEART—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of an experimental pastiche, with more neon than you have ever seen before. You get the feeling that Coppola piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. The picture is set in a metaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been living with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but a day later it's as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Arman Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82) (Guild; through April 1.)

ON GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through April 1.)

OPEN CITY (1945)—Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with this film, made just after the Allies took Rome. The fame of his brutal, melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the Nazi occupation rests on its extraordinary immediacy and its rough, documentary look; at its most startling, it seems "caught" rather than staged. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted to it as if it actually were caught documentary footage, and mistook the great Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for nonprofessionals—this despite such stock elements as a rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and a Hollywood-and-Vine-type Gestapo chief. The plot devices are often opportunistic, but there's a unifying fervor; shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, and showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie gave us a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. When the initial twenty-five thousand dollars that Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti—and the scriptwriter,

Sergio Amidei—in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences. Federico Fellini assisted Amidei on the script. In Italian. (Thalia; March 30.)

PERSONAL BEST—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (D. W. Griffith, Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 25.)

POTO AND CABENGO (1979)—The subjects of this documentary are twin girls, six years old, who were at first believed to be retarded, in part because they seemed unable to speak anything but gibberish. When some impetuous speech therapists in San Diego hazarded a guess that the twins might have invented a brand-new language, the press took up the story and radically exaggerated it. The director, Jean-Pierre Gorin, patiently unravels the puzzle of the children's peculiar speech. He puts himself on camera, and the fact that he speaks with a heavy French accent adds an unexpected piquancy to the movie; we perceive from him and from the twins that anyone who speaks a language imperfectly is likely to be thought retarded. (3/31/80) (Film Forum; March 30-31.)

PRINCE OF THE CITY—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 25. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through March 27.)

QUEST FOR FIRE—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001"; it's a heavy dose of Desmond (Naked Ape) Morris in 70-millimetre, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be

taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

RAGTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Baronet; through April 1.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Coronet, and Embassy 1.)

THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE (1961)—The Tennessee Williams novella is in the tradition of D. H. Lawrence's "Lovely Lady" stories; it's about an aging widow, a proud, coldhearted bitch without cares or responsibilities, who learns that sex is all that holds her to life—that it's the only sensation that temporarily saves her from the meaningless drift of her existence. And so she picks up young men and pays them. José Quintero, who directed the film version, and Gavin Lambert, who wrote the adaptation, seem to think this idea so daring and unusual that they fumble around with it almost as much as the doctor in the movie of "Suddenly, Last Summer," who couldn't seem to cope with the simple facts of Sebastian's homosexuality and kept saying, "You don't mean *that*?" and "No, it *can't* be *that*." "The Roman Spring" is so insistent about the "shocking" mechan-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ics of buying love that this is what the film seems to be about, and by trying so diligently to make Mrs. Stone (Vivien Leigh) sympathetic and understandable the moviemakers kill all interest in her. Though the role seems ideal for Vivien Leigh, the director was a novice in films, and she comes across as parched and monotonous. (She was infinitely superior in a similar role in "The Deep Blue Sea.") The picture is a disappointment, but it's a try at a sexual study, and there are moments—especially when Warren Beatty is on the screen. As the young man Mrs. Stone becomes addicted to, the boyish young Beatty shows his gift for slyness. The cast includes Lotte Lenya, Ernest Thesiger, Coral Browne, Jill St. John, and Jeremy Spenser. (Cinema Village; March 31-April 1.)

SANDRA (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Bell as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Thalia; March 29.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29.)

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY (1964)—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 28.)

SHOOT THE MOON—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Waverly... 72nd Street East; through April 1... Olympia Quad; March 26-April 1.)

SILK STOCKINGS (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 27.)

STATE OF SIEGE (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the United States, worked for AID, and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. In French. (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)

THREE BROTHERS—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. The modern-folktale structure is somewhat schematic, but it's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the country. That's the underlayer: it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the

old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It's about ideas, yet it's saturated with emotion. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize they've lost their place. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi, who has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies, keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. Grateful for its intelligence, you sink into it. You're led by the camera—something more is always going to be revealed. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio.)

TRAGEDY OF A RIDICULOUS MAN—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The father remains passive and the movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed out here and mediocre at heart. There's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing; it's like an old man's movie. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Cinema Studio; through March 27.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural elite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29... Thalia; April 2-3.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhi-

bition of metropolitan knowingsness. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; March 30.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard; he doesn't bat her around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1.)

WHY NOT? (1979)—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; March 30.)

THE WORKING CLASS GOES TO HEAVEN (1975; "Lulù the Tool")—Elio Petri's film about a factory worker (Gian Maria Volonte) who has been so numbed by doing piecework that his insane drive to beat everyone else's production record has begun to invade his private world. Domesticity and work start to be interchangeably mechanical for him, like his sexual life, in which he talks about himself as if he were a car doing well on a road test. The film is rather too schematic, but the pattern grows eloquently disarrayed near the end, with a rebellious dream that the hero has after talking to an aged fellow-worker: the old man has lived out his days in a mental institution because he had the unforgivable nerve to demand of a factory overseer the ultimate purpose of what he was working on. Like him, the over-ordered movie is best when it bursts its own bounds. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; March 31-April 1.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. He gets you in his grip and squeezes you to react the way he wants you to. The story is based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreu, became Premier. But in 1967 a military coup d'état overturned the legal government. The movie reenacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. It was shot in Algeria, as a French-Algerian co-production, with a score by Mikis Theodorakis (who was under house arrest in Greece at the time), and a script by Jorge Semprun, an exile from Spain. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitement could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily, there isn't. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Pappas, François Périer, Renato Salvatori, Charles Denner, Pierre Dux, Marcel Bozzuffi, Magali Noël, and Georges Geret. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)



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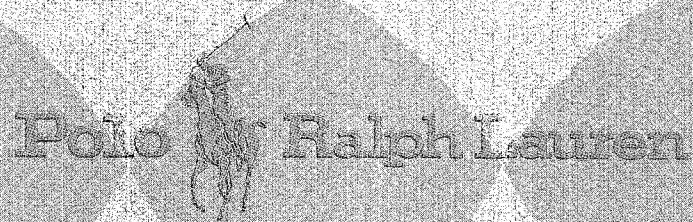
What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

Maxie and Kris Anderson

The Scotch with a

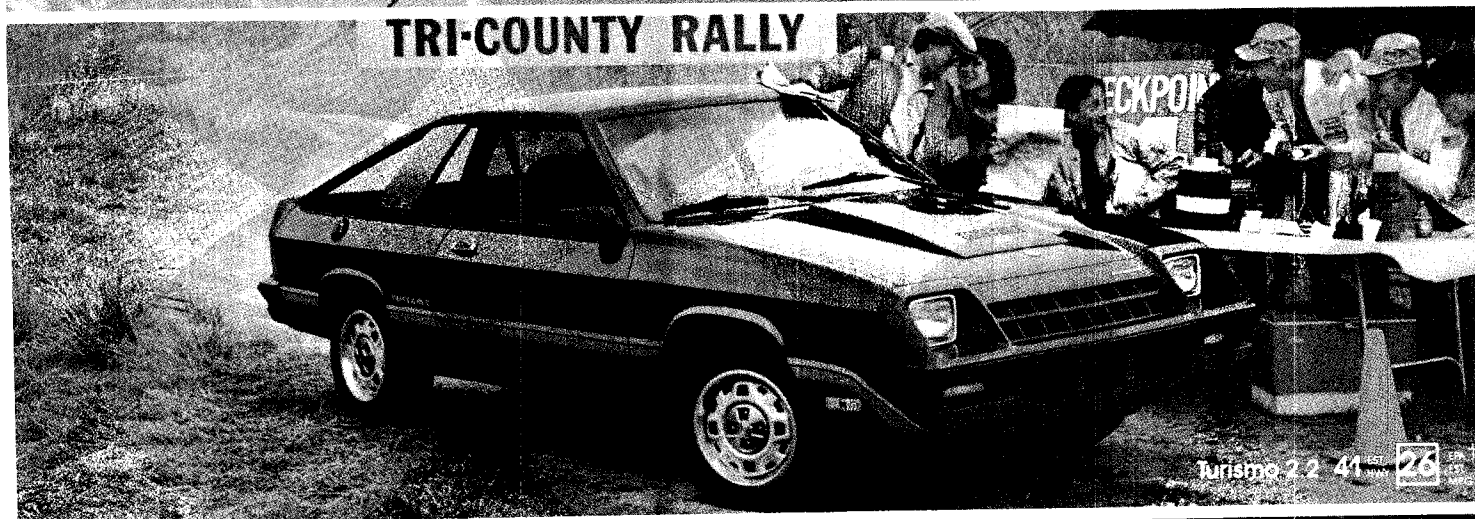
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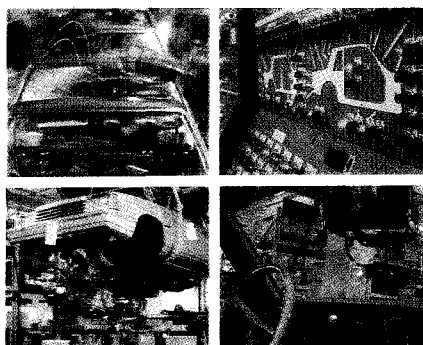
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Miser are at their 1981 base sticker prices. Getting your moneysworth challenges holding on to your aging car.

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Horizon Miser	\$5499	\$5639
Turismo 2.2	\$7345	\$7345
Reliant K Wagon	\$7334	\$8658

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**Sticker prices with pictured options excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

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† Use EPA EST MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. California estimates for Reliant K and Turismo 2.2: 36 est. hwy; 24 EPA est. mpg.

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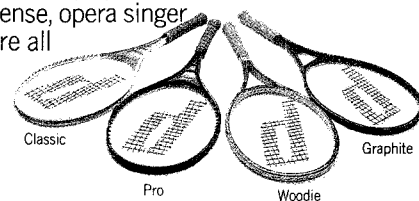


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

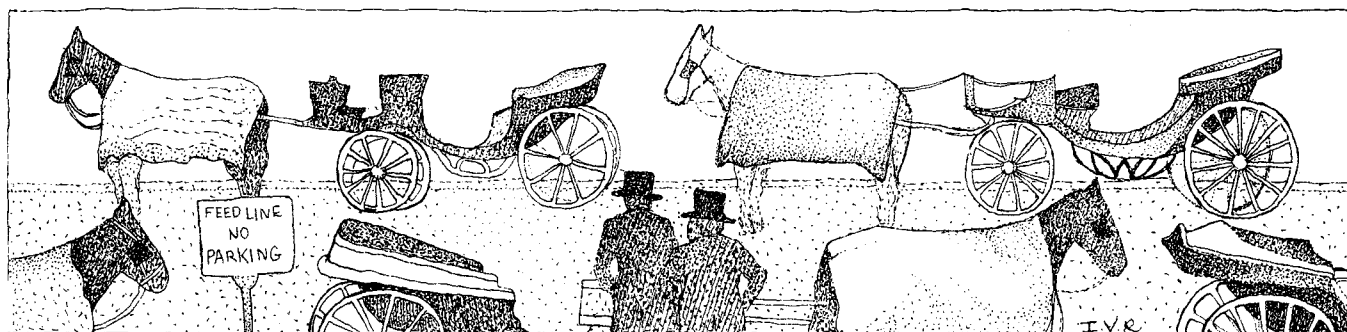
A FRIEND of ours who knew Dylan Thomas went to Westminster Abbey for the "unveiling and dedication of a memorial" to the poet on March 1st—the day on which Wales honors St. David, its patron saint. He reports the following:

I was ushered into the first pew of that part of the North Transept designated North Lantern, which allowed me a close view of the High Altar, on my left, and of hundreds of Welsh men and women—each wearing a single yellow daffodil—in the pews directly across. Members of the Thomas family were seated catercornered from me, in one of the choir stalls to my right. "Not many souls under this roof not from Wales," said a small gray woman next to me. Her voice had the pretty lilt I remembered from talks I'd had with villagers during summertime visits to Dylan in Laugharne. "Do you know if your Jimmy Carter will be coming?" I did not think that was likely, I told her. "Jimmy Carter got the ball rolling on this whole thing," she said. "That time they brought him to Poets' Corner, he looked around and asked the high hats with him why there was no sign of Dylan Thomas." A man's voice over my shoulder joined in—"And you know what *they* said? 'Who's *that*?' they said"—just as Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Mi-

nor from the organ brought the congregation to attention. The service began with a white-cassocked procession of members of the Collegiate Body, followed by what the program called "representative clergy," along the nave and up into the sacristy. As these men took their places, the organ played Daniel Jones' musical setting of Dylan's "A Refusal to Mourn," which seemed to me a good beginning to a memorial service for a man who spent his life denying precisely those ordinary sentiments which never failed to bring him to tears.

Welcoming the gathering of fifteen hundred or so, the Dean of Westminster provided a fact that did not seem entirely pertinent: while Keats, Shelley, and Byron each had to wait almost a hundred years to be honored with a stone in Poets' Corner, Browning and Tennyson came by theirs "almost instantaneously." As I calculated that Dylan, were he alive, would be sixty-seven years old and younger than perhaps a third of those who'd come to do him homage, the woman next to me touched my elbow. "I should venture waiting twenty-nine years is *quite* long enough," she whispered. Then came a brief reading, from Revelation 10, by the Abbey's Precentor and Sacrist, which included, "I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as

it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open." This was followed by an oddly perfunctory address given by a layman friend of Dylan's, and by "Hymn 372 A.M.R.," in which the Welsh delegation across from me, unanimously and without a glance at the printed text, embraced its chance to out-sing the organ by many decibels. While this was going on, those of the Thomas family present, followed by Michael Foot, the leader of the Labour Party, and other dignitaries, were ushered out of their choir stall and into the aisle leading to Poets' Corner. There television crews under high floodlights were waiting to photograph the unveiling. Since both Caitlin, the poet's widow, and Llewellyn, his elder son, had decided against coming to the ceremonies, Dylan's only daughter, Aeronwy Thomas-Ellis, with her husband, and Dylan's son Colm and three grandchildren made up the familial procession. For a few moments, they were visible to almost no one but the crews manning cameras. Then, over a loudspeaker, came Aeronwy's clear, strong, and mellow voice: "May I ask you, Mr. Dean, to receive into the safe custody of the Dean and Chapter, here in Poets' Corner, this Memorial Stone in honor of Dylan Thomas." With this, she removed from the stone a Welsh flag, with its claw-footed drag-



on, and the Dean replied, "To the greater glory of God, and in memory of Dylan Thomas, we dedicate this Memorial in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." Two of the grandchildren then laid a wreath on the memorial, and for a half hour or so afterward there were hymns, prayers, and readings of "Poem in October" and "Fern Hill."

Everything was well paced and liturgically stylish, and moved along more or less as expected until the Dean, rising to give the concluding blessing, suddenly interrupted his own speech and lowered his voice. "I have just been handed a letter from former President Jimmy Carter," he announced, "which I should like to read." As a little *frisson* of surprise seemed to run through the Abbey, the woman next to me nudged my arm and sent me a glance at once steely and satisfied. Mr. Carter's letter thanked everyone who had anything to do with the occasion, and recounted his own introduction to Dylan Thomas, in 1953, when he came upon "A Refusal to Mourn" in an anthology; his immediate purchase of all the available poems; the sessions with his family in which Dylan's techniques were studied; and his subsequent reading of biographies of the poet. A high-pitched metallic burst from the organ—Mathias' *Toccata Giocosa*—summoned stewards, who directed us, pew by pew, down the aisle to Poets' Corner. There floodlights made Dylan's "conifer green Penrhyn stone" stand out sharply from the stones surrounding it—Byron's on its left, George Eliot's on its right, Henry James's and that of Gerard Manley Hopkins below.

Outside, a bit stunned by the actuality of it all, the discrepancy between that radiant stone and Dylan's often expressed wish never to be anything but "lost and proud"—and, I must admit, having a few valedictory thoughts of my own—I was buttoning my overcoat against the cold sunlight when I found myself next to a man holding a little girl. Blue-eyed, with fair hair cut in the demure permanent-wave manner of the nineteen-twenties, she stared at me over his shoulder for a few seconds, then reached out a small white hand. As I brought my index finger to within an inch of hers, she took hold, tightened her grip, and would not let go until the man, shifting the weight of her to his other shoulder, turned around. "This is

Dylan's granddaughter," he said. "Her name is Hannah."

Cage

AND a note from a friend of ours who lives on the upper West Side:

Saturday before last, I spent two very happy hours at the "Wall-to-Wall John Cage and Friends" concert at the Symphony Space, on Broadway at Ninety-fifth Street. I would have liked to spend hours more. The admission-free event, which was billed as "a seventieth-birthday tribute" to Cage, and which included many, many works by him and by the composers he most admires, from Satie and Schoenberg to Earle Brown and Alvin Lucier, lasted from eleven o'clock that morning until one-thirty the following morning. But Saturday happened to be the day I moved into a new apartment, and my big, old Oriental rug, the one I inherited from my parents, had just been stolen from the back of the moving van by persons unknown, and anyway there were so many people waiting outside, in a line that extended down Broadway and around onto Ninety-fourth Street, that the management kept begging us to leave. As I went in through the lobby, I saw Isamu Noguchi, who has known Cage even longer than I have; he waved at the huge crowd and said gaily, "John Cage is an institution. Think of it!" Well, I have been thinking of it, off and on, and what I find most striking is not so much the notion of Cage's becoming an institution—he was bound to become one eventually—as the fact that he has become such a *New York* institution. It used to be said of Cage that his having been born and brought up in Southern California explained a lot of things about him, but that is simply not true. Cage's incomparable nuttiness, his ability to stay several jumps ahead of everybody, himself included, could never have sustained itself in Los Angeles or Paris or any city in the world but this one.

And where else could such an ac-

knowledge and, yes, finally *revered* iconoclast continue to function so iconoclastically? New York cherishes such people, especially when they're pushing seventy—think of Marianne Moore, Frederick Kiesler, Marcel Duchamp, Edgard Varèse. We don't put them on pedestals, where they have to behave themselves; we expect them to go right on doing the things that used to upset or annoy us. Sitting toward the front of the orchestra at the Symphony Space, I turned around and saw a pretty girl with an absolutely beatific expression on her face as she listened to the electronic warbling and scratching and the sudden, sharp *pings* of Cage's 1972 piece called "Bird Cage." Although Cage's early percussion scores and his compositions for prepared piano sound fairly lyrical now, forty years after they were written, his recent work can be as trying as ever, and for this we admire him greatly. He just never lets us off the hook, and that is in a way highly flattering. Many years ago, Cage wrote, "Beauty is now underfoot wherever we take the trouble to look. (This is an American discovery.)"

Cage is the celebrator of both/and, not either/or. In his music and in his prose writings (which resemble the music in their openness to the surprises of life), he presents the case for inclusion and acceptance, and against discrimination and judgment. We can find there violence *and* gentleness; boredom *and* excitement; beauty *and* ugliness; yin *and* yang. Also a good deal of humor, some of it biting. Although he is too intelligent not to feel great concern over the direction of life in our times, he remains absurdly optimistic. "I'm completely untrained as a pessimist," he said once.

It can be argued that what Cage has been doing all his life is a great mistake. Plenty of New Yorkers swear by judgment and discrimination. They are all for exclusions—the more the better. But it seems to me that the city itself contradicts them. Few judgments are secure here for very long. The finest discriminations return to mock us, in drag. New York is a both/and place if there ever was one, and never more so than in the case of events like "Wall-to-Wall John Cage and Friends." The Symphony Space, which inaugurated its "Wall-to-Wall" series in 1978 with "Wall-to-Wall Bach," is fast becoming a New York institution in this quintessentially Cagean sense. As for



Cage, when I called him after the concert and asked how he felt about being an institution, he said, "I'm not sure. I really don't like institutions."

In the Hole

THE excavation shaft at Sixty-third Street and Second Avenue goes down a hundred and eighty feet. Brian Mynes says, "This is sandhog country." The sandhogs are building a subway. If you work in this hole, you're a natural mucker. It's pure natural muck at the bottom. These days, Brian Mynes works on top, with the crew that lowers material and equipment into the hole. He's not a mucker anymore. He's a nipper. Seniority has done that for him. For twenty-eight years, he has paid dues to Local 147 of the Compressed Air Workers. Some of those years, he wasn't sandhogging—he was sailing around the world on merchant ships, seventeen times around the world—but he has never stopped being a sandhog in good standing. For five years, he's been going nights to Fordham, studying art. This spring, he graduates. There's going to be a big party: twenty six-foot sandwiches, a hundred pounds of pastry, four hundred hot dogs. (G.I. Joe the Frankfurter King is coming out of retirement for this one.) A lot of sandhogs will be there.

Willy Clampett is the signal man on Brian Mynes' shift: 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. Another Willy—Willy Hickey—is a nipper. Everybody calls Willy Hickey the Mayor. That's because he knows how to get certain things done. If you need an extra load of steel reinforcement rods, a small bulldozer, a date for Saturday night, the point spread on the Knicks, talk to the Mayor. As a rule, only one nipper goes on a five-man crew. Being the Mayor, however, makes Willy Hickey too busy to be a full-time nipper. So Brian Mynes is a nipper, too. No one calls him Nipper. Hardly anyone calls him Brian, either.



"I say damn the media—full speed ahead!"

Among friends and family, he is B.T.—for Brian Thomas Mynes. Among sandhogs, he is Chubby; he has a robust physique. He also has a thick white beard and a jade shamrock in his left earlobe. The earring doesn't make him look punk. He still looks like a sandhog.

That's the hoghouse, that long green wooden prefab that rests on metal piers. There are lockers inside, and, between shifts, steam and the smell of soap. Those three pieces of foam rubber that have been hung from the hoghouse are rabbits. After wet concrete has been pumped into the tunnel, a few greased rabbits are shot through the concrete pipeline to clean it out. Brian Mynes has hung the three rabbits—a green, a white, and an orange—to make an Irish flag. Most of the sandhogs in Local 147 are Irish or black. A lot of the shapers on this job are black. Shapers are extra workers who show up at the beginning of a shift, hoping to cover for an absentee. St. Patrick's Day is shapers' heaven.

The shaft opening is sixty feet long and forty feet wide. A hundred-and-fifty-ton-capacity crane, a dark-green Manitowoc, sits beside it. If you stare down the shaft, eventually someone will join you and say, "Some hole,

huh?" For a change of pace, Brian Mynes has decided to go down in the hole. His good friend Mickey Brennan is coming around for a look-see. Mickey's a super on upper Fifth Avenue. In Mickey's book, being a sandhog makes B.T.'s judgment questionable. Here's Mickey now, wearing a yellow rubber suit, black rubber waders, and a blue plastic hard hat. Mickey Brennan is going in the hole.

An elevator takes them down the shaft about a hundred and twenty feet, to where there's a catwalk that leads to an entrance to one of the subway tubes. This shaft is huge. From below, the hatch at ground level shrinks to a skylight. Mickey Brennan looks up and then down and says "Unbelievable." A piercing horn overhead sounds twice. Here comes a load of lumber, a ton of four-by-six beams, lowered by the Manitowoc. Two muckers wade through the gray lake at the bottom, then guide the lumber to a Caterpillar. Twenty yards away, a crew works with a compressed-air drill, excavating deeper. Brian Mynes hollers something. He has to repeat it three times. He is hollering, "Most sandhogs are half deaf!"

Brian Mynes and Mickey Brennan go along the catwalk and into one of the tubes. There are four tubes—two

for the subway system and two for the Long Island Rail Road. You can make a tube with dynamite or you can make it with the Mole. The Mole drills a train-size hole through solid rock. Brian Mynes says, "You should see that Mole." The Mole leaves slag. The muckers load the slag onto mucking machines, and it gets dumped in the main shaft. Then the crew on top gets it out of the hole. Behind the Mole come steel and lumber buttresses, metal forms, and, finally, concrete. After fifteen years and eight hundred million dollars, you get a subway tunnel that will run from Twenty-first Street in Queens all the way to Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Until then, there is mud, water, fractured earth, artificial light, and invisible rock dust in the air.

Brian Mynes leads the way two

hundred yards farther east, to the end of a tube—to a promontory. The tunnel expands, quadruples. This is a piece of the Long Island Rail Road. It looks like a bowling alley for giants. Back through a different tube, with a crew of muckers. Brian Mynes makes introductions. "Meet Dennis O'Neill. He's the walking boss on this crew. Meet Johnny Moon. When he's not sandhogging, he's a night-club entertainer in Jersey. On the shore. Great guy." Brian Mynes and Mickey Brennan go past a drilling crew, past a welding crew; they step over reinforcing rods and through ankle-deep muck; they pass a wheelbarrow and concrete pipelines; they climb over discarded beams and busted rock. Heading west, toward Lexington Avenue, they can feel vibrations from an I.R.T. train.

"B.T., you're half wacky," says Mickey Brennan.

Brian Mynes asks, "You feel like a mucker yet, Mickey?"

Mickey Brennan asks, "You got rats down here?"

A metal-webbed body basket is propped against a wall of rock.

Brian Mynes again asks, "You feel like a mucker, Mickey?"

Mickey Brennan says, "I am *no* mucker."

Shrines

IT is not uncommon for the inhabitants of this city to accumulate, over the years, small collections of private shrines: buildings, perhaps; a certain street corner; particular paintings in familiar museums; odd objects that by their lasting presence provide a certain reassurance. We'd like to single out one of ours, which we encounter three or four times a year, and which on each occasion brings us to a momentary standstill of respect. It is not an obvious monument, nor is it really in the public eye. It is a desk, but a desk of such magnificence that it can easily bear the weight of being a shrine.

We remember from some years back a magazine article, with accompanying photographs, on the offices of certain men of power. The single thing that the offices had in common was desklessness, and the latest executive mode, we read, was to banish desks from offices, the cool implication being that executives' offices were principally places for making *decisions*, and the whole cumbersome business of putting the decisions into written language, and looking up files, sharpening pencils, and so on, happened elsewhere—if not automatically, at least out of sight. We have never achieved desklessness, never even got close to it. For writers, desks remain nerve centers, in a way—little arenas where they present themselves, like gladiators, in various states of preparedness. The state of writers' desks might easily seem to be an external reflection of the state of their minds—some spilling over with disordered, heaped-up information, some bare and expectant—but the desks are, for better or for worse, the concentrated spaces where the essential act of putting into words takes place, and they wear an aura all their own.

The desk to which we pay our occasional homage stands at present in



BEPPLO TRIES TO SAVE HIS MARRIAGE

the upstairs office of Judith Stonehill, a vice-president of the South Street Seaport Museum, at 203 Front Street, and it is of a sturdy and splendid bulk that might easily intimidate anyone appointed to sit at it. Mrs. Stonehill, however, is a woman of such grace and vivid energy that the desk surrounds her and sets her off, much as an elaborate frame will set off a particularly striking portrait, and she occupies her side of it with such animation that we feel that the desk must be glad to have her there, given the list of doughty figures who have sat at it through its history. For the desk carries, screwed to one end of a long shelf that forms its crest, a brass plate engraved with the following pedigree:

PURCHASED FROM JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
BY MAURICE BOUVIER IN 1882
USED BY WILLIAM R. GRACE
FOUNDER OF W. R. GRACE & CO.
AND
LATER BY HIS SON, JOSEPH P. GRACE

We went down to the waterfront quite early the other morning to see Mrs. Stonehill and her desk—it is Mrs. Stonehill who has kept us regularly informed of the fortunes of the South Street Seaport Museum, which have been on the rise of late, and especially since the large-scale development plan for the seaport area, agreed upon by the Rouse Company, of Columbia, Maryland, the City and State of New York, and the museum's representatives, was signed into being, last December 18th. We noted that Water Street and Front Street had already entered into that dusty interim in which it is hard to distinguish between the half-built and the half-demolished, but that the harbor air still carried the tang of fish, of tar, even of the open sea. Having picked our way to the museum's offices, we found Mrs. Stonehill settled in at her side of the desk, and talking on the telephone. She waved us onto a chair across from her, and we had time to goggle at the desk all over again. To say that it measures six feet by four feet eight inches gives no idea of its massiveness. It is what is known as a partners' desk—a whole made up of two desks backed together. It is clearly a desk that antedates the age of the typewriter, for each place has a slanted writing surface, now refurnished in black leather. Heavy walnut drawers that slide in and out with solid ease bracket each kneehole, and on either side of the slanted writing surfaces lie further expanses of black

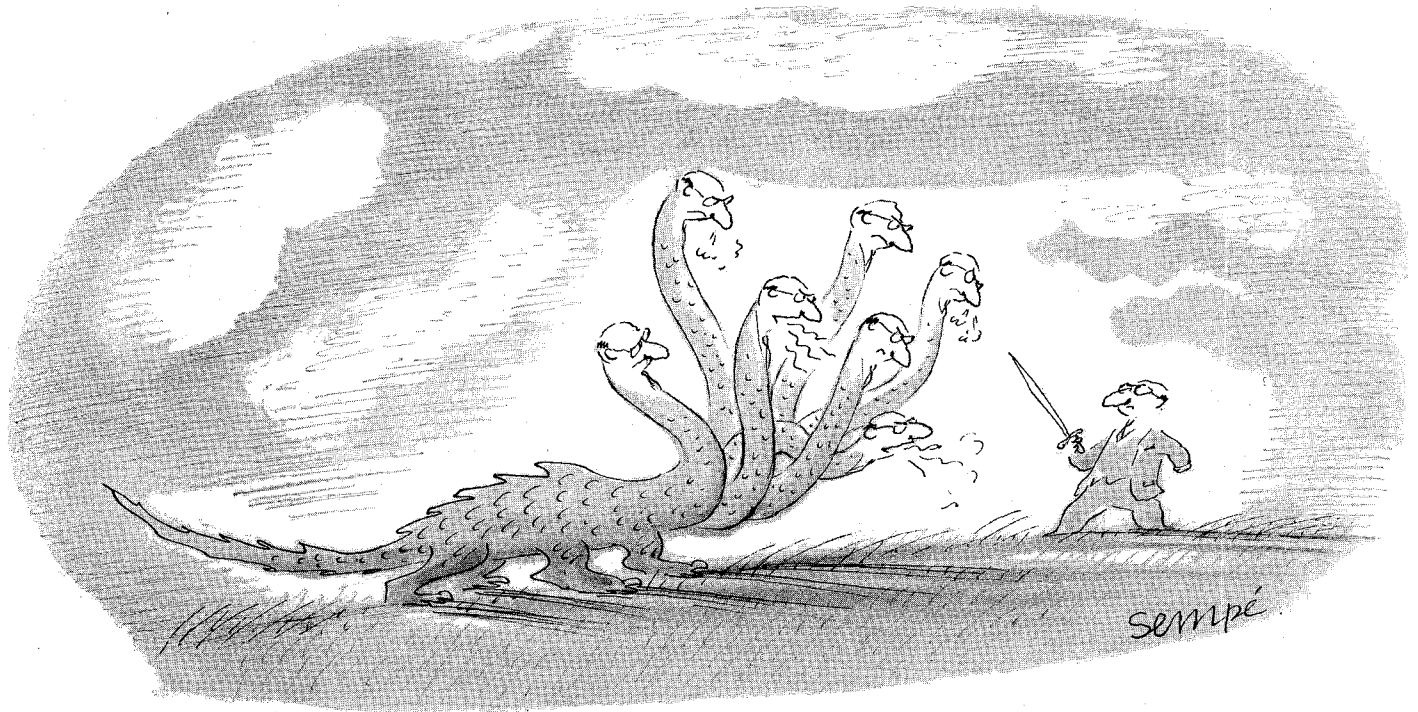


"Nikki is wearing a single-breasted, notched-collar classic jacket in tweed over a band-collared and deeply yoked blouse. Her pocketed dirndl skirt is challis. All are by Halston. Her books are by John Irving and Doris Lessing."

leather, set in walnut, and now stacked with separate piles of papers concerning the museum's future. We could not help feeling that countless people before us must have been waved into the facing partner's chair, perhaps by John D. Rockefeller, to be pilloried, or even fired, as happens in cartoons; and we imagined the desk as a onetime Ping-Pong table of corporate argument, pounded on by powerful fists. We picked up a brochure that was recently put out by the museum, sketching in the area as it will look when it is finished, some two years from now—the skeleton of the old fleshed out in new commercial space, and well clear of the neglect that ten years ago left it gloomy, abandoned, and forgotten. Now it

has set itself firmly on the new maps of Manhattan.

We asked Mrs. Stonehill what it was like to occupy such a formidable seat, and she patted the desk with obvious fondness. "At first, it did intimidate me a bit, because I didn't know if I'd be doing enough work to keep it busy—to cover it. But I've been working at it since 1979, and I've grown very fond of it—it seems to call for concentration. When you think how transitory some furniture has become—sofas and beds and sideboards abandoned on sidewalks instead of treasured as heirlooms—to sit at a desk that is demonstrably more permanent than I am, that has outlived a long line of masters, gives me a twinge of gravity. The desk was a gift to the



museum from the W. R. Grace company, and lay in storage for quite some time. But it cries out to be *used*, even to command. In a month or so, we're moving to our new offices, down the street, and the desk will accompany me, I'm glad to say. That won't be as difficult as you might imagine, for it comes apart into three pieces."

We suggested to her that she have her name added to the engraved list on the brass plate, but she laughed and shook her head vehemently.

"What you should do is have a word with my immediate predecessor at the desk, Anthony Newman," she suggested. "He's now a vice-president of the National Audubon Society. Here's his number." As she pencilled it down for us, it occurred to us that some of her predecessors might have similarly written something with a quill.

We did give Mr. Newman a call, later in the day, and he perked up at once when we mentioned the desk. "I'll never forget it," he told us. "In many ways, it's spoiled me for other desks. I came across it in storage in 1976—I worked for the South Street Seaport Museum then. The desk was in an unfortunate condition—badly water-stained, for a pipe had burst on the floor above. We had it sent out to Stair & Company, on East Fifty-seventh Street, and they restored to it all the authority of its past. I used it, and now I think of it from time to time, with a mixture of affection

and respect. It may be just an illusion, but I believe that it gave me a certain, indefinable sense of drive."

Ninth Avenue

A DOZEN or more live carp, at least a foot long, were floating fin to fin in a large tank at the Sea Breeze Fish Store, at 541 Ninth Avenue, a little below the back of the bus terminal. The Ray Variety store ("Money Back Within 25 Days") was running a winter clearance sale. Jelly shoes were marked down, and plastic cups were five for ninety-nine cents. Louis Employment Agency ("Country Jobs/City Jobs"), across the avenue, at No. 542, was closed up tight. It was late afternoon on a day that was supposed to be springlike. A woman in a light-colored sweater shook out the rubber doormat in front of the Centennial Funeral Home, at 402 West Fortieth Street, put it back on the sidewalk, and went inside. Shoppers were moving under the colored awnings of the stores on the west side of the avenue, examining the displays of food. A young man went by, staring straight ahead and saying, "It's hell on earth. . . . It's hell on earth." A mother with a child in a stroller got out of his way. At International Groceries, No. 529 Ninth Avenue, there were large boxes, cylindrical containers, and fat gunny-sacks—all open—full of bay leaves, light-green fennel seeds, thyme, oreg-

ano, blazing-orange paprika (sweet pimento), coffee beans, pink beans, kidney beans, cannellini beans, gray poppy seeds like gunpowder, lupines, chocolate-colored chicory, coriander, brown anise seeds, crushed peppers (red and yellow), dark-green parsley, pale-green celery, dull-green mint, gray sage, cloves, brick-red achiote, yellow camomile, multicolored, confettilike chopped soup greens, and a heap of purple-and-white garlic. Translucent slabs of salted dried fish were stuck in a barrel like kindling.

The afternoon grew dark; a dismal mixture of cold rain and sleet began to fall, bouncing off the awnings, splattering on the sidewalk. A few doors down, at Vinnie's Fruit Market, No. 523, a short man with a gruff voice was telling a passerby, "If it grows, we got it!" He wore a yellow baseball cap that said "Lodell Poultry Farm" on the front. He pointed to bushel baskets around him. "Okra!" he said. "Fava beans! Lima beans! String-beans!" There was the sound of horses running, and three Central Park carriages—one after another—came down Ninth Avenue. The horses were moving very fast, the drivers simply hanging on to the reins. One of the horses was white. "They're going home to the stable," said the fruit-and-vegetable man. "They know where it is." The horses turned the corner on Thirty-ninth Street, the squeaking carriages bouncing behind them, and ran west in the rain.

I LOVED THE GARISH DAYS

I AM not going to pretend that hordes of my contemporaries urged me to write this memoir.

My first important party was on a Saturday in February, 1936. I was employed making hats at the Irving Hulder Company at that time—my first job. I left work at six on Friday. I had heard about a retail shop around Thirty-third Street that was undergoing liquidation and I hurried over there to get myself some nice material for a dress. I remember I saw a rat in that shop running along the wall, which was a surprise, considering the racket and confusion of the sale. I found some taffetas, which I have always loved, and I was especially attracted to the black taffeta—but my mother would never have let me go in black, since I was only seventeen. The styles in those days were for a straight, elegant nipped-in look—so there was really no use for taffeta anyway. I noticed that the style of those days was captured perfectly in “The Great Ziegfeld,” on that actress with the lovely little nose, Myrna Loy.

With difficulty I resisted the emerald-green taffeta and settled on some nice yellow satin—not too bright. I got four yards for three dollars and fifty cents. I looked carefully at the cashier to see if she was dreading liquidation, but I saw no sign of it. Yet she looked too old to get another job. Possibly she was able to retire.

When everyone had gone to bed, I cleared the newspapers off the table and I laid out my fabric. I always sew without a pattern—merely take a good long stare before I cut. I worked till one or two that morning and I had a nice dress in time for the party. The bodice was perfectly plain and loose-fitting, which was the style, in addition to its being rather low. It was snug around the hips and hung four inches above the floor. The aim was to present yourself as a pristine goddess while artlessly showing your bosom. I wore my mother’s seed-pearl necklace.

We lived at Seventieth Street and I took a taxicab downtown. The driver complained about the cold. I was wearing an old fur

stole of my mother’s—the wearing of furs now seems to me criminal. This cabdriver was from Canarsie, Brooklyn, and told me about his Italian bride who hadn’t arrived in this country. He wasn’t Italian, but he liked Italians. When we pulled up to the place and I was still inside, a man dashed out and claimed the cab. The driver said, “Hold your horses, Jake.” I let him keep the change, for luck.

I left my stole with an old lady who sat dozing by the coatroom in a frilly white apron. I then went directly to the ladies’ dressing room, simply to display a nice compact, I’m afraid. The way our hair was then—flat waves jammed down on your head—nothing could dislodge it. In the midst of all those dressed-up women my outfit began to look less striking than it had at home. But I guess I powdered away undaunted.

There was a narrow, long hallway panelled in oak and I made my way along this with a shoal of other women, chatting in pairs or solitary, like myself. I had a black satin evening bag over my shoulder on a chain.

The room where the party was going on had dark walls and was lighted up with chandeliers. There was a long buffet table on one side, but there were waiters, too, to bring your drinks. One came to me right away and I took a glass from him, but I had promised not to drink. A group of five young men stood in conversation perhaps twelve feet away, and one of them kept looking up at me. I would glance away and look around the room. Soon he came over to me. If I had to describe his looks, I would say he was between handsome and plain. He was dark and medium-sized. I thought he was fairly attractive.

“Well, *you’re* young,” he said to

me. “Did your mother let you out?”

I was determined to make the fellow understand how clumsy I found these remarks, so I stared at him and then said slowly, “Did my mother let me out?”

He brushed ashes off his shirtfront and then said, “Yes,” falsely jaunty. “Want a drink? Oh, I see you’ve got one.”

“How old might *you* be, then?” I said.

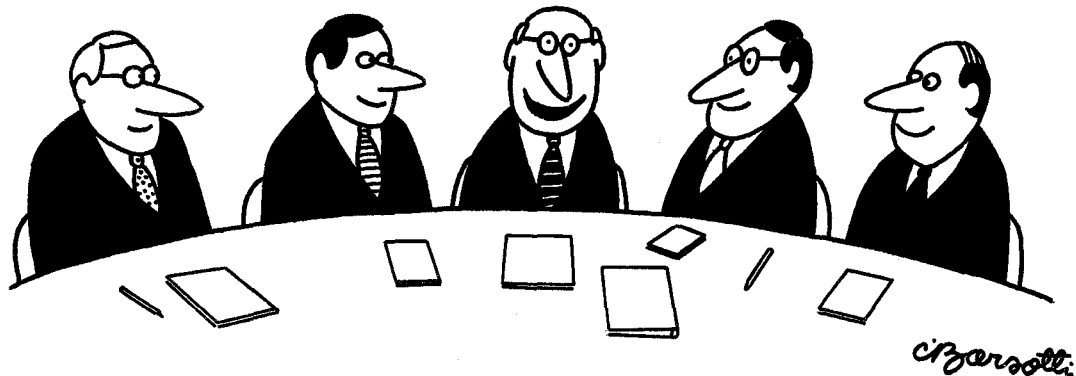
“Sorry,” he said in a vague, formal voice. “I’ve just seen someone,” and he hurried away.

I might as well say I had no more interesting conversations that evening. I ate salmon and a type of scalloped potatoes with pimento. I remember I satisfied myself that I was the tallest woman there. A red-haired man had an argument with a red-haired woman near the middle of the room, which drew the party together for the few minutes till they both rushed out. One man had a beard—a great curiosity for those times—and someone pointed out Cordell Hull.

At midnight I went home in a cab. I was pleased over all, and that was my first party. I describe it at length because it was my first, and parties are what I have loved most my whole life. I worked at the Irving Hulder Company until April that year and left it when I could, because I had no interest in hats. I then went to work at Lazarus’s, and within a year I was sent by them to Europe.

I hope no one is offended by my irreverent use of Cardinal Newman’s hymn lyrics. He used “garish” sarcastically. I don’t. I would say there are only too few garish days, then and now. Too many wars—too few garish days. I sympathize with that rat I mentioned, who ran out into the bright lights to “mix” and be seen.

—LYNN CARAGANIS



“Good, we’re all agreed. I like it when we’re all agreed.”

ECLOGUE IV: WINTER

*Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas;
magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.
—Vergil, Eclogue IV.*

I

In winter it darkens the moment lunch is over.
It's hard then to tell starving men from sated.
A yawn keeps a phrase from leaving its cozy lair.
The dry, instant version of light, the opal
snow, dooms tall alders—by having freighted
them—to insomnia, to your glare

well after midnight. Forget-me-nots and roses
crop up less frequently in dialogues. Dogs with languid
fervor pick up the trail, for they, too, leave traces.
Night, having entered the city, pauses
as in a nursery, finds a baby under the blanket.
And the pen creaks like steps that are someone else's.

II

My life has dragged on. In the recitative of a blizzard
a keen ear picks up the tune of the Ice Age.
Every "Down in the Valley" is, for sure,
a chilled boogie-woogie. A bitter, brittle
cold represents, as it were, a message
to the body of its final temperature

or—the Earth itself, sighing out of habit
for its galactic past, its sub-zero horrors.
Cheeks burn crimson like radishes even here.
Cosmic space is always shot through with matte agate,
and the beeping Morse, returning homeward,
finds no ham operator's ear.

III

In February, lilac retreats to osiers.
Imperative in a snowman's profile,
carrots get more expensive. Limited by a brow,
a glance at cold, metallic objects
is fiercer than the metal itself. This, while
you peel eyes from objects, still may allow

no shedding of blood. The Lord, some reckon,
was reviewing His world in this very fashion
on the eighth day and after. In winter, we're
not berry pickers: we stuff cracks with oakum,
praise the common good with a greater passion,
and things grow older by, say, a year.

IV

In great cold, pavements glaze like a sugar candy,
steam from the mouth suggests a dragon,
if you dream of a door, you tend to slam it.
My life has dragged on. The signs are plenty.
They'd make yet another life, just as dragging.
From these signs alone one would compose a climate

or a landscape. Preferably with no people,
with virgin white through a lacework shroud,
—a world where nobody heard of Parises, Londons; where
weekdays are spun by diffusive, feeble
light; where, too, in the end you shudder
spotting the ski tracks . . . Well, just a pair.

V

Time equals cold. Each body, sooner
or later, falls prey to a telescope. With the years,
it moves away from the luminary, grows colder.
Hoarfrost jungles the windowpane with sumac,
ferns, or horsetail, with what appears
to be nursed on this glass and deprived of color

by loneliness. But, as with a marble hero,
one's eye rolls up rather than runs in winter.
Where sight fails yielding to dreams' swarmed forces,
Time, fallen sharply beneath the zero,
burns your brain like the index finger
of a scamp from popular Russian verses.

VI

My life has dragged on. One cold resembles another
cold. Time looks like time. What sets them apart is only
a warm body. Mulelike, stubborn creature,
it stands firmly between them, rather
like a border guard: stiffened, sternly
preventing the wandering of the future

into the past. In winter, to put it bleakly,
Tuesday is Saturday. The daytime is a deceiver:
Are the lights out already? Or not yet on? It's chilly.
Dailies might as well be printed weekly.
Time stares at a looking glass like a diva
who's forgotten what's on tonight: "Tosca"? Oh, no, "Lucia

VII

Dreams in the frozen season are longer, keener.
The patchwork quilt and the parquet deal,
on their mutual squares, in chessboard warriors.
The hoarser the blizzard rules the chimney,
the hotter the quest for a pure ideal
of naked flesh in a cotton vortex,

and you dream nasturtiums' stubborn odor,
a tuft of cobwebs shading a corner nightly,
in a narrow ravine torrid Terek's splashes,
a feast of fingertips caught in shoulder
straps. And then all goes quiet. Idly
an ember smolders in dawn's gray ashes.

VIII

Cold values space. Baring no rattling sabres,
it takes hill and dale, townships and hamlets
(the populace cedes without trying
tricks), mostly cities, whose great ensembles,
whose arches and colonnades, in hundreds,
stand like prophets of cold's white triumph,

looming wanly. Cold is gliding
from the sky on a parachute. Each and every column
looks like a fifth, desires an overthrow.
Only the crow doesn't take snow gladly.
And you often hear the angry, solemn,
patriotic gutturals speaking crow.

IX

In February, the later it is the lower
the mercury. More time means more cold. Stars, scattered
like a smashed thermometer, turn remotest
regions of night into a strep marvel.
In daytime, when sky is akin to stucco,
Malevich himself wouldn't have noticed

them, white on white. That's why angels
are invisible. To their legions
cold is of benefit. We would make them
out, the winged ones, had our eyes' angle
been indeed on high, where they are linking
in white camouflage like Finnish marksmen.

X

For me, other latitudes have no usage.
I am skewered by cold like a grilled-goose portion.
Glory to naked birches, to the fir-tree needle,
to the yellow bulb in an empty passage—
glory to everything set by the wind in motion:
at a ripe age, it can replace the cradle.

The North is the honest thing. For it keeps repeating
all your life the same stuff—whispering, in full volume,
in the life dragged on, in all kinds of voices;
and toes freeze numb in your deerskin creepers,
reminding you, as you complete your polar
conquest, of love, of shivering under clock faces.

XI

In great cold, distance won't sing like sirens.
In space, the deepest inhaling hardly
insures exhaling, nor does departure
a return. Time is the flesh of the silent
Cosmos. Where nothing ticks. Even being hurtled
out of the spacecraft, one wouldn't capture

any sounds on the radio—neither foxtrots nor maidens
wailing from a home-town station.
What kills you out there, in orbit, isn't
the lack of oxygen but the abundance
of Time in its purest (with no addition
of your life) form. It's hard to breathe it.

XII

Winter! I cherish your bitter flavor
of cranberries, tangerine crescents on faience saucers,
the tea, sugar-frosted almonds (at best, two ounces).
You were opening our small beaks in favor
of names like Marina or Olga—morsels
of tenderness at that age that fancies

cousins. I sing a snowpile's blue contours
at dusk, rustling foil, clinking B-flat somewhere,
as though "Chopsticks" were tried by the Lord's own finger.
And the logs, which rattled in stony courtyards
of the gray, dank city that freezes bare
by the sea, are still warming my every fibre.

XIII

At a certain age, the time of year, the season,
coincides with fate. Theirs is the brief affair.
But on days like this you sense: you are right. Your worries
about things that haven't come your way are ceasing,
and a simple botanist may take care
of commenting upon daily life and mores.

In this period, eyes lose their green of nettles,
the triangle drops its geometric ardor:
all the angles drawn with cobwebs are fuzzy.
In exchanges on death, place matters
more and more than time. The cold gets harder.
And saliva suddenly burns its cozy

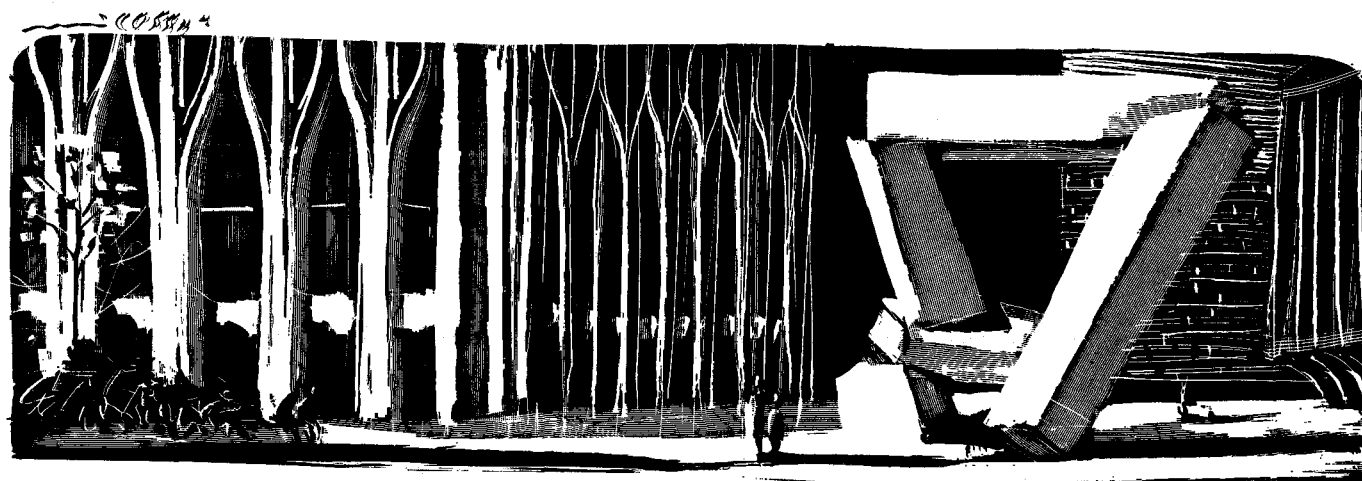
XIV

tongue, like that coin. Still, all the rivers
are ice-locked. You can put on long johns and trousers,
strap steel runners to boots with ropes and a piece of timber.
Teeth, worn out by the tap dance of shivers,
won't rattle because of fear. And the Muse's
voice gains a reticent, private timbre.

That's the birth of an eclogue. Instead of the shepherds' signal,
a lamp's flaring up. Cyrillic, while running witless
on the pad as though to escape the captor,
knows more of the future than the famous sibyl:
of how to darken against the whiteness,
as long as the whiteness lasts. And after.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(Translated, from the Russian, by the author.)



IN CONSTANT FLIGHT

THE contact lens floats in the drop of water on the tip of Gregory's finger. As the finger nears his eye, he blinks; the lens, brushed away by his eyelashes, falls. It spins in the bottom of the pool of water in the bathroom sink. Gregory is tall; he stoops slightly to retrieve the lens. He holds it delicately between thumb and forefinger, examining the glass against the light for scratches. This time, he inserts it successfully. The bathroom walls are covered with black-and-white photographs of an eclipse of the sun; the moon is held in a slender ring of white light. Gregory stares into the mirror, his eyes wide. Tears stream across the hollow of his unshaven cheek.

"Humphrey Bogart in 'The African Queen,'" he says. "Do you think I should try those soft lenses?"

I am standing behind Gregory. I can see only a slice of my cheek and forehead in the mirror, and the corner of one eye. The collar of my coat is damp, because I have just come in from the snow. Gregory is naked except for his Levi's. On the top of the

toilet tank there is a pair of Natalie's stockings. There is a hole in the toe of one stocking. I am surprised by the cold in the narrow bathroom, the light cloud that forms as Gregory breathes against the mirror. We have been divorced for nearly a year now.

"What happened to that Salvation Army mink of yours?" he says.

"It got stolen."

"I can't believe that. You hardly ever took it off. You looked terrific in it."

"It got stolen from the back of my chair in the Rare Manuscripts room. Listen, Gregory, I can see you're not going to be ready for a while. I left the Volvo running."

"Why don't you go turn it off?"

"It's so hard to start."

"We can always walk to the planetarium. Or we can jump-start the Volvo."

"You're terrible at things like that, and it's snowing—"

"It was supposed to snow."

"It's snowing quite hard—"

"It was supposed to snow quite hard. They'll get the snowplows

working before we're even out of the planetarium."

"How do you know what the snow was supposed to do?"

"There was this guy in a gray suit on television at five o'clock. He won my trust instantly."

"Oh, fine. Now you listen to the weather. Next thing, you'll be buying stocks."

"It's the middle-aged lust for security, darling. It infects even planetary astronomers." He blinks at his reflection in the mirror and runs the back of his hand across his cheekbone. His eyes are darker than I remember. Perhaps it is only the contacts. He takes the razor from the medicine cabinet, scrutinizes the blade, and lathers his chin. "I think we should have a cup of coffee before we go. It might help calm you down."

"Coffee? Coffee will calm me down?" This takes a moment to sink in.

"Who told you I need calming down?"

"It's common knowledge."

"Whose common knowledge?"

"You live in a trailer. Anyone who is still living in a trailer in Boulder near the middle of November needs calming down."

I laugh. Gregory is frowning at his lathered chin in the mirror, the razor in his hand. The channel of his spine, just above the waist of his Levi's, is still beaded with water. Why isn't he cold? Gregory has slender, crooked white toes, like those of a prehistoric horse I saw once in a museum. *Eohippus*: fast and clever, the size of a fox. Sometimes, working intently at night in his study, he would drop a pencil and absent-mindedly pick it up with his toes. He always worked barefoot, the desk lamp shining on the diagrams of the planets and the pale-green computer printouts.

Gregory shaves quickly, and rinses his hand under the faucet. He makes a face. "I've cut myself," he says. "I haven't done that for months." He blots his chin with a washcloth.

"You shouldn't have shaved it off for Natalie."

"Don't go righteous on me now," he says. "Not when things are so lovely." He takes a bottle of Mercurochrome from the back of the cabinet and cautiously squeezes a bead from the stem of the medicine dropper onto his chin.

"Gregory, what's lovely?"

"Come here and blow, will you? This stings."



"Spring is here, Thornton. Time to hang up your skates."

I blow lightly against the cut. It is a narrow cut, no longer than my fingernail. "Turn your face away a little," I say. This near, his skin smells of soap. His beard used to catch in my hair, roughen the skin around my mouth. I used up dozens of Chap Sticks; my teeth always tasted faintly of candle wax. It was a dark beard, with strands of gray, and Gregory kept it trimmed with a pair of small curved scissors. Now, on his bare skin, the smudge of Mercurochrome widens and dries a faint pink. Gregory puts his arms around my waist.



"Teacher burnout."

"THAT'S why the house is such a mess, because of the Voyager 1 flyby," Gregory says. "McFerrin goes to Pasadena with the imaging team, and I end up staying here running the show at the planetarium." We are in the kitchen, drinking coffee. In the bathroom he held me only for a moment; we stared at each other. Awkwardly, he let me go. The coffee is very hot and slightly bitter. Gregory has discovered that he is out of sugar. He goes to the refrigerator and takes a cup of yogurt from the shelf. "Eat this," he says. He hands me a spoon.

"I'm not hungry."

"Would you eat it, please? As a sort of favor to me?"

"You lured me into the house so that you could watch me eat a cup of strawberry yogurt?"

"You're getting so thin," he says.

"Oboe players look good when they're thin," I tell him. "Unlike, say, cellists. A cellist needs a certain solidity to appear convincing—"

"That's what you lack, Jennifer," he says. "Solidity. You look like a waif." When I spoon some yogurt from the cup, he says, "There are problems with the planetarium. Christ, this morning someone called me because there weren't enough outlets in the lobby. They wanted to set up some extra viewing screens. What am I supposed to do about it? I told

McFerrin before he left—'McFerrin,' I said, 'try to think of me as your old-fashioned, hard-core Disneyesque researcher, the kind that walks around with his pants on backward.' He said he had seen a number of Disney movies and I wasn't in any of them. 'In times of stress,' he said, 'responsibility falls even on the slender shoulders of our luminary.'"

"Luminary?"

"'You're the diplomat,' I told him. 'I'll never be able to handle this thing with your kind of flair.' 'It's all very straightforward,' he said. 'Everything you need to know is right there in black-and-white.' McFerrin now has two ex-wives, the department chairmanship, and a credibility gap."

"It wasn't all there in black-and-white?"

"It took forever to sort out McFerrin's mess," Gregory says. "I couldn't make head or tail of his instructions. Petrovsky saved my skin a hundred times over during the course of this fiasco. He cancelled a whole troop of Girl Scouts so that the senior seminar in galaxies could get in for the Saturn images this evening. He set up a panel discussion on Saturn's moons for tomorrow morning, to placate the Girl

Scouts. It's grim to owe your sacred skin to a graduate student. Especially if it's Petrovsky."

He picks up a spoon from the table and angrily stirs his coffee. "McFerrin's probably having a vodka with Carl Sagan in the Caltech faculty club right now," he says.

"Carl Sagan drinks vodka?"

"Right at this very moment," Gregory says. "I can see McFerrin, casually leaning against the bar, while Sagan sips his vodka—"

"Gregory, Carl Sagan drinks vodka?"

"It's dumping the dirty work on me that I object to. I think McFerrin's still bitter because he narrowly missed discovering that moon. 'I wish you had found the moon,' I told him. 'Gregory,' he said, 'it was inevitable that you find the moon. Your line of research was simply more elegant, your pursuit of Saturn more ardent. Your prediction of the existence of that moon by a slight perturbation in the orbit of the eleventh moon is considered something of a stroke of genius. When we hired you, we spoke of you as our *Wunderkind*, the bright hope of our future. It is unreasonable for you, now that

you have worked in the department for five years, to continue your pretense of naïveté."

"McFerrin talked to you like that?"

"Ha," Gregory says. "That's classic McFerrin. Bitter." He drops the spoon; it narrowly misses his saucer. "I can see McFerrin now," he says. "Asking Sagan casually if he wants his olive."

YESTERDAY, when Gregory called me, I was startled to hear his voice. The last time we had seen each other was only two days after the divorce, in a soundproof rehearsal room in the music hall. He must have absent-mindedly walked into the wrong room, because he looked surprised to see me there, pantomimed a sort of Charlie Chaplin walk across the floor, banged his head against the far wall silently, and left, closing the door gently. Perhaps he would have tried to talk to me, I thought later, if I had taken my mouth from the reed of the oboe. Perhaps he would have told me then that Natalie was moving in with him that week, and that he was beginning to have doubts.

When he said on the telephone that he wanted me to come with him for the Voyager 1 broadcasts in the planetarium, I must have sounded doubt-

ful. These images of Saturn would be a once-in-a-lifetime thing, he explained; we could make an evening of it. Natalie was in northern Minnesota, performing Bach at a school for deaf children.

"You're crazy," I said. "Bach for deaf children?"

"It's one of Natalie's theories," he said. "I can't interpret the dynamics of it—not the way she can. You should hear her. She thinks that handicapped children can establish a kind of intimacy with the music if the environment is sufficiently supportive—"

"She's taking money to do this?"

"It all depends on the highly human, nurturant quality of the environment. That's the crucial thing, for the pianist to establish an almost telepathic rapport—"

"Gregory," I said. "Deaf is deaf."

He paused. "We've never really been very good on the telephone, have we?"

"No," I said. "We never have."

"Listen, I think you should come. I mean that I want you to come, Jennifer. I think that it would be good for you to get out. You've become a sort of recluse—"

"Yes. The phantom oboist."

"We haven't seen each other for six months."

"More like twelve," I said. "And

that's sort of the point of a divorce."

"Twelve?" he said. "You mean it's already been a year?"

"I've never liked the way you lose track of things, Gregory," I said.

"What things?"

"Time," I said. "Sometimes a wife. Details."

I was pleased to find that I had replaced the receiver quite gently in its cradle. I looked around me; the telephone was by my left knee, silent. I was sitting cross-legged on the floor. When the telephone rang again, I jumped, knocking my knee against it.

"Jennifer?" he said. "Don't hang up. I know you think I didn't take your music seriously."

I bit my lower lip, saying nothing.

"There was a long while when I wasn't very happy—it wasn't your fault. It wasn't that I was unhappy exactly, except that nothing ever seemed to crystallize—"

"It's hard," I said. "When you can't keep discovering moons."

"It had nothing to do with the moon."

"Everything after that was sort of anticlimactic for you."

"No," he said desperately. "It was me. I had lost my sense of direction—"

"I wouldn't count Natalie as a sense of direction," I said. "She barely has one."

"There were other things going wrong—"

The receiver fit neatly into the cradle. I was pleased with this fact. I lifted the receiver again. I was pleased with the dial tone. I nudged the telephone with my knee, to see if there would be any response. There was none. The telephone is on the floor, as is the bed. There are no chairs. The walls of the trailer are panelled in some kind of thin dark wood that splinters whenever you try to drive a nail into it. My photographs are lined up along the baseboard: the mountains in Switzerland, myself standing bravely on the steps of Juilliard, the profile of an elderly cellist with whom I was once briefly in love. The trailer is up in the mountains. It belongs to a graduate stu-



"Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell, may I present the decorous Mr. Hobart, the boisterous Mr. Plimstead, the dissolute Mr. Glennhaven, and the stuffy Mr. Hollingswood."

dent who got a grant to study an infection of the respiratory system of llamas. I met him at a fund-raising supper one evening, and went home with him that night. He said the infection was endangering the economies of several remote Peruvian villages. These subsistence-level economies, he said, relied entirely on the llama. When I said that I envied them, he only looked at me, puzzled. He was leaving the next week. I agreed—on the spur of the moment, and under the influence of a certain amount of gin—to take the trailer for a couple of weeks, until I could find someone to house-sit for him. He went through the trailer with me, turning faucets on and off, lighting the stove. It was the first definite decision I had made after the divorce, and I felt vaguely proud. My knees no longer ache with the hours of sitting cross-legged, the oboe balanced correctly, my music propped against the photograph of the Alps. The student sends snapshots of the llamas; they seem intelligent and world-weary. I wrote him that I am thinking of getting a dog. I imagine a small dog with a calm, quizzical expression, its head resting lightly on my knee while I practice. The graduate student answered my letter quickly. It might be better, he wrote, to consider something practical—a German shepherd or Doberman pinscher. After all, you are a woman living alone in the mountains.

When the phone rang again, I sat as still as possible, as if that would make a difference. He can't be sure I am still here, I thought. The phone rang nineteen times, and stopped. When it started to ring again, I picked it up.

"Jennifer?" he said gently. "I still think of you. All the time."

"Gregory," I whispered. "Go away. Really. Go somewhere far away."

I pushed the telephone with my foot, until it rested against the wall, wedged between Switzerland and the rumpled bed. I examined the telephone to determine how the cord was con-



"Owning a front-wheel-drive car hasn't made you a better person. What makes you think owning a four-wheel-drive car will make you a better person?"

nected to it, but I couldn't figure it out. I heaped old copies of *National Geographic* on it, staring at the covers: oval houses made of bamboo, women wearing necklaces of amber. I studied the face of a Sieneese woman, the wide, competent mouth, the tilt of the cheekbones; she probably had had five husbands, and all of them content. I rubbed my face furiously with the back of my hand; it came away wet, and smudged with mascara.

When I called Gregory back this morning to tell him that I would come after all, he was surprised. "What made you change your mind?" he asked. "I don't know," I said.

The Volvo skidded on the icy road down from the mountains; I nearly rear-ended a huge truck marked "Colorado Boneless Beef." "God, you look wonderful," Gregory said when I stood in the doorway. I backed away from him, confused. For a moment I thought he was going to kiss me, but he only nodded for me to come inside.

IT is now nearly dark in the kitchen. Gregory leans forward, his long legs wrapped around the rungs of his architect's stool, blowing on his coffee. He is squinting slightly. I can see the fine lines in the corners of his eyes. Ten years ago, when we were first

married, Gregory had nightmares in which his sight suddenly blurred or darkened. He dreamed of cataracts, of long and delicate operations that were not successful. I would wake to find him sitting in his pajamas, turning the pages of a book of paintings by Vermeer, running his fingers across the faces of the women, the panes in the windows. In the morning, he would dress, packing frayed sweaters and a stocking cap into an ancient briefcase. He drove to the observatory directly from the university, after his last class. The telescope he was working with at that time was nearly as long as a Greyhound bus, tilted at an inquisitive angle toward the sky. The maintenance of the telescope's internal workings required a degree of cold that could numb your fingers. You could see the janitor's breath as he waxed the tile floors of the observatory at night. While Gregory did his observations—each one lasting two or three hours—he would listen to Rachmaninoff. He thought Rachmaninoff was lucky. The janitor would change the records, handling them with great tenderness because his hands were cold. Gregory barely moved. He was held in a kind of cradle at the end of the telescope, as stiff with clothing as a child on a sled.

The night he observed the hidden



"If you're through with the 'eat, drink, and be merry' section, how about swapping for the 'tomorrow we die' section?"

moon—it was gone in the blink of an eye, he said, but he had seen it, it was fitful and clear as a firefly—the janitor had poured champagne over Gregory's head until his hair was in his eyes. I licked the champagne from the edges of his mustache when he kissed me. The janitor and I danced a rough approximation of a waltz while Gregory conducted Rachmaninoff. "What will you name the moon?" I asked him over the janitor's thin shoulder. The janitor held me stiffly, nearly a foot away from his chest. We turned and spun. "I don't know," Gregory said. "Moons are named by committees now, I think. This committee is now in session. Anyone have any ideas?"

It is still a secret; only the three of us are supposed to know that the moon was named for the night janitor.

"JENNIFER," Gregory says, "shall we go?"

When he opens the front door, Natalie's cat slips out between his legs and into the darkness. "Damn," Gregory says. "She's not supposed to go out when it's this cold." He stands on the front stairs, looking perplexed. Snow stings my eyelids, the corners of my mouth.

"Will she come back if we wait?"

"I doubt it. This is a truly neurotic cat. She will only come back into the house through the attic window. To get into the attic window she climbs the tree. When it's as windy as this she can't climb the tree, and I'll be damned if I'm going to miss the first images of Saturn because I'm hunting for a cat." He looks at his wrist, where his watch is hidden under several layers of clothing.

"The attic window's open?"

"Not really," he says. "It's broken." When we first moved into the house I had painted all the floors and rafters in the attic white and put old Persian rugs on the walls. I practiced the oboe there. "I was going to fix it, darling, but there was this Saturn thing," he says. He puts one gloved hand lightly on my shoulder. "I think we should go," he says.

"Will she be all right?"

"Sure," he says. "That cat's as ingenious as she is perverse."

He shoves the front door with his shoulder—it has never quite closed right, and the lock sometimes sticks.

THE quadrangle in the center of the campus is dark. On the sidewalks, students appear in shafts of light, their faces partially shrouded by

the haze of their breath in the cold air, and disappear again into the darkness. Two joggers wearing phosphorescent earmuffs run by, singing "We're off to see the Wizard" in unison. Gregory takes me through a maze of side streets. "This is my shortcut," he explains. "Somewhere, in one of these alleys, a thief is walking in a beautiful fur coat." The dome of the planetarium is filmed with falling snow. Outside the glass entranceway, there is a huge silver disc resting at a tilt in the snow; it is nearly as tall as a man, sleek and concave. Gregory goes to it, running his gloved hand meditatively across the surface. "They don't guard it or anything," he says. "Isn't that

amazing? This is receiving transmissions from the planet Saturn, for Christ's sake."

"By way of Pasadena."

"Yes." He grins suddenly. "You know what, Jennifer? I want one of these for Christmas." He draws the glove from his hand and strokes the gleaming metal with his bare fingers. "Feel," he says, touching me on the cheek.

"Stick your tongue to it," I say. "I dare you."

"It's that mysterious cold."

"Which cold?"

"The cold of great distances," he says.

Inside the glass doors, steering me through the crowd of people, he puts his arm across my shoulders. "Natalie would hate this," he says. "She can't stand crowds, unless they've come to listen to her."

The first time I ever saw Natalie was at a winter costume party where a man in a white-rabbit suit was drunkenly banging out "Papa Hadyn" on an ancient piano. Natalie had come as Amelia Earhart. She stood in a corner of the room, fingering the knot of her silk scarf anxiously, while near her two tenors discussed Listerine. When I turned—Gregory was beginning an

impassioned description of the craters of Ganymede—Natalie was rushing from the room. The white rabbit was staring after her. "All I was doing was playing 'Papa Hadyn'!" he shouted. "Is that a crime, Natalie? Is that a *crime*?" As she pushed toward the doorway, Natalie paused, caught for a moment between Gregory and the doorjamb. "I just can't deal with his insensitivity anymore," she said. Gregory stared at her. Her skin was flushed below the rims of the aviation goggles. "God, you're beautiful," she said. "Whose are you?" The rabbit was making his unsteady way toward her through the crowd. When he reached the doorway, Natalie was gone. A cold wind blew into the room. Someone shouted at the rabbit to close the door, but he stood there, looking apprehensive, until Gregory asked him, "Who was that?" "That was my wife," the rabbit said. He went through the doorway and stood looking up and down the street in the falling snow. Natalie was nowhere in sight. The rabbit trudged slowly across the lawn and climbed into a battered white Volkswagen. The engine knocked faintly and died. After a few minutes, it started up again; the white rabbit got out and cleaned the snow from the windshield with his paw. There was a bumper sticker on the dented bumper: "Musicians Make Better Lovers."

"They ought to get Natalie one of those little cyanide capsules," said one of the tenors. "Then every time it got too rough for her with Albert, she could just hold the little capsule under her nose. It would really save on gas."

"Well, it solves one mystery," the second tenor said. "At least now we know what the White Rabbit was chasing."

After that, Natalie courted Gregory. She discovered which mailbox in the departmental office was his and filled it with animal crackers. She telephoned at odd hours. She left a series of funny photographs of herself—Natalie dancing, Natalie dressed as a mime—under the aster-

oid fragment on his desk. She became fluent about the revolutions of the planets, the spectrum of visible light, the origins of quasars. For a long while, Gregory would get stoned in his office among the models of the planets, then cross the campus to the music hall, where I was practicing late. He would sometimes look wistfully down to the far end of the hall, where Natalie was practicing Bartók in a large, empty room with Kandinsky posters on the walls. Albert wrote me a note and left it one night on my music stand: "What's blond and blue-eyed and waits patiently with its head in the sand?" I turned the note over twice before I realized that he had written no answer. Natalie moved out of Albert's apartment in one night, stripping the walls of the Indonesian baskets that she collected. Albert went into Jungian analysis; Natalie went on tour; Gregory caught a bad cold. For the first time, he failed two graduate students in his astrophysics class. "They were too smug," he said. "Astronomers have to be capable of being *surprised*." Gregory could not sleep; he stayed awake all night in his study, slowly turning the pages of his Vermeer book. When he finally told me that he wanted a divorce, I sat all night on the lawn, staring at the darkened house as if I had never seen it before, the oboe cradled in the lap of my nightgown. When I climbed the stairs to the bedroom, my feet were very cold. I laid the oboe carefully on

the floor. "What's the matter?" Gregory said. He was surprised that I had come back to the bed. "You're shaking like a leaf, Jennifer."

"How do you know I won't murder you?" I whispered. "How do you know I won't find the two of you together and set fire to the house?"

He said nothing. I could tell he was wide awake.

"How do you know I won't go out into the woods and lose all my clothes and become a feral child?"

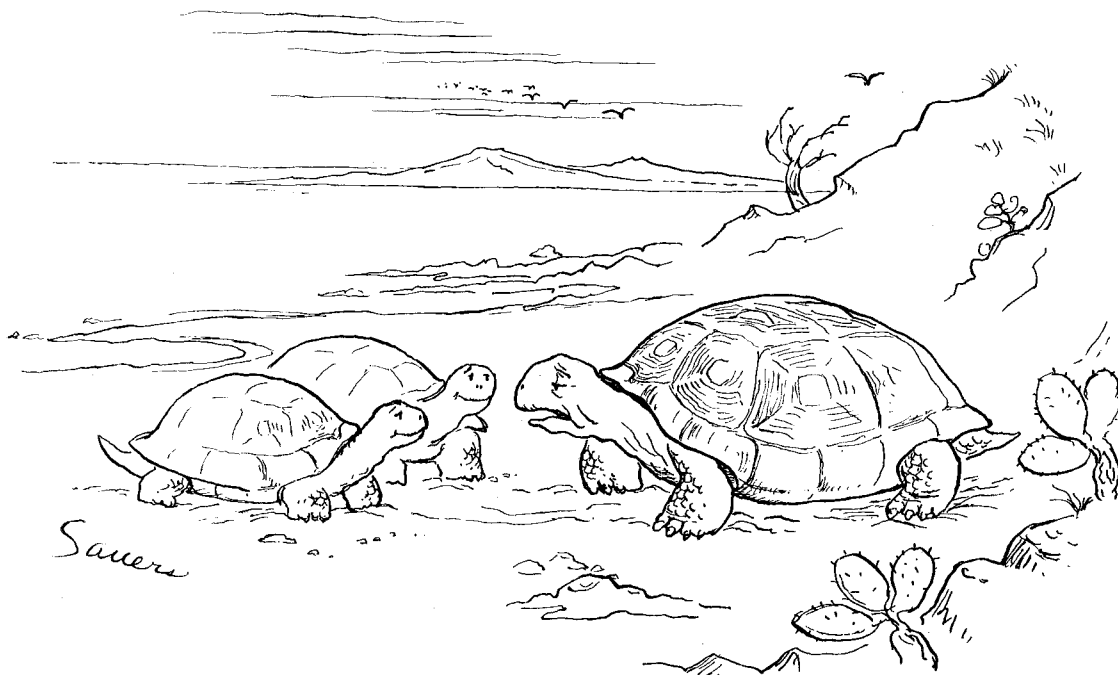
He turned to face me. "You can't," he said quietly. "You're too old to become a feral child, and even if there were wolves, they wouldn't adopt you." He closed his eyes tightly while I was still staring at him in the dark. I closed my eyes tightly, too. When I was a child I was suspicious; I thought that people could still sense what was going on through their eyelids. I never felt safe around people with their eyes closed. Now, in case Gregory could see me, I smiled quietly, reassuringly, to show him that I would never burn the house down.

I ENCOUNTERED Natalie only once after the divorce. It was in the downtown supermarket, and she was peering into a glass case at a row of organic chickens.

"Natalie?" I said.

"God," Natalie said. "You startled me."

"I didn't mean to." I looked



"I knew Darwin. Nice guy."

through the glass case at the chickens. "It's getting expensive, isn't it?"

"What is?" she said. "Do you mean the chicken, or what?" She backed away, shaking her head. "I can't handle this," she said. She backed down the aisle and disappeared, leaving her shopping cart. I studied it for a moment. It contained five quarts of Perrier, a bunch of parsley, and a roll of Scotch Magic Transparent Tape. Poor Gregory, I thought.

One evening not long after that, Albert stood in the doorway of the music room, his shoulder against the doorjamb. "Guess what loving couple is suddenly having trouble," he asked.

"I don't want to hear about it, Albert," I said. I rested the reed of the oboe between my tongue and my teeth.

"It's all right for you," he said. "You can hide in your oboe. I must say you look terrific. Do you want me to take you to lunch, so that you can have one decent meal this week?"

"No, thanks," I said. The truth was that every time I looked at Albert I saw him desperately cleaning the

windshield of the Volkswagen with his paw. I wanted to be as far removed from the desperation as possible.

"Really, I'd be glad to," Albert said. "They're having some serious problems. Natalie called me in the middle of the night last night—"

"Albert," I said. I blew an experimental A.

"O.K.," he said. "I'm going." He stood and shrugged slightly. "Your A's a little off," he said. "Well, you can never say you weren't warned."

"LOOK at all the people," Gregory whispers. "I called this morning and asked Petrovsky how we were doing. 'Great, sir,' he said. 'You're slated for moderator of that panel tomorrow morning. Some photographers from the paper may show up. Sir, do you have a tuxedo? I thought it might be amusing if you wore a tuxedo.' Petrovsky likes to accentuate my eccentricity, you see."

"Poor Petrovsky. Transmuted from child genius into head usher."

"He loves it. You know what Natalie told me? 'You should never put a

Virgo in charge of anything like this.'"

"Petrovsky is a Virgo?"

"I don't know. Natalie knows. I don't think even Petrovsky knows."

Petrovsky makes his way toward us through the crowd. He is thin, wearing a Star Wars T-shirt and tattered Adidas. His hair is the color of Raggedy Andy's. "There you are, Dr. K.," he says. He nods at me. I have never counted for much in Petrovsky's vision of things. "I've been hoping nothing happened to hold you up," he says.

"A small accident," Gregory says.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"A cat escaping into the snow."

"Ah." Petrovsky is clearly at a loss.

Gregory strokes my cheek with his glove. "Why don't you find us some seats, Petrovsky?"

Petrovsky leads us into the darkened interior of the planetarium; in the dimly lit doorways, various ushers stare upward at the curve of the dome. Petrovsky edges down the aisle, stooping to shine his flashlight at the numbered plaques on the seats. "Here we are, sir," Petrovsky says. Gregory guides me into my seat, then takes his own. Petrovsky nods again, this time at the two of us. He covers the beam of his flashlight politely with his hand.

"Petrovsky," Gregory says. "Thank you. May I ask you a personal question?"

"Certainly."

"Petrovsky, do you consider Carl Sagan more photogenic than I am?"

Petrovsky blinks. His expression is one of dazzled reverence. The light of the flashlight shines through his fingers, illuminating the slender bones. For the last two years, he has been covertly making preliminary notes for a biography of Gregory.

"No way, sir," Petrovsky says.

THE curve of the planet is luminous and huge. Three-quarters of the way down it is sliced by the shadow of the rings, pitch-black and straight as a highway across the cloud field. The picture is framed by the illumined grid within which the computer displays each momentary image of the planet. Saturn seems radiant, like a football field under the lights before the first man has run across it.

"They're getting enormous amounts of non-visual data, so between the pictures they're just going to talk," Gregory says. "Look, there's old Seligmann. That's really odd. I



"...and here with an opposing view is Leonid I. Brezhnev."

thought that he was dead." The narrator, Seligmann, is a frail man in a crumpled gray suit. His straight black tie is patterned with satellites, and it seems to anchor him in place. He stares calmly at an immense notebook on the table before him. The notebook is filled with charts and columns of precise handwriting. "He probably misses his chalk and blackboard," Gregory says. "He used to draw the most beautiful diagrams of the constellations, all in colored chalk. They were so lovely that the cleaning women would leave them overnight."

The narrator coughs slightly. "You have to understand that what you are seeing here is a sphere of cloud in constant flight," he says. "The cloud patterning is enormously complex—longitudinal islands of cloud,

so to speak, around which there are swirls and eddies of absolute chaos. Some features come and go with clockwork regularity, other configurations may have endured for what would be, in earthly terms, incredible periods of time. There are a number of things here which we had not entirely expected—"

"You know, I think Natalie is probably leaving me," Gregory says.

"The wind speed alone renders this planet—"

"For a harpsichordist. Named Yale. He smokes those little chocolate-colored cigarettes all the time—"

"In the realm of the fabulous."

"I think I know him, Gregory."

"He always thought he was homosexual. Until he met Natalie."

"Or what was previously thought to have been the fabulous."

"He has a way of laying his hands on the keys. I remember that."

"That's him. He says she's changed his life—"

"I'm sorry—"

A crescent-shaped slice of the planet appears on the screen. Its light reflects



"Hey, I like this town!"

from the upturned faces of the people in the planetarium.

ON the way home, in the silent quadrangle, Gregory suddenly halts.

"There's enough light to see by, isn't there?" he asks.

"Barely."

"The snow is deep enough, isn't it?"

"Gregory, what for?"

"You wait here," he says. He lopes awkwardly away from me, slowing where he hits the drifts, running in a huge circle perhaps fifty yards in diameter. Then, his breath rising in a white cloud, he runs across the diameter of the circle. He turns and crosses his first line with another, at right angles; his circle is now neatly quartered. I stand still, thinking of the cold in my hands, of the blue sparks by which the Volvo will either start or fail to start, of the snow collecting on the cement-block stairs in front of the trailer. Gregory trots swiftly in a second circle, inside the first one. His breath is coming raggedly now.

He laughs when he sees me staring.

"Fox-and-goose!" he shouts. "Or don't you remember?"

He stamps the last few feet of his circle.

"Gregory!" I shout. "I'm exhausted."

"I'm tired from running the circles," he shouts. "That will give you the advantage."

I walk slowly to the perimeter of the outer circle. I will be the goose, he the fox. The tamped snow squeaks beneath my boots. He faces me from the very center of the circle, where the lines intersect. He claps his hands together to warm them; even in the darkness I can tell that he never takes his eyes from my face.

He has to run on the lines. Those are the rules. —ELIZABETH TALLENT

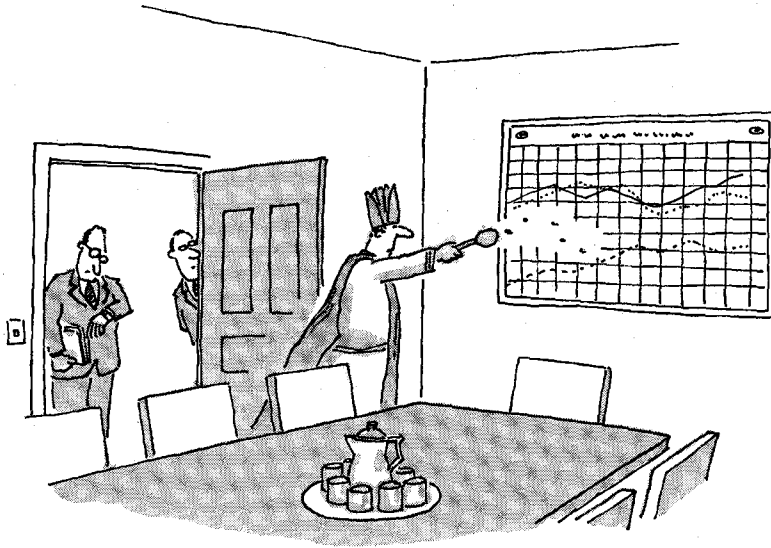
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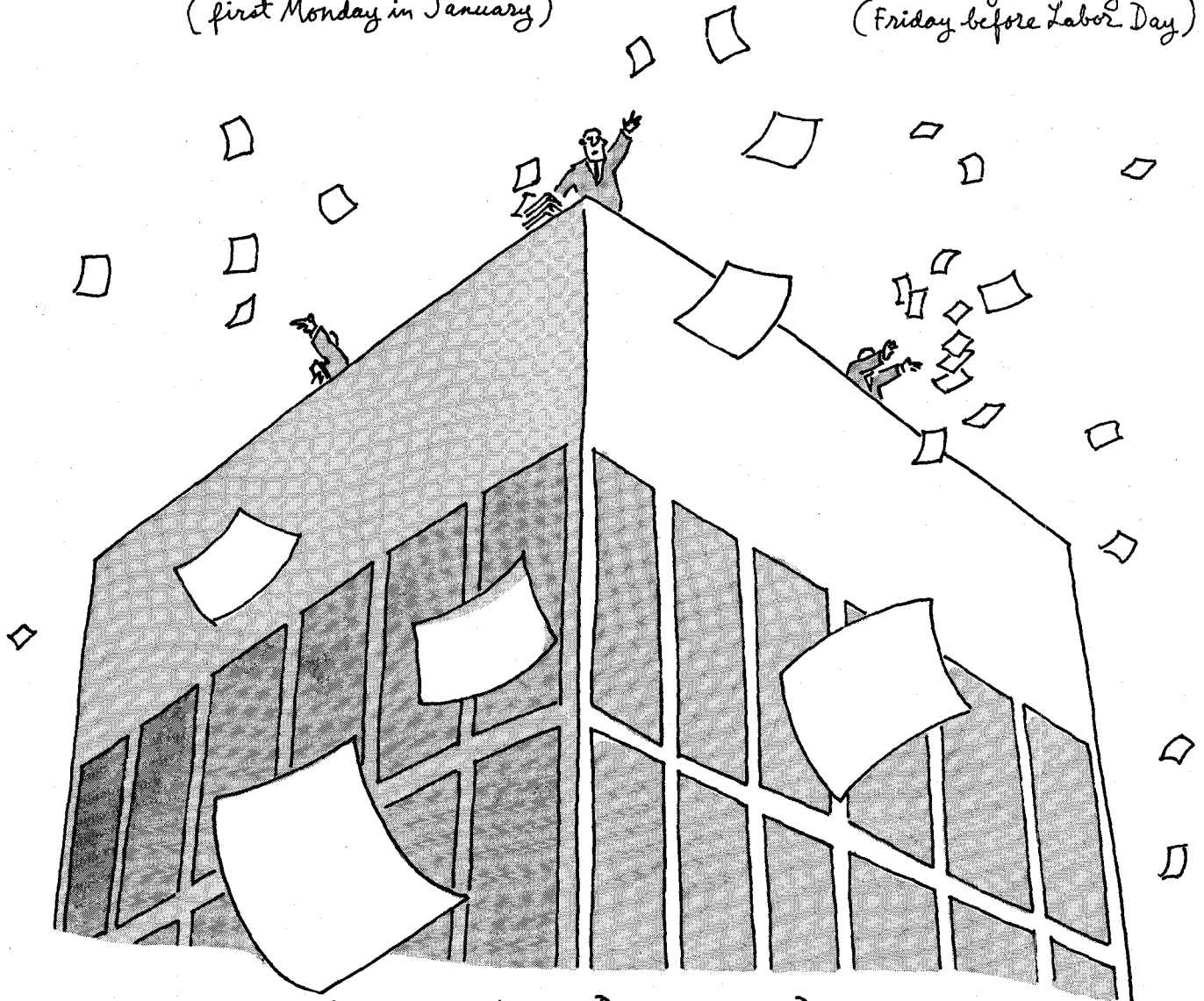
Highlights of the Corporate Calendar



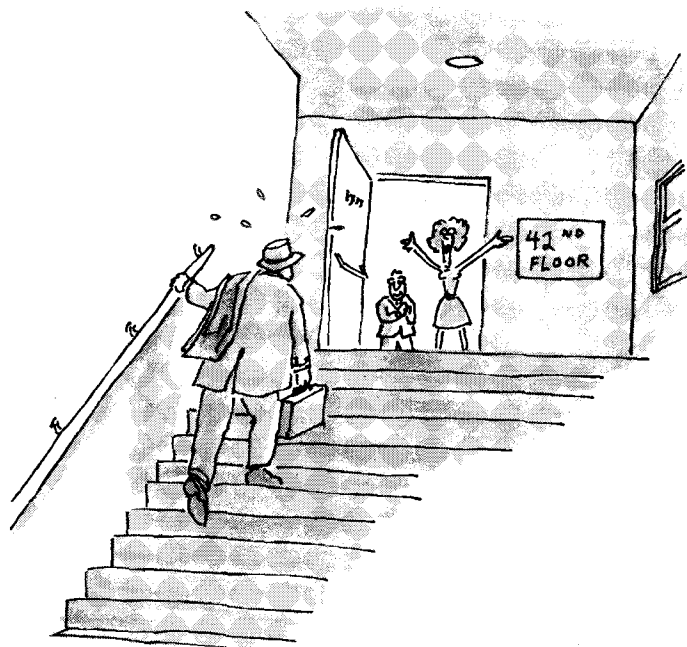
*The Blessing of the Boardroom
(first Monday in January)*



*Silly Socha Day
(Friday before Labor Day)*



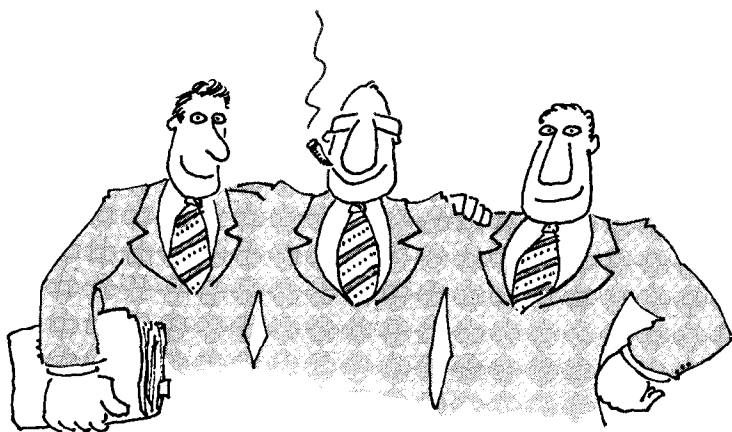
*Annual Memo Disclosure Day
(third Wednesday in October)*



*Elevatorless Friday
(last Friday in November)*



*White Collar Day Picnic
(three Saturdays after the vernal equinox)*



*Same Tie Day
(second Thursday in March)*



*Perfessless Wednesday
(first Wednesday in May)*

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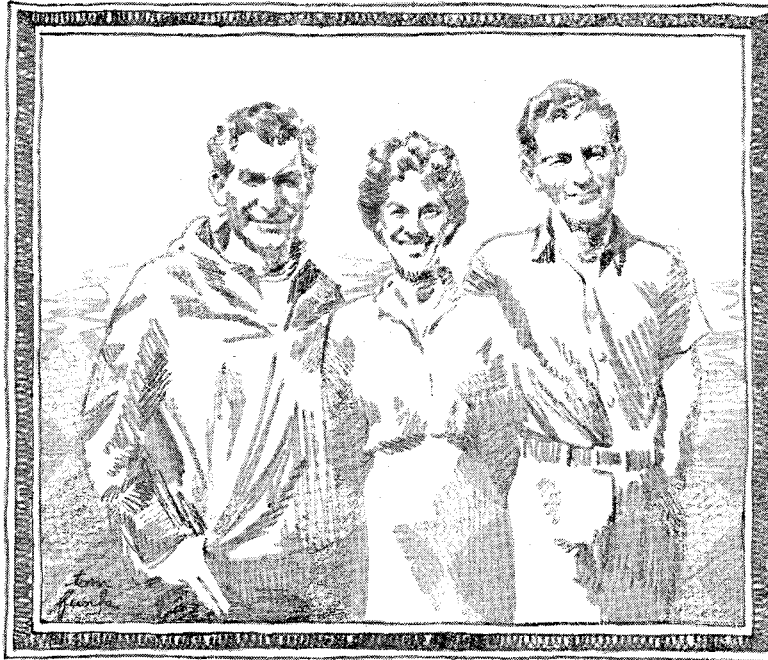
PERSONAL HISTORY

FAMILY MATTERS

II—THE KIDS

THE generational breach between my father, Samuel Joseph Bernstein, and his parents had insidiously duplicated itself with Sam and his own children—"the kids," as we were collectively referred to by Sam and Jennie, my mother, no matter what our ages. It was another case of those proverbial chickens coming home to roost. The latest Bernstein parent-child breach began as a normal one, but it widened with alarming speed. By 1941, it was a small canyon, which caused Sam to feel all the more isolated from his family—to see himself as the object of some sort of cabal. In his darkest, most depressed moments, he was given to saying, "I'm worth more dead to all of you."

The year 1941 was a critical period for Sam. Besides the guilt-producing burden of Dinah, his mother, whom he had brought to America from Russia, and who was only recently widowed, there was the war, which also had an adverse effect on his beauty-supplies-and-hair-goods business. Certain chemicals used in the manufacture of cosmetics were in short supply, and Sam feared that his business would be ruined. In 1927, he had received the New England franchise for the revolutionary Frederics Permanent Wave Machine, but the simpler cold-wave permanent, introduced around 1940, had just about finished off his once-lucrative Frederics franchise, and there was not the same exclusivity available for the several new cold-wave products. And, because of an old dispute with Charles Revson, the founder of the Revlon Corporation, he still wasn't able to acquire the prized Revlon line of beauty products. His older son, Lenny, having graduated from Harvard, was in his second year at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. His daughter, Shirley, was in her first year at Mount Hol-



yoke. What with business and tuition worries and little confidence in the future, Sam panicked. He put his dream castle—the house in Newton, Massachusetts—up for sale, and enlarged and winterized the summer house we owned, in Sharon. Education for his children was more important to him than any house.

When we moved to Sharon in the summer of 1941, we moved for good. As we drove out of the driveway of the Newton house for the last time, I saw that my father was crying. I had never seen him cry before. He had probably lost his firstborn son to the cryptic, foreign world of music; his daughter was thriving in the also alien, if essential, world of academe; his business—another child, so to speak—was faltering; and now his magnificent Newton house, the symbol of his success in America, was gone. Of his progeny, I alone was left around the house to comfort him in his middle age, and I was suddenly a resentful and withdrawn nine-year-old, furious at having been snatched from my Newton home and friends.

In spite of his children's growing remoteness, Sam shouldn't have doubted our love. It was there, just as surely as his basic love for his own parents had been. But he did doubt, and a nagging riddle possessed him: If I have

given my kids every advantage, sacrificing for their education, why don't they "pull with me," why don't they see things my way, why don't I have *nachas* from them? It was that ancient Jewish principle of *nachas*—the inner gratification that a parent feels from, say, a well-tutored older son's taking over the family business and settling down, or a bright daughter's marrying a nice boy, or a younger son's avidly following in the faith of his father—that spawned the riddle. The more devotedly one educated

one's children, in order to have more *nachas* from them, the greater the gap that would ultimately deprive one of that *nachas*. It was a paradox peculiar to twentieth-century America, and there was no apparent resolution.

The key figure in the generational split was Lenny—the firstborn, the scion who led the way for the others. From the beginning, he was special. Asthmatic, sensitive, intelligent, he left a deep impression on everyone, whether because of his chronic wheezing or because of his unmistakable precocity. Jennie knew that she had an unusual child. "When he was a sickly little boy and he'd turn blue from his asthma, Sam and I were scared to death," she has said. "Every time he had an attack, we thought he was going to die. I would be up all night with steam kettles and hot towels, helping him to breathe. If Lenny so much as sneezed, we would turn pale with worry. The first thing Sam did when he came home from the office, he'd say, 'How's Lenny?' But, sickly or not, Lenny was such a brilliant boy—always the leader of his gang, always the best in school."

And, she might have added, always the most inventive. For instance, when he was ten years old and the family was living on Schuyler Street, in Roxbury (one of the Bernsteins' many

addresses in their climb up the economic ladder), he created an entire nation, with its own culture and language. Perhaps that in itself is not so remarkable, but how many such childhood creations have endured, even flourished, right up to the present day? Lenny and his best friend, Eddie Ryack, had been studying ancient history at the William Lloyd Garrison School, and, having been rather taken with the administration of the Roman republic, they decided to become consuls of a country called Rybernia—an acronym of their last names. Of equal stature as the nation's leaders, they set up stringent rules for citizenship, mainly testing one's courage to undergo hazing techniques. The élite who passed muster and were admitted into this secret national society were Daniel Salamoff (a neighborhood boy), Sid Ramin (another neighborhood boy, who is now an estimable composer-arranger), Harold Zarling (the son of Bessie Zarling, a weepy friend of my mother's), and Shirley (a five-year-old mascot). The culture and, especially, the language of Rybernia were rooted in prepubescent cruelty. Two children of a family in the neighborhood were nicknamed Sonny: the younger Sonny—called Baby Sonny—suffered from a speech defect and occasional fits of petit mal, during which he would become rigid for a few moments. With the distinctive heartlessness of youth, the Rybernians would stop Baby Sonny on the street and ask him his name, which came out of the poor child's mouth as "Babü Chonnü." If they questioned him long enough, he would go into a slight spasm and stand frozen and contorted. The giggling Rybernians would then imitate both his speech and his posture, and thus a deformed, ridiculing patois was born, to go with the already established nation. Almost everything could be translated into some variation of Babü Chonnü talk; for example, the Rybernian named Salamoff became "Schlaudümopsch," and Shirley, the mascot, was "Mas-codü." The Rybernian national anthem was sung more or less to the words and music of "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," and it came out like this: "Ven da moonyagen come obyagen da montanü..." At the utterance of certain syllables, the anthem singers were compelled to freeze, like Babü Chonnü, into whatever positions they held at the moment.

The great era in the early development of Rybernian culture arrived a couple of years later, with the family's move to more spacious quarters, on Pleasanton Street, also in Roxbury. There a large attic served as a clubhouse and "labjtobj" (laboratory) for the growing membership. Because Lenny had by then matriculated at the illustrious Boston Latin School, the national direction of Rybernia had veered toward modern science, and the labjtobj was used for such projects as distilling pure alcohol from rubbing alcohol. "We set up some filched equipment, like a Bunsen burner and glass tubing, and proceeded to distill filched rubbing alcohol," Lenny has said. "When it came out pure alcohol—it never occurred to us to drink it—well, it was such a triumph, a miracle, that we were convinced a great scientific discovery had been achieved. We would then stand and sing the national anthem with reverence." (An earlier experiment was not quite as successful. Lenny and Shirley once wrapped two eggs in flannel and put them behind a hot radiator, in the belief that they would hatch. When no immediate results were manifested, they forgot about the whole matter. A week or so later, a mysteri-

ous stench filled the house. Just when Sam was threatening to move out, Jennie solved the offensive puzzle by discovering the wretched mess behind the radiator.) On Pleasanton Street, too, a new Rybernian song was created, about the latest object of mockery—Agnes, the amorous maid. Its first line went something like this: "Agitated Aggü, the red-hot momyagen..."

The keen-eyed linguist will detect a certain foreign influence in the language, particularly in the umlaut—"u" sound and the "agen" ending. Clearly, the accent of my father and many of his friends contributed to the development of Rybernian. In fact, anybody whose manner of speaking could be held up to ridicule—or, as Lenny sometimes put it, "anybody who talked funny"—was fair game when it came to the evolution of the language. Long after Roxbury, Eddie Ryack, and Baby Sonny were out of sight and mind, Rybernian continued to expand with locutions inspired by people who talked funny. Uncle Harry Levy, in Hartford, for instance, always said "I'll migh'" for "I might," and so "I'll migh'" became standard Rybernian. Annie Miller, the Polish-born wife of my father's cousin Abe, had a



"O.K., but change 'Her tawny body glistened beneath the azure sky' to 'National problems demand national solutions.'"



"Did anyone see a Greek fisherman's cap blow past here?"

peculiar quality of speech that never failed to send the intolerant Bernstein kids into poorly stifled fits of laughter. In her plangent Polish tones, she might say, "I'm decoratink mitt new drepps, and I got to hank dem mitt rots and rinks and festooents." All streets were "straats" to Annie (Roxbury's Harold Street, near where the Millers lived, was therefore "Har-ralt Straat"), and—most deliciously of all—she referred to her husband, Abe, as "Ape." The word "ape," as proper or common or adjectival noun, became an important Rybernianism.

Another Polish influence was Alice, a later maid, who when asked the time would reply, for instance, "It smose snapas seven;" consequently, Rybernian Standard Time was always "smose snapas" something. A retarded boy in Sharon tended to mumble, against all physical laws, through his nose, and that anomaly opened a whole new speech pattern in Rybernian—the hangdog, embarrassed, barely decipherable declaration, usually of affection. Perhaps the strangest influence on the language evolved

from Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who became not only Lenny's mentor but also his spiritual father. Koussevitzky was well known in musical circles for his charming butchery of English. An example that particularly amused his protégé—Lenyushka—was his use of a verb's past tense for the imperative; most memorably, he once shouted in despair at an erratic student conductor, "Took it a tempo *und* kept it!" So the misuse of the past tense took its place in our private lexicon. "How ya gonna did it?" is a common Rybernian question, often weighted with grave significance.

Rybernian remains a living language. It is still developing, in the manner of any good living language. While the changes and additions are not as cruel and derisive as they used to be, Lenny, Shirley, and I—the three of us well into middle age—continue to call one another by our Rybernian names and to perform certain Rybernian rituals (when nobody is looking, usually).

I came on the Rybernian scene in

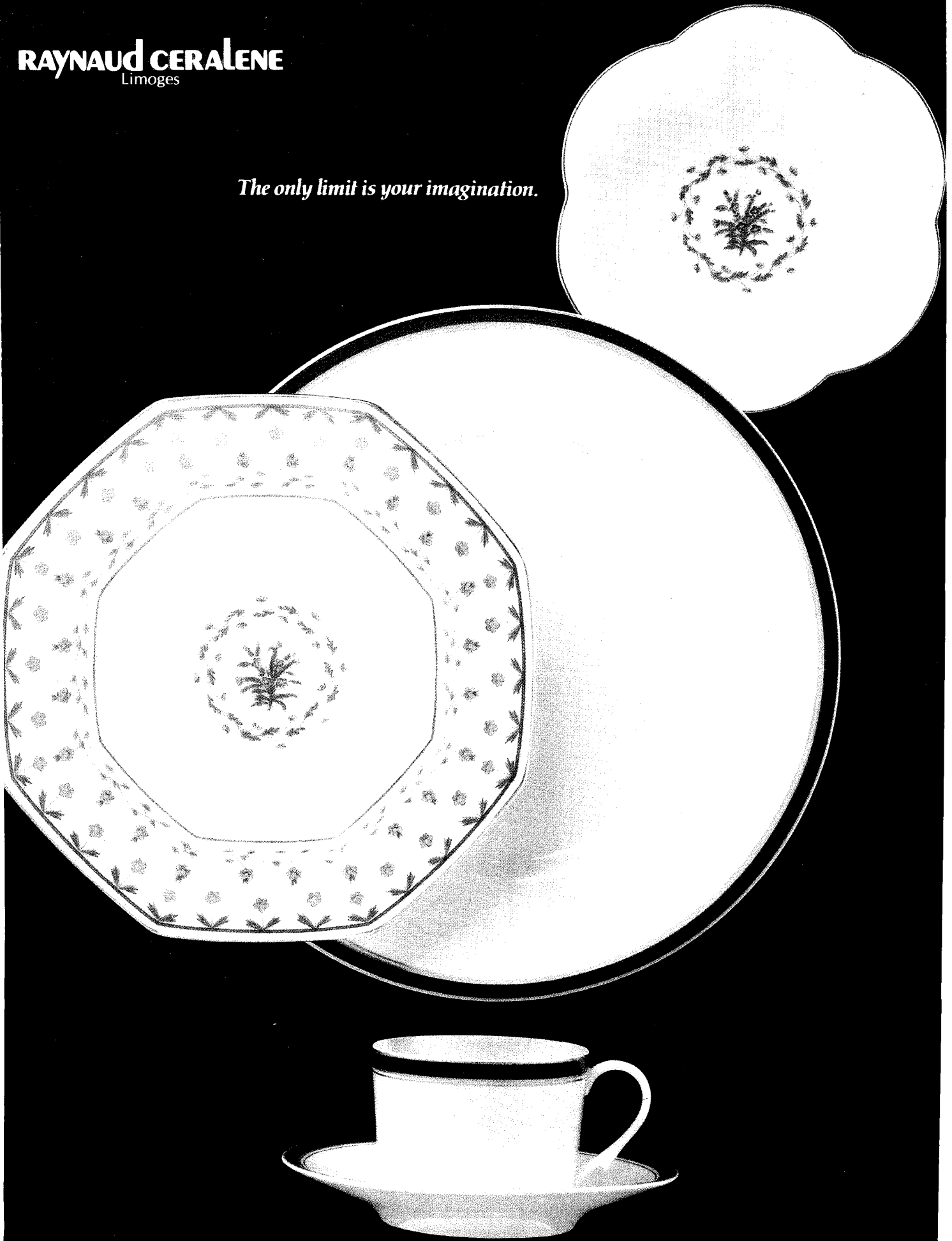
the late nineteen-thirties, at a tender, impressionable age. I was then "Baudümü," and I still am. Lenny was "Laudü," but that gradually changed to "Lennuht" (a late Annie Miller influence). Shirley, after her "Mascodü" stage, was called "Suyäumü," which through the years became "Hilee," for complex reasons. We three were—and, in a sense, still are—a closed society, with our own language, culture, and humor. Above all, our own humor. Others have tried—have even been encouraged—to break into this society, but somehow they have never quite made it. Of course, most people who have encountered our extremely restricted world have found the esoteric jokes and allusions boring (and with good reason), but some have made brave attempts to storm the walls of Fortress Rybernia. Lenny's late wife,

Felicia, came the closest, and his children and mine sometimes lapse into imitative Rybernian. But they have never felt truly comfortable in that curious land. Jennie and Sam were privy to the language from its birth, and they occasionally sought to ingratiate themselves by using, with frightening inaccuracy, a word here and there. However, I suspect that if they had picked up the spirit and text of the thing Rybernia would have immediately evaporated. The essential point of the private world of the kids was that it had to be a private world of the kids, sequestered from the parents. What we three had in fact achieved was the creation of an imaginary counter-family within the real family. Our Rybernian family had a father (Lenny), a mother (Shirley), and a child (me).

IT was probably just a coincidence, but a coincidence worth noting, that Lenny's invention of Rybernia and his love affair with music began in the same year. He had been attracted to the sounds of music before—the

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scratchy tunes emanating from Uncle Harry's Victrola in Hartford, Chassidic ditties sung by Sam in his lighter moments or while showering, the quasi-operatic liturgical music of Sam's Conservative synagogue, Temple Mishkan Tefila—but not until he was ten years old, and living on Schuyler Street, was he overwhelmed by the idea of *playing* music. Aunt Clara, who had been living in Massachusetts for a while and had decided to return to New York, left her rickety upright piano with her brother Sam. (Clara, a natural, if untrained, musician, used her upright to pick out accompaniments for her vocal renditions of numbers like "Pagan Love Song.") From the moment the piano arrived in the Schuyler Street apartment, Lenny was infatuated with it. The possibilities of sound that it offered when he touched the keys obsessed him, and he drove the family to distraction by doggedly hammering out popular songs of the day and improvised tunes. In a reversal of the standard parent-child conflict over music, he had to beg for piano lessons, finally winning his skeptical father over.

The neighboring Karp family had two daughters, Frieda and Sarah, both of whom were piano teachers. Frieda Karp was selected to instruct Lenny in the rudiments of the instrument, for a dollar a lesson. She visited the Bernstein apartment once a week and put her more than willing student through basic scales and such beginner's pieces as "The Mountain Belle" and "On to Victory." Lenny has said, "It was all well and good for a year or so. Frieda taught me to read music—I learned instantly—but before long there was a point when I was playing louder and faster than she was. I don't know if I was playing better, actually, but I knew that she couldn't teach me much anymore, since she was strictly for beginners. And so I sought an advanced teacher. On my own, I went to the New England Conservatory of Music



"When Cindy and I met in law school, certain fireworks were caused to take place."

—that's where you learn to be a good pianist, somebody had told me—and I was assigned to a Miss Susan Williams. She charged *three* dollars an hour, and all hell broke loose between Sam and me. He saw that things were getting serious, and he was not going to spend three dollars a lesson. So the fights began."

The real reason for the fights with his father was not so much the expense of piano studies but his scary dedication to them. Money was Sam's instrument of control over his sometimes rebellious family; it provided a ready, if lame, excuse to deny them whatever he didn't approve of. For Sam, the matter was clear-cut: his son would be suitably educated and then join him in his business one day. The one possible exception to this plan would be if Lenny had a religious calling; then Sam could boast of another scholar-rabbi, in the long Bernstein tradition. Under no circumstances, however, would Lenny be a musician. A musician to Sam was a *klezmer*. The *klezmer* was an impoverished musician, usually a fiddler, who wandered from *shtetl* to *shtetl* in Russia, playing at weddings or bar mitzvahs for a few kopecks, some free food and wine, and a night's lodging. In Sam's eyes, he

was a disreputable Old World character, a rootless profligate who would die young of starvation or the worst diseases. The American version of such a person wasted his life playing in cocktail lounges or with dance bands. Where would the *nachas* be in that? Great pianists were famous Europeans who came to America and performed with orchestras conducted by other famous Europeans. American Jewish boys had no chance in the field of serious music.

Jennie, though, was on her son's side when it came to the question of music, and that caused further marital resentments. Sam's nightly bellowing of "Stop that damn piano!" was balanced by Jennie's quiet encouragement. She, who as a child had followed strolling *klezmers* to the far reaches of the Russian town of Shepetovka, loved music, and she loved the idea that her son was capable of making pleasing sounds on a piano in her very house. (When she thought that nobody was listening, she would steal to the piano herself and play the one simple piece she had learned by heart—"Dolly's Waltz," it was called.) It didn't occur to her that music would most likely be an unrewarding profession for her son. In any

event, Sam was the master of the house, and he decreed that he would pay for no more lessons at the New England Conservatory.

Lenny, it turned out, was just as stubborn as his father. His passion for music was so intense that he could not be dissuaded. To finance his lessons, he contrived to find occasional jobs in pickup dance bands and to give elementary piano lessons to children not much younger than he was. By the time he was a teen-ager, he and a saxophonist and a drummer had formed their own group and were performing at weddings and bar mitzvahs for a few dollars each. Sam's dreaded *klezmer* nightmare seemed to be coming true in spite of everything. For two years, Lenny paid for his own lessons with

Miss Williams, and her torturous method of instruction—keeping the fingers bent over the keys but with no third knuckles showing—almost convinced Lenny that perhaps the beauty business was better after all. Meanwhile, Sam, although impressed by Lenny's initiative, was almost convinced that once his son got this piano playing out of his system he would turn to more promising interests, like the family business. A truce was declared, and Sam even contributed some money toward the lessons.

Strangely, it was Sam who took Lenny to his first concert ever—a Boston Pops benefit for Temple Mishkan Tefila, when Lenny was fourteen. It was also the first real concert Sam had ever attended, and the Pops performance of Ravel's "Boléro" had a devastating effect on both of them. While Lenny's musical tastes soon transcended "Boléro," Sam continued for many years to read all sorts of programmatic and philosophical messages into the work. He would even attempt to intone it from time to time. It was undoubtedly his favorite piece of music. Not long after the Pops concert, a business friend gave Sam two tickets to a piano recital by Rachmaninoff himself, in Boston's stately Symphony Hall. Again, he asked Lenny to go with him. "It was a very severe program, with an abstruse late Beethoven sonata," Lenny has recalled. "Sam didn't understand it at all, but he suffered through it. I was thrilled to pieces." It is hard to believe nowadays that Lenny first attended a formal concert at the ripe age of fourteen—an age by which Mozart had performed

in concerts throughout Europe. "I was not a prodigy, by any means," Lenny has said. "I didn't really know about such things as concerts. It was so provincial of me. I lived in the city of Boston, for God's sake!"

When Lenny had just about had his fill of Miss Williams and her paralyzing method, he was persuaded by a musical friend that he should have a first-class piano teacher—perhaps the renowned Heinrich Gebhard, the



finest in Boston. Lenny felt that he wasn't yet ready for that giant step, but he saw no harm in auditioning for Gebhard, although he would have to scare up twenty-five dollars for the audition fee. (Gebhard's lessons were priced at an astronomical fifteen dollars apiece.) The distinguished German concert pianist, who had a boxer's cauliflower ear, listened politely to Lenny's stiff, no-third-knuckles-showing rendition of his modest piano repertoire. Then he said that while the musicality was there, the technique and preparation weren't. Gebhard suggested that Lenny should be instructed by the best of his assistants, Helen Coates. She was a prim lady from Rockford, Illinois, who had once studied with Gebhard herself, and who charged only six dollars a lesson. Every so often, Lenny was told, he would have a special session with the Master, who would appraise his progress. "When Sam heard about this new arrangement, he screamed bloody murder," Lenny has said. "There would come these terrible diatribes about the *klezmer* again—that the *klezmer* was no better than a beggar, that I would end up playing in a trio in the palm court of some hotel lobby. Education, by all means—but *practical* education." As a result of Sam's renewed opposition, Lenny had to play in more dance bands than ever to pay for the expensive lessons with Helen Coates.

Lenny's new piano teacher immediately recognized the musical gifts of her young student, and his musical intelligence as well. She put him through a stern regimen of scales and études, but she also encouraged his natural bent for music in general, including his own highly derivative compositions. She was so taken with Lenny that she allowed the one-hour lessons to spill over into two hours, and the extra, free hour was sometimes spent wading through piano scores

of operas—a fresh infatuation for Lenny, which Shirley happily shared by shrieking various roles with him at home. Finally, when Lenny was eighteen and at Harvard, he was deemed ready for Gebhard. Sam was somewhat more forthcoming with financial help, but Lenny could now make a decent income by giving piano lessons to his fellow-students. Gebhard soon fashioned him into a professional musician. As for Helen Coates, her interest in Lenny has never flagged. Since 1944, she has been his loyal, efficient administrative assistant, and she probably knows more about Lenny than he knows about himself.

As Lenny's talents bloomed, so did Jennie's fascination with those talents. Teen-aged Lenny gave her life new meaning, just as infant Lenny had. His music took her mind off her unhappy marriage. She would go with her son to Boston Symphony concerts, waiting in line for rush tickets and then climbing to the highest reaches of Symphony Hall. She basked in music, even if she didn't understand much of it—especially "those moderns," as she called them. A little of her enthusiasm rubbed off on Sam. The fights with Lenny over music continued, but Sam made it clear that he objected to music as a vocation only. Lenny has recalled that Sam would say to him, "You know, you can play the piano all you want. It's a wonderful thing to come home at night and relax at the piano after a hard day. But if you're going to be a *mensch* and support a family, you can't be a *klezmer*." Sam hardly admitted it, but he was deriving a certain measure of *nachas* from his son's musical gifts. He evinced some pride at a student recital in Gebhard's studio as Lenny received the warmest applause. And when Lenny was asked to perform for the Mishkan Tefila Brotherhood dinners the father of the talented young pianist did not reject the congratulations of his *shul* brothers. On one of Sam's cruises to the Caribbean and on a later cruise to Florida, he took Lenny along. Since a piano was standard equipment on cruise ships, Lenny obliged the passengers with pop tunes, musical pranks (his favorite was playing a popular melody as, say, Bach or Beethoven or Rachmaninoff would have written it), and light classics. The most often requested light classic was something generally, and inaccurately, called "The Hungarian"—actually a piano version of the Rumanian composer Grigoraș Dinicu's "Hora Staccato." The cry of "Play 'The

Hungarian!" from our parents' friends haunted Lenny for years. When he was a more accomplished pianist, he'd give them the real thing—a Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsody."

Increasingly, Sam found satisfaction in being the lucky father of such a versatile, entertaining son. And at one point in the late nineteen-thirties Sam even found a way to mix business with Lenny's music. He sponsored a weekly fifteen-minute radio program called "Avol Presents . . ." on a Boston station, to promote the short-lived Avol Laboratories beauty products, which Sam had hired a chemist to concoct. The artist that Avol invariably presented was Leonard Bernstein at the pianoforte, running through light classics like "Malagueña" and, of course, various "Hungarian"s. Still, playing the piano was no lifework for any son of Samuel J. Bernstein.

DURING Lenny's difficult teens, his most carefree times were the summers spent in Sharon. *Sharon*. For me, the name evokes a maelstrom of sensations:

There was the smell of Sea Breeze, a camphoric liquid that my father sold wholesale to hairdressers and believed in as an almost magical panacea, for ailments ranging from the common cold to a sprained ankle. Pale-green bottles of Sea Breeze were in each bathroom and bedroom and on each porch of the Sharon house, for liberal use as mouthwash, gargle, hair tonic, astringent, antiseptic, disinfectant, liniment—anything. "It kills the germs," Sam would proclaim, pushing the omnipresent bottle toward some complaining family member or guest. What it was certainly best for—and the reason I associate the smell with Sharon summers—was healing the angry welts left by the notorious Sharon mosquitoes, which attacked at dusk with a ferocity I have never experienced elsewhere. The camphor in Sea Breeze also fended off the less vicious of the breed. (Sam's early faith in Sea Breeze proved to be well founded. I notice that the product is currently for sale in drugstores and is advertised on television.)

The sound of motorboats—especially mine—buzzing about the lake like crazed water bugs, and the accompanying shouts of irate fishermen in anchored skiffs and sailors in rocking sloops. And, punctuating all that racket, my mother's daylong command to me: "Come out of the water, your lips are blue!" And the cries of other

mothers warning their children about bloodsuckers, approaching thunderstorms, and too many Milky Ways before supper.

The incredible sights and sounds of my father and his friends arguing over *shul* politics or playing boisterous pinochle on some screened-in porch, their rages and amenities couched in the comic locutions of middle-class Jews straddling the Old World and the New.

The tastes of the post-*shul* Saturday-morning *kiddush*, a feast celebrating the Sabbath, prepared with loving care every week by a different resident of our Sharon summer colony, informally known as "the Grove." Chopped liver, presented in a dozen ingenious ways; herring—creamed, *schmalz*, and pickled; *taiglach*, sweet and gooey lumps of dough; *knishes* of all shapes and sizes; tiny matzo balls, impaled on colored toothpicks, with red and white horseradish; gefile fish, the Grove's staple; pickled tongue, corned beef, chicken, turkey, all neatly sliced and laid out on salvers; fresh vegetables, with or without sour cream; pickles, sweet and sour and garlicky; hillocks of coleslaw and potato salad; gallons of a red wine that tasted like Karo syrup; siphon bottles of seltzer, and colorful quarts of orange, lime, cream, grape, and root-beer sodas; apple strudel. All this set on white tablecloths covering wide

boards supported by wooden horses, in somebody's sunny back yard.

The fearsome touch of my grandmother Dinah when she came to Sharon for her short, disrupting visit. The rough but pleasant feel of a freshly laundered cotton sweatshirt on my freshly showered sunburned back.

My father had chosen the small lakeshore town, about twenty miles south of Boston, for our summer home (and for three years our year-round home) as a result of a July rental there in 1931. Not many country towns within feasible commuting distance of Boston were open to Jews in those days, either for vacations or for permanent addresses. The Sharon natives, mostly "swamp Yankees" who were then in difficult economic straits, sold their scrubby, unproductive land to the strange city people—land abutting Massapoag Lake, a flooded iron mine that had supplied metal for Civil War cannon. Besides the availability of acreage on Lake Avenue, Sam was instantly entranced by the clear, piny Sharon air, the frigid, sprawling lake, and the companionship of people just like him—immigrant Jews who had made it in America. The Grove was, in effect, a middle-class, American *shtetl*.

Each of our Sharon neighbors had a tale to tell not unlike my father's. They had come from Russia, Poland, Hungary, or, in a few instances, Ger-



many, and had sweated as laboring apprentices until they arrived in leather goods, furniture, ladies' ready-to-wear, groceries, fur, or insurance—or, in one whispered-about case, book-making. According to their own economic hierarchy, they were, in the main, "well-to-do." A couple of the younger men were still in the "makes-a-good-living" category, but they were scampering up to the next rank; a couple of the older men, whose grocery stores had expanded into supermarket chains, were actually "wealthy," and they were regarded with appropriate awe. Almost all of them lived most of the year in Brookline or Newton; a few still held on to their houses in the better parts of Roxbury. They were a tightly knit, neighborly, backbiting, feuding, forgiving, gracious, vulgar, devout, banal, parochial, charitable, fearful, stalwart community—or, as the old saying goes, just like other people, only more so.

The residents of the Grove so affected me with their mishmash of qualities and foibles that they served as the basis for some characters in my first short stories, compiled in a book called "The Grove." When the first story appeared in print, I received a letter from a woman who was a niece of one of the community's more eccentric members—Morris Finn, a beefy, scowling, blustery veteran of the Spanish-American War, whose usual attire was bathing trunks not quite long enough to cover his underpants; scruffy sneakers; and an undersize undershirt. His niece, a New Yorker, had been a perennial summer guest at the Finns' Sharon cottage. She wrote me that her uncle, "the most unsophisticated and crudest of mortals," who cared mainly about his asthmatic Boston terrier, Teddy, and fishing, "could make the best blueberry muffins and fry the best fish you have ever eaten," and her letter continued, "He'd go fishing very early, come home, clean the fish, fry them, bake the muffins, and then invite me to breakfast. I can't remember anything tasting as delicious. In the years which have followed his death, I haven't thought too much about him, but when I do, surprisingly enough, it isn't of his boorishness or ill manners, but of his generosity with those breakfasts. And I'm glad of that. Somewhere be-

neath that long underwear, there was a heart. There must have been! And wasn't he a dead ringer for Wallace Beery?"

I doubt if any summer visitor to the Grove ever forgot the place and its people. Every guest—whether child or adult, male or female, Jew or Gentile—was obliged to attend at least one weekend service at the Congregation Adath Sharon, a quasi-Conservative synagogue founded in 1930 by the two dozen or so original families in the colony. Until 1942, when a new *shul* was constructed, on Harding Street, the congregation gathered in various members' cottages or in that of Rabbi Isaac Hochman. What stranger could fail to be captivated by the chaos

of those services? The droning incomprehensibility of Rabbi Hochman's Hebrew litanies, mumbled through a scraggly salt-and-pepper beard. The ancient rabbi's interminable sermons in Yiddish, beginning with his curious salutation to the officers and membership ("Praziden . . . Vize . . . Treja . . . Secreta . . . Membekes . . .") and ending, it seemed, in midsentence, shocking the dozing congregation to embarrassed attention. And those officers—slick, handsome Benjamin Sacks, the unconquerable president and undisputed leader of the Grove; portly Samuel Pearlman and stone-deaf I. M. Kaplan, vice-presidents; moody, erudite Samuel J. Bernstein, treasurer—all with their own concepts of how a proper service should be conducted, sometimes quibbling over protocol during a particular ceremony, and succumbing to the heat and tension by resigning on the spot or refusing to speak to opponents until peace was negotiated. Unforgettable, too, were the spontaneous and prayerful assemblies whenever one of the Grove's sons went off to war, or the equally spontaneous and prayerful celebrations when a major victory was announced or a son came home.

Of all the guests who paraded through our Sharon house, Aunt Clara was by far the most memorable, my grandmother's abortive visit notwithstanding. My father and his sister had not been close since their days in Beresdiv, the Russian village where they struggled through their childhood. There must have been some chemical antipathy between them; even Sam's help in bringing Clara to



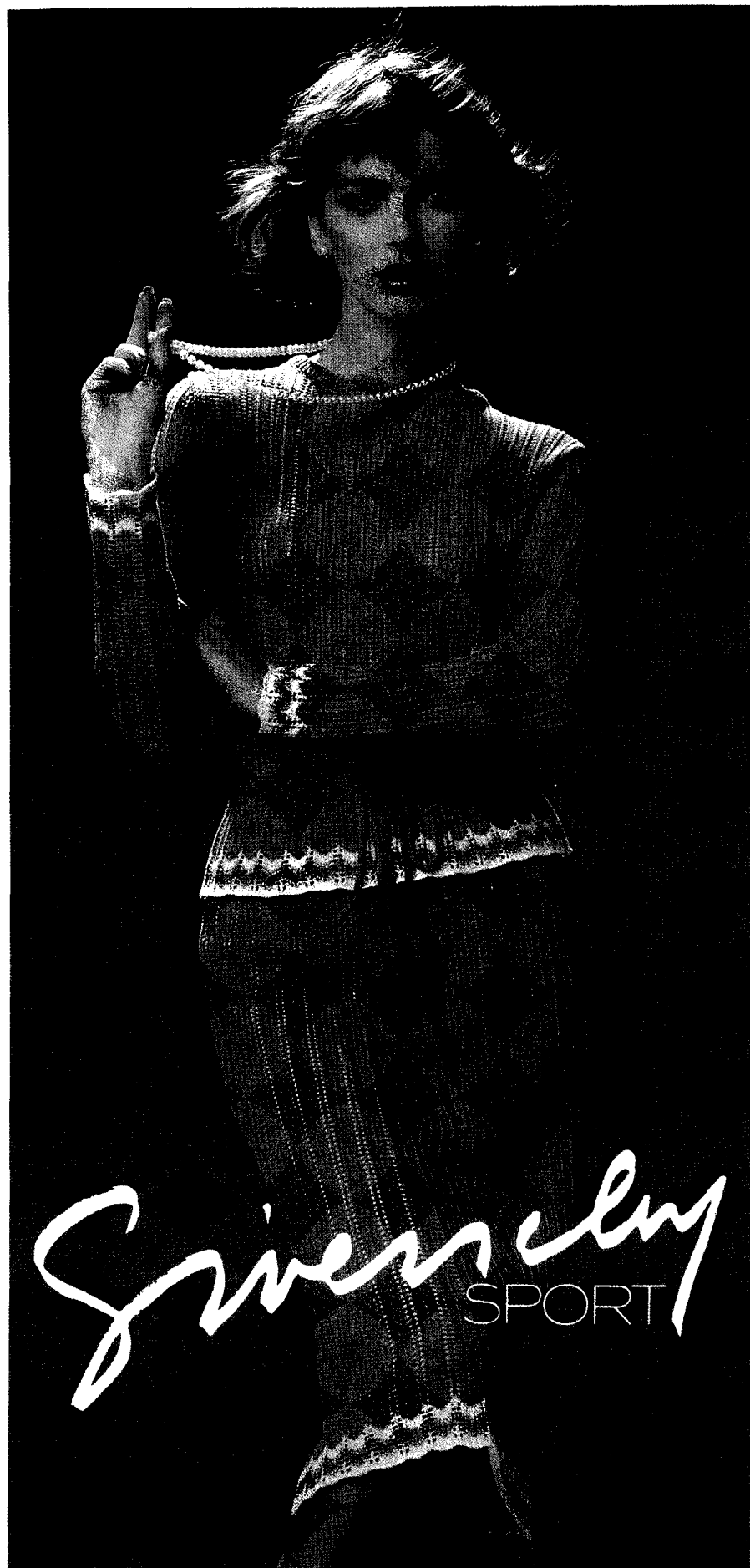
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America and in establishing her in business, in a bridal shop in Brooklyn, didn't improve their relationship. She was always "crazy Clara" to him. After a marriage soon ended by her husband's death in the influenza epidemic of 1918, she married a brutish poultryman named Goldman, with whom she lived in misery on his Massachusetts farm. She was so tormented by Goldman that she suffered a nervous breakdown and was committed to a state mental hospital. Sam visited her there as often as he could summon the courage. The visits ended badly—Clara screaming about the food and living conditions, nurses taking her away in a straitjacket, Sam retreating in despair. His epithet "crazy Clara" took on a whole new meaning for us: for a while, we actually believed there *was* insanity in the family. Her physical health collapsed, too. She became diabetic, almost blind, and consumptive. A doctor told her that she had just six months to live.

At last, Clara was discharged from the mental hospital and was granted a divorce from Goldman. Sam viewed both of those actions with dismay; as far as he was concerned, she was still crazy, and she was also a divorcée, a fallen woman—and she was the source of that damned upright piano, which had caused such turmoil in his house. But he grossly underestimated his sister. After her release from the hospital and Goldman, she returned to Brooklyn and discovered vegetarianism, enrolled in a special dietetic school, and emerged as a bona-fide vegetarian nutritionist, with all of her physical and mental ills miraculously cured. Clara reopened her bridal shop and remarried, happily. She had saved her own life, but in her brother's eyes she was still "crazy Clara."

To the rest of us, she was, I suppose, also "crazy," but only in the figurative sense—unconventional and perhaps a bit teched. Her yearly visits to Sharon were tumultuous, hilarious occasions for us and the entire community. Without receiving a formal invitation, exactly, she would send word that she was arriving on a specific train at Providence, Rhode Island, and we were expected to meet her there. My mother (never my father) would drive to Providence at the appointed time, and there she'd be, her homely, thick-featured face beaming as she struggled with assorted rope-tied bundles and cartons—her "heckle-peckle," she called them—which she insisted on carrying to the car all by



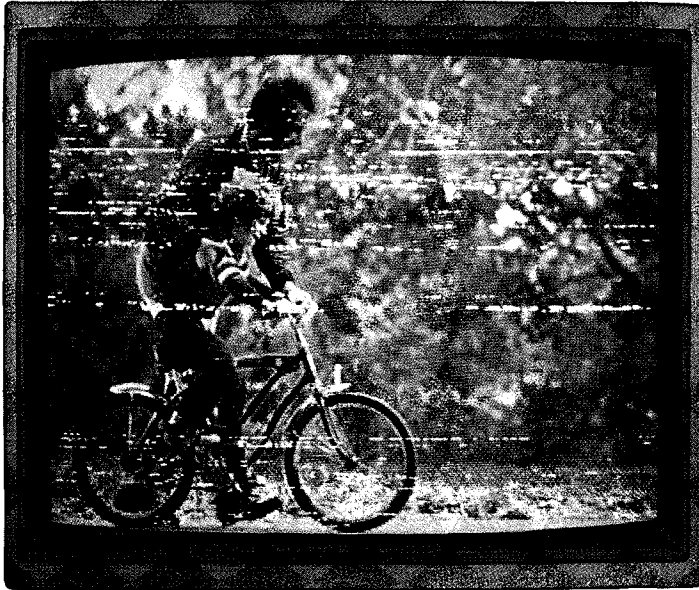
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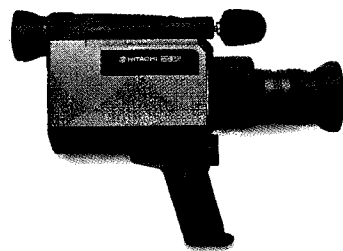
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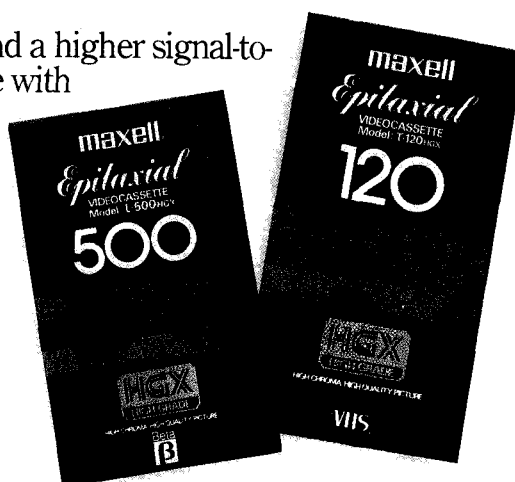
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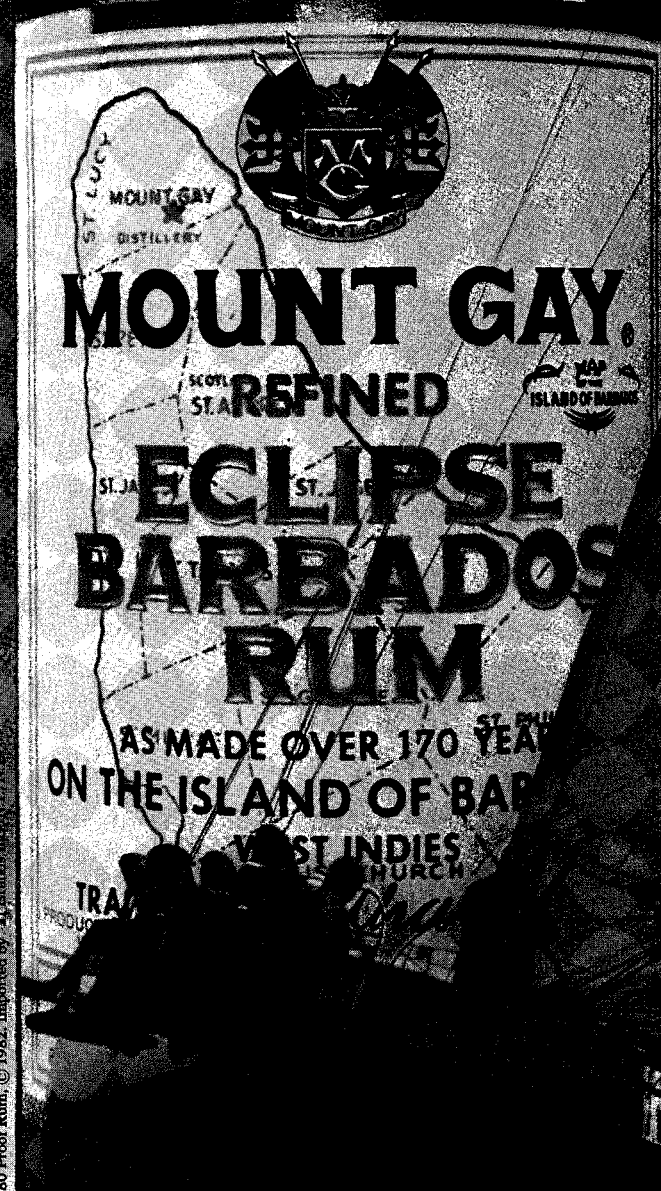
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herself, as proof of her reborn vigor. Indeed, she was as strong as an ox—a vital testimonial to vegetarianism.

Once she had unpacked her heckle-peckle, we knew that the Sharon house would be turned inside out for the duration of her stay—usually a week, my father's absolute limit. In the bundles and cartons were an enormous electric juicer and all the edibles that went into the juicer: organically grown citrus fruits, beets, lettuce, celery, leeks, tomatoes, and various exotic legumes that nobody had ever heard of. "Everybody out from the kitchen," she would command, and then she would begin to prepare the evening meal; to wit, soybean patties designed to look like hamburgers, wheat-germ hash, a bitter but almost drinkable vegetable purée from the juicer, and raw mint for dessert. Examining my skinny frame, she would declare that she must "push citrus" on me to ward off colds and "flush the kidneys." Shirley and Lenny needed "vitamin concentrates and natural sugars" for their adolescent complaints, and Sam and Jennie should "take roughage for the stomach." I'm sure she was right, and it was all great fun—for the first two days, at any rate. Then we kids would discover each other sneaking off to Harry Horton's nearby variety store for some of his greasy hot dogs, stale Hostess cupcakes, super-sour pickles, frozen Milky Ways, and Orange Crush sodas. Sam survived by eating large, meaty lunches at Thompson's Spa, in Boston. At the end of her week's stay, Clara graciously permitted us to go out for a real dinner at a restaurant in Foxboro, where the nearest movie theatre was. From the quarts of citrus she pushed on me—pulverized, with the rinds and pulp, into the consistency of pea soup by that incredible juicer—I developed a loathing for fruit which lasted for years. And I still caught too many colds.

Clara, like many inspired health enthusiasts, tried to proselytize everybody she met. She found a lot of candidates in the Grove, not only for her vegetarian regimen but for her exercises. She would enlist squads of overweight women and men to follow her example in "bending and stretching," down by the beach or off in our apple orchard. A few became dedicated converts. She encouraged one and all to accompany her on "dew walks," taken at dawn in the fields and pinewoods. Her dew walks were for communing with nature and for practicing what she called "inner breathing." Her dawn awaken-

ing of my family and the whole community gave my father new cause for fury, but he had to admit that it was quite something to see a long line of bleary-eyed neighbors imitating Clara as she danced and pranced through the dewy fields and woods, breathing inwardly and often singing outwardly. Sam, however, put his foot firmly down when Clara organized an all-female nude sunbathing group on our open solarium, above the sleeping porch. I was sorry about that, because it provided some fascinating moments for me and my young friends.

Lenny felt a special affection for Aunt Clara, and she for him. To her, he was "my dear nephew" and "a regular music genius." Clara worshipped music in any form—a taste that further alienated her from her brother Sam—and she pushed music as a career on Lenny as much as she pushed citrus on me. Of course, her pushing music made her seem all the crazier to Sam. "I've long had a theory that Aunt Clara was potentially a great Wagnerian soprano," Lenny has said. "That voice of hers could shatter glass. I'll never forget her singing 'Pagan Love Song' and 'Eli, Eli' while I accompanied her on the piano. What musicality she had! Imagine what she could have been with a little training and encouragement! I think of her now with much emotion, even though we laughed at her then, and I'll forever be grateful to her. She loved me so much, and I loved her. I could never understand why Sam hated her. I guess he was constantly embarrassed by her." After her third husband died, Clara left Brooklyn and her bridal shop for Florida, where she died, on April 29, 1971—two years almost to the day after Sam's death. (She was born two years after him.) Perhaps her sweetest vindication in life was the signal success in the music world of her "dear nephew."

Aunt Clara was not the only Sharon guest who embarrassed Sam. During his Harvard years, Lenny would bring college friends—budding poets, writers, musicians—to Sharon for weekends by the lake. They were all "crazy artist nuts" to Sam, who sulked about the house until they departed. Their presence strengthened his conviction that the world of art was no place for Lenny. Perhaps no friend of Lenny made a wilder bohemian impression than Adolph Green. Lenny had once worked as a music counsellor at Camp Onota, in western Massachusetts, where he mounted a production

of "The Pirates of Penzance." A swarthy, prognathous lad from the Bronx, Adolph Green had been invited to the camp to play the role of the Pirate King, and Lenny and Adolph became instant friends, each of them entranced by the other's sense of humor and knowledge of music. Green's musicality was, and is, extraordinary, because he never received formal musical training. He is capable of performing—a cappella and with every orchestral instrument outrageously imitated—just about any symphonic work, classical or modern, down to its last cymbal crash. At Camp Onota, he passed Lenny's rigorous testing on obscure-themes identification, and an enduring friendship and collaboration was born. (The collaboration, with the addition of Betty Comden, later produced the Broadway shows "On the Town" and "Wonderful Town.") When Lenny invited Green to Sharon, they would sit around the house for hours, quizzing each other on, say, Beethoven scherzos and inventing brilliant musical parodies while Sam stewed and paced. "Who is that nut?" he'd say to the equally bemused Jennie. "I want him out of my house!" Years later, both Sam and Jennie grew to feel sincere affection for Adolph Green (and other unconventional friends of Lenny's), but Sam, unlike Jennie, never really came to understand Green's special quality and talent—just as he never really understood his own son's, or Clara's, or, for that matter, any artist's.

The reason Lenny was able to mount an operatic production on slim pickings at Camp Onota was that he had had a lot of practice in Sharon. At the start of one of his early summers there, when he was fourteen, Lenny conceived a presentation of Bizet's "Carmen" employing the available local talent pool, such as it was. However, Lenny's conception—written in collaboration with a Boston Latin School classmate named Dana Schnittkind—was a domestic version, with the boys playing girls' roles, and vice versa. Apart from that, the Carmen-Don José-Escamillo plot line stayed pretty much the same. "In our innocence," Lenny has said, "it just seemed terribly funny that Dana Schnittkind, who already had a dark, heavy beard, should play Micaela, that tender, loving creature, and that I, out of sheer ego, should play Carmen, and

that my girlfriend at the moment, Beatrice Gordon, should play Don José. As I recall, Rose Schwartz played the bullfighter, Escamillo. Since most of the people we could find for the chorus were girls, we had what turned out to be an all-male chorus sung by females, who were costumed as little old men wearing yarmulkes. We borrowed evening gowns from Mrs. Finn, and the wigs were supplied by none other than the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company.



I played the piano, except when I was onstage as Carmen; then Ruth Potash played. The score was much simplified, with lots of cuts, and our version of the libretto was full of private jokes and allusions to Sharon. Because we cut and changed the story, the audience had to be filled in on what was going on, so Dana Schnittkind and I wrote a pro-

logue, which was recited by Shirley, who was just nine years old and had some teeth missing in front. Poor little Shirley. She had to open the show cold, a terrible burden for a kid—for anybody. But she did it very well—memorized her lines and came out and spoke the prologue."

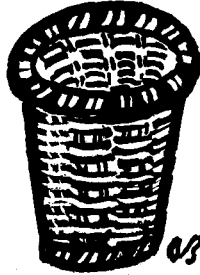
On the evening of the single performance (admission twenty-five cents), the entire Grove population appeared at Singer's Inn, Sharon's lakeshore resort hotel, whose dining room had been transformed into a stage, with bedsheets serving as curtains and drops. Singer's Inn itself became a part of the libretto, as did a toreador who sang, "Herring I can eat with appetite. Ten bulls a time I can fight." The audience was treated to the spectacle of Shirley, in a new party dress, quaking and gamely lisping her prologue; Lenny, in black wig and mantilla, alternately playing the piano and singing Carmen; Dana Schnittkind, in blond wig and white dress, being the demure, loyal Micaela; Beatrice Gordon, with a charcoal mustache, strutting as Don José; and, of course, a vibrant female chorus in the garb of old Jewish men, looking not unlike some members of the audience. But Jewish humor, if it is nothing else, is self-depreciatory, and everybody had a wonderful time. "We were a smash," Lenny has said. "Even Sam loved it. He lent us his wigs, after all. It was the sort of innocent musical fun he approved of for me—good relaxation but not a career." And it was a sort of Jewish Andy Hardy movie

come to life, with Lenny as Mickey Rooney: "Say, gang, why don't we put on our *own* show, right here in Sharon!"

Two summers later, Lenny and his friends were confident enough to produce a far more ambitious effort. They called themselves the Sharon Community Players, and they put on Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," almost in its entirety, at the Sharon Town Hall auditorium. The admission price was a dollar, the proceeds going for the hall rental, a seventy-five-cent honorarium to each performer, and the balance to charity. Lenny once again assigned the leading role, Nanki-Poo, to himself (there was no inversion of the sexes, the joke having paled), and, because he had hammered the words and music into his sister's eleven-year-old head during the winter, he gave the female lead, Yum-Yum, to Shirley, a seasoned amateur by that summer of 1935. Some semi-professionals were involved—ringers from a local family of singers and piano teachers named Bock. For one antic month, daily rehearsals took place in our Sharon living room, around a tinny upright, with the two dozen or so mostly adolescent cast members unspringing sofas and chairs, raiding the family icebox, and, after the ice-cream truck had tinkled its presence outside, leaving Hoodsie cups and Fudgsicle sticks all over the furniture and floors. My mother's patience, limitless the previous summer, was in danger of running out. The daily din, the unrepressed energy of youth, the picking up after sloppy teen-agers took their toll. Nevertheless, she was secretly proud. My father simply removed himself to quieter quarters whenever he could, reserving his indignant rages for weekends. "It's *Shabbas!*" he'd shout at Lenny. "Stop playing the piano and go to *shul!*" I was just a toddling three-year-old, but I remember enjoying the frenetic scene in my house. I have been told that I learned by rote practically the entire score of "The Mikado" while I was supposed to be having my afternoon naps.

The niece of Morris Finn who later sent me a letter about my first Grove story participated in "The Mikado." About that event, she wrote me, "We had such fun rehearsing, and when we came to the song 'I've Got a Little List,' Lenny insisted on holding a roll

of toilet tissue and reading from it. It sounds silly now, but it still makes me laugh. The night of the great performance saw me in the hospital with a sudden appendectomy, and I was bitterly disappointed. But during my convalescence at the home of Beatrice Gordon, my cousin, in Roxbury, Lenny came over, and, sitting at the piano, played and sang the entire score of 'The Mikado,' and acted out each part. He was wonderful. With all the



concerts I've seen him do on TV since, I have never got a greater bang out of anything than that impromptu performance."

"The Mikado" was such a roaring success that the next summer Lenny, soon to be a cocky Harvard sophomore, decided to produce "H.M.S. Pinafore"

—the complete Gilbert and Sullivan opus, with the addition of a Bernstein-choreographed "Aida" ballet. "At the time of 'Pinafore,' I had fallen in love with 'Aida'—particularly the ballet music," Lenny has explained. "I was determined to get it into 'Pinafore' somehow, and so when Sir Joseph Porter is welcomed aboard the ship by Captain Corcoran I blithely added a line for Captain Corcoran to say, by way of entertaining his guest—'Bring on the Egyptian dancing girls!' At which point Shirley and the Kaplan twins, Jean and Thelma, clad in cheesecloth belly-dancer costumes, appeared as an Egyptian princess and her handmaidens, wriggling to a bit of Verdi's ballet music. It was all very arbitrary and was over in a few minutes. Then we just went on with 'Pinafore.'"

Lenny's voice had lowered to baritone, so he couldn't snatch the tenor lead, Ralph Rackstraw, for himself (that role was sung by young Victor Alpert, who went on to become the librarian of the Boston Symphony Orchestra); instead, Lenny sang the baritone part of Captain Corcoran, and was thus able to deliver that startling line "Bring on the Egyptian dancing girls!" But the show-stopping discovery of the production was our new maid, Lelia Jiampietro, whom Lenny commandeered to play Josephine, the Captain's daughter. (Lelia had been hired at the beginning of the summer to replace a maid who, it emerged, had contracted gonorrhea. After her disease was confirmed by our family physician—Dr. Isadore Finkelstein, known to us kids as "Dr. Finky"—

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and she was summarily dismissed, my mother and father, like possessed chars, scrubbed the entire house with Lysol and Sea Breeze. It was the finest hour in Sam's lifelong battle with germs. For days, the place smelled like a hospital ward.) Lenny had immediately noticed that the new maid sang to herself in a sweet, pure voice while she washed the dishes and swept the floors. He insisted to Jennie that Lelia was born to play Josephine, and, to everybody's amazement, my mother agreed. Perhaps she was softened by the knowledge that rehearsals would take place at the Town Hall, not in our living room. Lenny also commandeered Jennie's Plymouth Roadster, which my father had bought for her exclusive use. The Plymouth was a larky means of transporting the players to rehearsals. So Jennie would stand each morning by the kitchen door, mop in hand, not quite believing the sight that greeted her eyes: at least ten kids in *her* car driving off with *her* maid for the day. Lenny was one hell of a persuader. If he had set his mind to it, he could have talked his mother into sailing the Atlantic in a catboat.

He even made some headway with his father. Without serious complaint, Sam allowed Lenny to major in music at college, although he had dearly hoped that Lenny would concentrate on something practical, like economics. Sam still balked at subsidizing advanced piano lessons with Heinrich Gebhard, but Lenny had enough students of his own and enough pickup-band jobs to cover that expense. While Gebhard enlarged his talented pupil's repertoire and musical perception, Harvard broadened Lenny's intellectual and political interests. He was exposed to the puzzles of history, philosophy, and literature, and to the passions of left-wing politics, the Spanish Civil War being in full fury. But music was his primary concern. He studied composition and theory with such distinguished academicians as Walter Piston, Arthur Tillman Merritt, and Edward Burlingame Hill, and he plunged into the active Cambridge musical scene. He was a pianist for the Glee Club, for less formal student events that required a musician with a sense of fun, and even for silent movies offered by the university's film society. (During one screening of "The Battleship Potemkin," he accompanied the film with bits of Copland's arcane "Piano Variations," Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and some Russian-Jewish folk tunes he had learned from Sam.)

He also wrote smart-alecky, sophomore reviews of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (whom he had yet to meet), and he appeared as the soloist in the Ravel Piano Concerto with the State Symphony Orchestra, an organization financed by the Works Progress Administration.

In 1939, toward the end of his senior year, Lenny wrote the incidental music for the Harvard Classical Club's production, in Greek, of Aristophanes' "The Birds" (parts of that score later surfaced in "On the Town"), and he conducted the small orchestra—his first appearance on a podium. When the Harvard Student Union defied the Boston authorities and presented a bare-stage performance of Marc Blitzstein's proletarian opera "The Cradle Will Rock," at Sanders Theatre, Lenny was selected to direct the ambitious effort and play the piano. Again, he called on his sister, by then fifteen and a junior at Newton High School, to sing a role—browbeating Shirley into believing that she could handle the part, and sweet-talking Jennie and Sam into permitting it. It took a lot of sweet-talking, because the part was that of the Moll, a down-and-out prostitute, but Lenny remained a grand persuader. Shirley sang the role beautifully. She was listed in the program as Shirley Mann, and the audience thought she was a Radcliffe student. If Jennie and Sam experienced mixed feelings at the performance, everybody else was exhilarated. The Harvard community and the Boston critics were stunned by the professionalism and power of the student production. (Shirley Mann was singled out for special praise.) Marc Blitzstein, who had come to Cambridge to see his opera, was quoted as saying that Lenny, playing the piano for the singers, "did it better than I did" at the famous Orson Welles—John Houseman New York production, in 1937. The mutual admiration of Blitzstein and Bernstein developed into a firm friendship, which lasted until Blitzstein's tragic death, in 1964. The musical influence that each had on the other was telling both for

them and for future theatre audiences.

Two other professional friendships begun at Harvard were even more telling. While Lenny was still an undergraduate, he met Aaron Copland and Dimitri Mitropoulos. Copland, who was then well on his way to earning the title of dean of American composers, had influenced Lenny long before they were introduced; Lenny had mastered Copland's "Piano Variations" and had been taken with the distinctly American style of his other works. At their first meeting, Copland recognized Lenny's talent and suggested that he think about becoming a composer. And Mitropoulos, who was appearing as a guest conductor with the Boston Symphony, turned Lenny's head in yet another musical direction. Their friendship came about as a fluke—a touch of fate innocently initiated by, of all people, Jennie.

Lenny had received a rather casual invitation to attend a Sunday reception for Mitropoulos given by the Harvard Helicon Society at Phillips Brooks House, but he had already made plans to spend most of that Sunday at home in Newton. When it came time for him to return to his room, at Eliot House, Jennie offered to drive him back to Cambridge. She put a coat on over her plain housedress, and they set out in her Plymouth Roadster. Jennie's automotive habits were infuriating. She tended to sing along with the radio while she drove, and to keep time to the music by tapping the accelerator. Beyond the damage that that odd practice did to the automobile, it unnerved her passengers, caused several minor accidents over the years, and often so distracted her from the matter at hand that she became lost, even in familiar territory. Such was the case that fateful Sunday afternoon. Instead of pulling up in front of Eliot House, she missed a turn and ended up in front of Phillips Brooks House. Lenny suddenly remembered the reception for Mitropoulos and badgered Jennie into dropping in on the party with him, despite her protestations about her inappropriate clothing. Clutching her coat about her, she entered the crowded reception room with Lenny, and they stood in line to meet the visiting maestro. After the introductions, Mitropoulos, who had been told by some other guests that Lenny was an outstanding musician, asked him to play something for him, and he did, with the unalloyed nerve of his youth and his adulthood. As Jennie looked on with a mixture of



astonishment and pride, her son performed a Chopin nocturne and a movement of a piano sonata he had recently composed. Mitropoulos was impressed enough to invite Lenny to attend his rehearsals that week at Symphony Hall. At the first rehearsal, Lenny, witnessing the strength and musicianship of Mitropoulos at work with the virtuosic Boston Symphony, was overwhelmed. The idea of becoming a conductor himself was far too remote to be anything more than a glimmering possibility, but it was nevertheless perceptible. Later, Mitropoulos took Lenny to an oyster lunch, called him a "genius boy," and made that glimmering possibility seem brighter still by suggesting a symphony-conducting career for him. Both composition and conducting had been recommended by men of lofty professional standing, and young Lenny—whose commitment to the narrow discipline of being a concert pianist was perhaps waning—took them seriously.

THE four-year period following Lenny's graduation from college, in June of 1939, was an erratic high dive culminating in the splendid splash of his unexpected debut with the New York Philharmonic. With Lenny leaning toward the even more esoteric and unrewarding musical fields of composition and conducting, Sam was doubly dubious. The world was on the verge of cataclysm; the safest place for a college graduate—no matter what his demonstrated artistic gifts—was in the security of the family business. But Sam allowed Lenny to have one last fling—a summer in New York City. He reasoned that once Lenny had seen for himself the unhappy lot of the musician in the big time he would return to Boston and gratefully accept an executive position in the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company. To insure this outcome, he gave Lenny barely enough money to last the summer.

The first person Lenny got in touch with in New York was Adolph Green, who was then one-fifth of a struggling night-club act called the Revuers. (The other members of that pioneer group of satirists were Betty Comden, Judy Holliday, Alvin Hammer, and John Frank.) Green offered Lenny a bed in his Greenwich Village apartment and an occasional chance to play the piano for the Revuers at the Village Vanguard, where they entertained a limited but loyal coterie. And when

they were asked to record one of their longer sketches, an insane Hollywood saga called "The Girl with the Two Left Feet," Lenny earned twenty-five dollars as their accompanist. As for other musicianly work, there was none, especially if one wasn't in the union—and membership in Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians required a six-month residency in New York City. Still, Lenny had fun. He was among people in show business and music, and the people seemed to respect his talents. He had tasted the city and found it to his liking. Then the summer and the money ran out. As a last musical gesture, he bought a clarinet in a pawnshop (a balky instrument with a cracked bell, which later fell into my inept hands), and he glumly returned to Boston.

Before total resignation to his imminent business career set in, however, Lenny heard from a friend that Mitropoulos was in New York and would like to see the "genius boy." Lenny made a quick trip back to New York. At their meeting, Mitropoulos insisted that Lenny should commit himself to music—specifically to conducting—and suggested that he enter the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, where he could study with the great Fritz Reiner, the director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Although the academic year was about to begin, Mitropoulos said he could arrange a piano audition with Reiner. The audition was successful, and Lenny was immediately accepted at Curtis, with the attendant scholarship. Calling forth his ultimate powers of persuasion, he gained Sam's reluctant blessing and some expense money. For two years, he studied conducting with Reiner, orchestration with Randall Thompson, and piano with Isabelle Vengerova—all of them uncompromising masters, accustomed to teaching prodigies with few interests outside music. It was a strange milieu for a worldly Harvard graduate, but he learned—had to learn—discipline and technique. He excelled, not always happily.

Of equal professional importance were the next two summers. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony had been presenting concerts for several summers at Tanglewood, an estate in the Berkshires bequeathed to the orchestra, and in 1940 Koussevitzky inaugurated the Berkshire Music Center as an adjunct to Tanglewood. According to his plan, wor-



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thy young musicians of various disciplines would study with a distinguished faculty in pleasant natural surroundings; student conductors—an élite few, supervised by Koussevitzky himself—would actually practice their skills with a full-size student orchestra. Thanks to strong letters of recommendation, Lenny was chosen as one of three student conductors in the inaugural year. Falling under the spell of Koussevitzky (whose expressive nineteenth-century manner affected even the groundskeepers of Tanglewood), Lenny was soaring from the start, as a letter home, written soon after his arrival there, indicates:

DEAREST FOLKS—

... I have never seen such a beautiful setup in my life. I've been conducting the orchestra every morning, & I'm playing my first concert tomorrow night. Kouss gave me the hardest & longest number of all—the Second Symphony of Randall Thompson. 30 minutes long—a modern American work—as my first performance. And Kouss is so pleased with my work. He likes me & works very hard with me in our private sessions. He is the most marvelous man—a beautiful spirit that never lags or fails—that inspires me terrifically. And he told me he is convinced I have a wonderful gift, & he is already making me a *great* conductor. (I actually rode in his car with him today!) He has wonderful teaching ability, which I never expected—and is very hard to please—so that when he says he is pleased I know it means something. I am so thrilled—have never been more happy & satisfied. The orchestra likes me very much, best of all the conductors, & responds so beautifully in rehearsal. Of course, the concert tomorrow night (Shabbas, yet!) will tell whether I can keep my head in performance. We've been working very hard—you're always going like mad here—no time to think of how tired you are or how little you slept last night—the inspiration of this Center is terrific enough to keep you going with no sleep at all. I'm so excited about tomorrow night—I wish you could all be here—it's so important to me—and Kouss is banking on it to convince him that he's right—if it goes well there's no telling what may happen...

Please come up—I think I'll be conducting every Friday night & rehearsing every morning—please come up—

All my love—

LENNY

Jennie was beside herself with pleasure, and even Sam couldn't help feeling stirrings of pride in his son, the apparent favorite of Koussevitzky. But who was this Koussevitzky, so rapidly becoming another father to Lenny, usurping Sam's rightful place? Sam knew that Koussevitzky, like him, had been born a Russian Jew, but, unlike Sam, had become converted to Christianity in order to further his musical career in the motherland. What kind of man was this, who would do such a



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thing? And would he try to convert Lenny in order to further another career? (Sam didn't know it then, but Koussevitzky was already hinting to his Lenyushka that Leonard S. Burns would be a more presentable name for a conductor, the "S" being for Samuelovich. Lenny thought about it for a while and then put the idea out of his mind.) Sam needn't have worried about his son's Jewishness, which was so irrevocably a part of him that even Koussevitzky had no influence on it. Indeed, just the previous year Lenny had begun to compose a piece for soprano and orchestra based on the Book of Lamentations, and it was dedicated to "my father." There was *nachas* for you! But still Sam felt jealous, indignant, and, worst of all, impotent. Lenny was being lost to him, and there wasn't much he could do about it—except control the purse strings. When Sam finally drove Jennie, Shirley, and me to Tanglewood from Sharon, it was obvious that everything Lenny had said in his letter was true. The place seemed to have been invented for him alone.

There followed another rigorous year at Curtis and another glorious summer at Tanglewood, at which Lenny was clearly recognized as *the* protégé of Koussevitzky—perhaps someday, it was rumored, the heir, if the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony could ever defy tradition and appoint a young American as conductor. It was only a fantasy rumor, not to be seriously discussed. And with the draft Lenny's career would probably take a military turn. At his first Army physical, however, he was classified 4-F, because of chronic asthma. (The Army doctor who thus deferred him happened to be a celebrated asthma specialist.) It was humiliating and frustrating for Lenny not to be in uniform while just about everybody else was preparing for war, but there was nothing to be done about it.

In the fall of 1941, he was a twenty-three-year-old trained and promising musician with no place to go. He returned to Boston, where the gray presence of the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company hung heavily in the air. Koussevitzky tried his best to help. He arranged to have Lenny play as soloist in the Boston Symphony's premiere of a piano concerto by Carlos Chávez, but union problems cancelled the performance. In desperation, Lenny wangled enough money out of Sam to rent a drafty studio on Huntington Avenue, and he sent out an-

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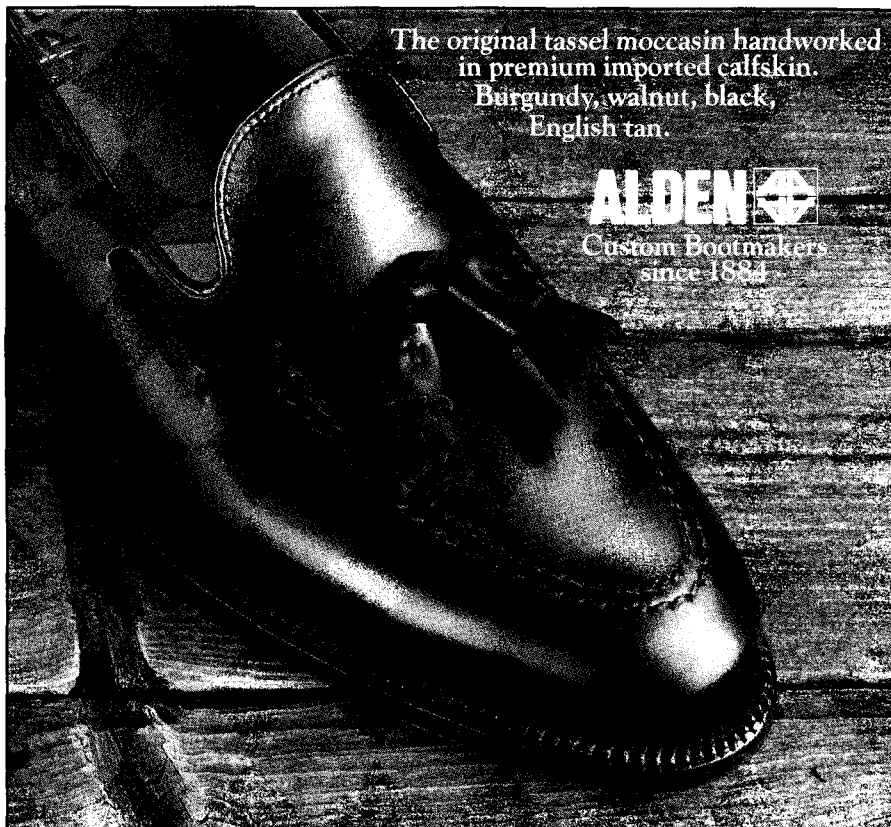
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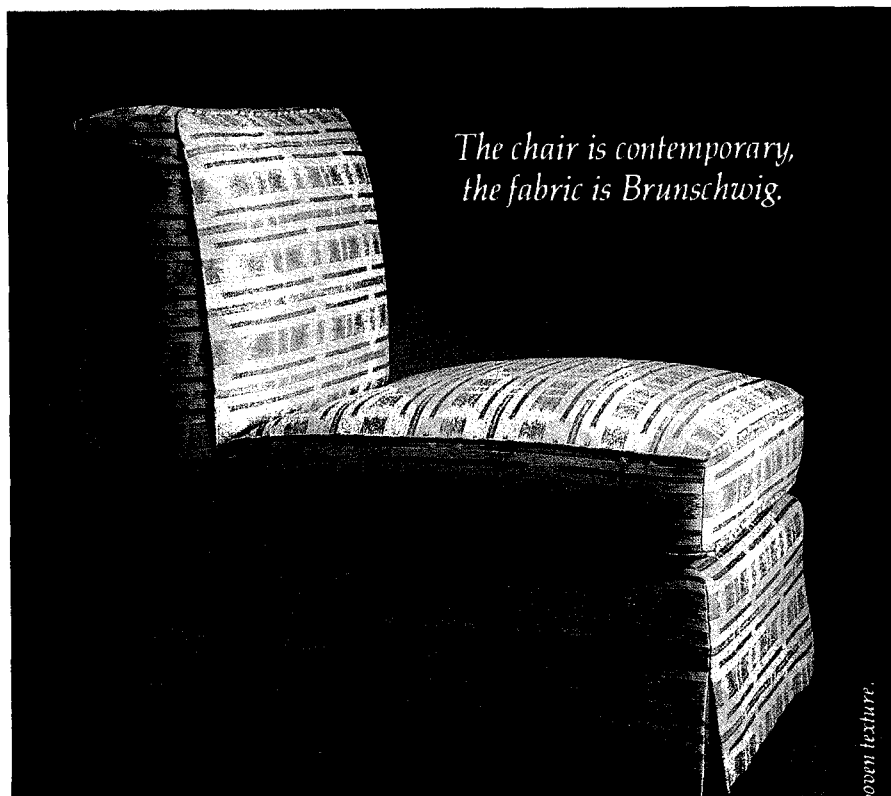
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nouncements that he was available as a piano teacher. Sam assumed that this venture would fail—making Lenny a candidate once again for his business, just a couple of miles away—and Sam was right. Lenny's studio came into formal existence just two days before Pearl Harbor was attacked, and piano lessons were not top public priority that week. He was rejected by the military, by piano students, and, it seemed, by the entire world. He worked on his compositions (a clarinet sonata and the Lamentations piece), played a few minor-league concerts, and took some encouragement from his close relationship with Koussevitzky. One notable bright spot during the dreary winter was the appearance of Adolph Green and Betty Comden as performers in "My Dear Public," a calamitous musical by the composer and lyricist Irving Caesar, which was trying out in Boston. It was the first professional theatre I had ever seen, and it baffled my ten-year-old mind no less than it did the adult audience's. I can safely say that from its opening number to its finale nobody knew for sure what was happening onstage. (Irving Caesar was also the author of the enigmatic words for the song "Tea for Two.")

The summer of 1942 brought some cheer. Lenny returned to Tanglewood (its last full season for the duration) not as a student but as the assistant to Koussevitzky, with teaching responsibilities. When the summer ended, though, he was back in the bind. Reopening the Huntington Avenue studio would be flirting with both fiscal and emotional disaster, so he tried New York again—a last stab at the big time. New York was even grimmer than Boston. It marked a period that Lenny has referred to as "my Valley Forge." From a cheap furnished room, he went forth looking for work—any work. What he found was the occasional odd job: vocal coach, rehearsal pianist, dollar-an-hour piano teacher, and—to contribute to the war effort—performer for the soldiers at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Through Irving Caesar, he landed a steady twenty-five-dollar-a-week position with a music publisher, transcribing jazz improvisations, arranging songs for piano, and writing original pop tunes, under the name Lenny Amber. That job at least rescued him from the ultimate defeat of returning to Boston and Sam's business. He had some money to live on and some time to compose. His piece for soprano and orchestra, based on the Book of Lam-

entations, had developed into the "Jeremiah Symphony." He entered it in a competition for American music which was sponsored by the New England Conservatory, but it didn't win the prize, and, worse yet, Koussevitzky didn't think much of it. But it won some points with Sam, who relished its Jewish thematic material and its dedication to him.

Although there was no formal Tanglewood season the following summer, Koussevitzky was spending the warm months at his estate, Seranak, overlooking the Tanglewood grounds. He invited Lenny to visit and help him with a benefit there for the Red Cross. Lenny, his prospects apparently no better, arrived at Seranak on the day before his twenty-fifth birthday and was informed by Koussevitzky that Artur Rodzinski, the recently appointed music director of the New York Philharmonic, wished to see him. Rodzinski owned a farm in nearby Stockbridge, where Lenny met the conductor on his birthday morning. They chatted amiably in an asthma-inducing hayfield while the wheezing Lenny wondered why he had been summoned. At last, it was made clear. Rodzinski abruptly declared that he had seen Lenny conduct the Tanglewood student orchestra the summer before, and had since come to believe that Lenny would be right for the post of assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Besides, said Rodzinski, who was a confirmed Buchmanite and claimed to communicate directly with the Lord, God had told him to "take Bernstein." One did not argue with divine intervention. Lenny became the assistant conductor of the Philharmonic without ever having had an audition before a professional orchestra. It was one hell of a birthday present.

AFTER the shock of this momentous news had worn off, it turned out to be somewhat less momentous. The position of assistant conductor actually meant being little more than a white-collar flunky for the Maestro: checking acoustic levels in Carnegie Hall, attending all rehearsals, studying the scores for the week's concerts, and sometimes running small errands. Of course, the assistant had to be prepared to take over the baton in an extreme emergency, although established conductors had a notorious reputation for reaching the podium with the aid of crutches if need be. But the assistant received a

decent salary (it enabled Lenny to rent a studio apartment in the Carnegie Hall building), and his name appeared in the program every week. Prestige and the vague possibility of conducting someday were fringe benefits of the job. Once, Sam and Jennie asked Lenny if he would ever get a chance to conduct the Philharmonic, and he told them, in effect, not to hold their breath. For Jennie, it didn't really matter; her son had already fulfilled most of her expectations. For Sam, it meant that, while Lenny seemed to be lost to him and his business, there was still some faint hope of his coming home to Boston if he grew weary enough of his chores. This hope became fainter, however, when Lenny excitedly informed them that Fritz Reiner had invited him to Pittsburgh to conduct the world premiere of the "Jeremiah Symphony" in January of 1944, and that Koussevitzky had asked Lenny to conduct the same work with the Boston Symphony later that winter. And of more immediate importance was the performance of Lenny's latest composition—"I Hate Music," a cycle of five "kid songs"—by the mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel, who was making her New York recital debut at Town Hall on the evening of Saturday, November 13, 1943.

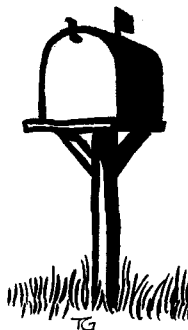
Such was the consequence of the Jennie Tourel recital that Lenny demanded the family's presence. My parents and I were living full time in Sharon then, the Newton house having been sold. Sam, with his customary striving for flawless planning on any sort of trip—tantamount in my eyes to an invasion of a Pacific atoll by the Marines—drove Jennie and me from Sharon to Back Bay Station on that slushy November Saturday fully two hours earlier than the train to New York was scheduled to leave. (Shirley was away at college and couldn't spare the time for the trip.) To kill the two hours of waiting, I explored the musty recesses of Back Bay Station while Sam fretfully studied his watch and Jennie read the Hearst paper. Late that afternoon, we arrived in New York and checked into the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel—Sam's new stopping place since he had met with some affront at the Hotel New Yorker. He rushed us through dinner so that we would be at Town Hall at least an hour before the recital began and half

an hour before Lenny was supposed to meet us at the box office with our tickets.

Even with the exhilaration that the evening promised—Lenny's first hearing as a composer before a sophisticated New York audience—my brother seemed unusually atremble when he met us in the lobby. What he didn't dare disclose was that the Philharmonic's associate manager, Bruno Zirato, had informed him of some terrifying news earlier in the day: Bruno Walter, the guest conductor of the Philharmonic that week, had been taken ill with influenza; he had a fever and his stomach was upset. It was possible—remotely possible—that Maestro Walter would not be in condition to conduct the rather exacting program on Sunday afternoon, which was to be

broadcast throughout America by CBS. If such a dire situation did arise, and Rodzinski wasn't able to drive through the snow from his Stockbridge farm to substitute for Walter, then Lenny would have to step in. It was all very unlikely but very frightening, in a B-movie sort of way. To be on the safe side, Zirato told Lenny to study Walter's scores for the program—Schumann's *Overture to "Manfred,"* Miklós Rózsa's "Theme, Variations and Finale," Strauss's "Don Quixote," and Wagner's *Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."*

The Tourel recital went beautifully, and the reception given to Lenny's cycle of "kid songs"—an amusing audience pleaser—was, as I recall, tittering and warm, like encore appreciations of "Short'nin' Bread." (I don't recall much more of the recital. I was one of those eleven-year-old Philistines who are determined to ignore concert music, especially recital music, and I had to be nudged to attention by my mother for the performance of Lenny's piece.) After the concert, Sam whisked Jennie and me back to the hotel, although Jennie very much wanted to go on with Lenny to a party at the singer's apartment. I think that Sam was confused by the acclaim his son had received for such a short and, to him, incomprehensible work. Anyway, he felt uncomfortable among all those "artist people." He used my age and heavy eyelids as sound reasons for our returning forthwith to the Barbizon-Plaza. But Lenny, shining with his success and barely able to keep



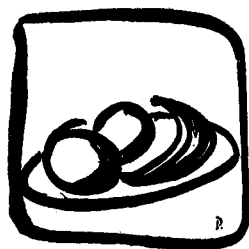
the report of Walter's illness to himself, went on to the celebration. Ordinarily, he is the last to leave a party, and that evening—despite the beckoning of those Walter scores and all they potentially represented—was no exception. But he was well acquainted with the program from his previous studying of the scores and Walter's rehearsals and concerts earlier that week. As dawn broke over New York, he left the Tourel party and returned to his apartment for some fitful sleep. He was awakened at nine o'clock by a phone call from Zirato. Maestro Walter was too sick to perform that afternoon, Zirato told him, and Rodzinski would not have enough time to drive down from Stockbridge to make the three-o'clock concert. "You're going to conduct," Zirato said.

According to Sam's meticulous itinerary, we were to take the one-o'clock train back to Boston after lunching at the hotel's coffee shop and strolling through Central Park. (Now that I think of it, how odd that Sam never showed his family the crumbling landmarks of his first years in New York! Perhaps he was embarrassed, although he certainly enjoyed talking about his toil at the Fulton Fish Market, for instance.) Just before we left our room, Lenny phoned and said, in the voice of an ingenuous adolescent, that we should cancel our plans to return to Boston, that we should book the hotel room for another night, and that we should pick up three tickets at the Carnegie Hall box office for seats in the conductor's box—because he, Lenny Bernstein, their son and brother, was going to conduct the Philharmonic that very afternoon. "*Oy, gevalt!*" I remember my parents saying, almost in unison, both of them holding their cheeks, as if to prevent their faces from collapsing. Quickly, Lenny went on to explain what had brought about this incredible turn of events. Then he said that there had been no time for a rehearsal but that he had visited Bruno Zirato at his hotel and consulted with him about the scores for the program, although Walter was shivering and feverish. Lenny described himself as hardly better off, exhausted from lack of sleep and in a state of near-shock. "Wish me luck," he said. "And come backstage at intermission."

My memories of the rest of that day are these: Sam and Jennie, color absent

from their faces, forgot about lunch. After making phone calls to Shirley, at Mount Holyoke, and some special friends—telling them all repeatedly that they could *hear* the concert on the *radio*—we headed directly for Carnegie Hall, a block down Seventh Avenue from the hotel. Sam was by no means going to be late for his son's premiere; indeed, he was about three hours early. As Lenny had said, the tickets for the conductor's box were waiting for us. It was true—Lenny was the conductor. With so much time to kill, we went back to the hotel. My parents tried to rest while I prowled the lobby, buying Charleston Chews at the candy counter and wolfing them down with the abandon of sudden, unexpected adult freedom.

At two o'clock, we were back in Carnegie Hall, being led to the conductor's box by an usher. The majesty and the immensity of the place stunned me—especially in comparison with Town Hall, where I had been the night before. As the audience filed in, it dawned on me that they were all coming to see my brother, whether they knew it then or not. Sam and Jennie sat in their seats as decorously as possible, given their unease, my mother whispering warnings about my leaning over the box's velvet-covered railing. I heard my father sigh when he spotted some photographers, who had obviously been tipped off to an impending news event, wandering about the corridor with their Graflexes. At last, the hall was filled—more people, it seemed from my per-



spective, than I had ever imagined could fit into one enclosed space—and the orchestra, cacophonously tuning, was settled onstage. Then an enormous, bearlike man walked out of the wings to the podium, and an awful silence fell. Bruno

Zirato announced to the assembled, in a low voice colored with a gruff Italian accent, that Maestro Walter was ill but that we were all going "to witness the debut of a full-fledged conductor who was born, educated, and trained in this country." He meant my brother. A few people left the hall, and I stared at them in anger. It wasn't fair. He hadn't even started to conduct yet. Then Lenny came out onstage, wearing a gray suit and looking much younger and less elegant than the orchestra musicians. He sort of hopped onto the podium. I didn't know

whether it was proper for me to join in the wavelet of applause; it had died away by the time I decided to contribute a clap or two. I could feel myself blushing. Sam sighed again, Jennie gripped my knee, Lenny raised and brought down his arms, and the concert began.

I don't remember much about the music itself except that it sounded all right to me and that Lenny seemed to know what he was doing. The Overture to "Manfred" was loud (the way I liked concert music best), and so was the applause afterward. The Miklós Rózsa piece, which was forgettable, was less heartily received. Lenny took several bows, and the lights grew brighter. Somebody from the Philharmonic staff, who was also sitting in the box, led us through a pressing crowd of well-wishers, reporters, and photographers to the greenroom backstage, where Lenny was talking to a lot of important-looking people. He was perspiring, and he seemed much thinner than he had the night before—hollow-eyed, like war refugees in news photographs. But his smile was so broad that it covered his whole face. He embraced Sam and Jennie, whose eyes were glazed with wonder and emotion. When he saw me, he ruffled my hair and gave me a big hug and a kiss. He said, "Hey, kid, how did it go?" I was too shy in front of all those people to answer with more than a mumble, but I was proud. Somebody said that Rodzinski had just arrived from Stockbridge, and the greenroom was cleared. Lenny kissed us all again, and we went back to the box. Some of the reporters in the corridor realized that Sam and Jennie were the conductor's parents, but the Philharmonic man kept them away.

When Lenny came out onstage again, the applause was very loud. Two soloists joined him for Strauss's "Don Quixote"—a cellist, Joseph Schuster, and a violist, William Lincer. Really big applause after that piece. But when Lenny conducted the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" (whose grand themes I knew by heart from Lenny's banging them out on the piano at home) and the concert ended, the house roared, sounding, to me, like a giant animal in a zoo. It was certainly the loudest human sound I had ever heard—thrilling and eerie. People were shouting at Lenny and the orchestra. Some of them moved toward the front of the stage. We all stood up and applauded with them, without thinking about whether we should or

not. Again and again, Lenny came out to bow, looking skinnier each time but always flashing that amazing smile. Once, he waved to us in the box, and everybody stared.

Finally, it was over. All the people were talking at once. Lenny had done it, they said—a rugged program, but he had carried it off as if he had been doing it for years. The crush in the greenroom was terrible. A path was cleared for us to Lenny, and there was a lot more hugging and kissing, even crying. The reporters cornered Sam and Jennie, whose faces were now flushed and radiant. While Jennie just repeated, “I’m very proud of him,” Sam found his tongue and held forth for the press. “Just the other day,” declared Sam, “I said to Lenny, ‘If you could only conduct the “Don Quixote”!’ And he said, ‘Dad, you’ll have to wait ten years for that.’” It was mostly fantasy, of course; Sam had never heard of “Don Quixote” before that afternoon. A reporter approached me and asked my age and full name. I lied about my age, saying I was already twelve (an exaggeration of two and a half months), and I added, “I’d rather you called me Burtie if I’m going to be in the paper.” That deathless line went out over the Associated Press wire and was, for some reason, published throughout the nation.

It appeared that everybody in New York City wanted to photograph, interview, or simply be near Lenny—and, failing that, his parents—both in Carnegie Hall and, later, at a noisy dinner celebration. The next morning, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* carried lengthy front-page stories about the event, and the critics were unanimous in their praise of Lenny’s vigor, youth, musical gifts, and poise. Even the *News* saw the profound human element in an area generally beyond its coverage, comparing Lenny’s last-minute substitution for Walter to “a shoestring catch in center field.” (“Make it and you’re a hero,” the *News* reporter wrote. “Muff it and you’re a dope. . . . He made it.”) The press strained to find similar situations in musical history. By a remarkable coincidence, Rodzinski had first conducted a major orchestra in 1926 when he took over the performance of “Don Quixote” on short notice from an indisposed Leopold Stokowski. And in 1886, at the Rio de Janeiro opera house, a young cellist named Arturo Toscanini had been called upon to lead the orchestra in an emergency. They were Europeans, however, and

the world expected promising young conductors to be Europeans. The irresistible fascination and drama of Lenny’s story was that, as Zirato had said before the concert, he was “a full-fledged conductor who was born, educated, and trained in this country.” The impossible had happened. A twenty-five-year-old American kid had made it big in a profession that had previously had no room for American kids. The *Times* said in an editorial, “It’s a good American success story. The warm, friendly triumph of it filled Carnegie Hall and spread far over the airwaves.” Lenny possessed talent, ambition, and luck. They all miraculously came together to make him famous overnight. Before long, he would be one of the most celebrated men in the world. It was just like the movies.

And the whole family was suddenly a cast of characters in a movie. We were thrust willy-nilly into the public eye, objects of curiosity not only to our acquaintances but also to people we had never heard of. Dazzled and confused, Jennie and Sam were beset by interviewers and instant new friends and advisers. Strangers, assuming the right of intimacy, would ask, “How does it feel to be the parents of a genius? How did you do it?” Some would counsel, “Tell your son he shouldn’t go Hollywood,” while others said, “Lenny should be in movies, he’s so handsome—a natural showman.” A few instant enemies also emerged, and spread rumors that Lenny was going to change his religion and that Sam had bribed Bruno Walter to feign illness so Lenny could have his chance to conduct the Philharmonic. Those rumors were so patently absurd that they hardly bothered my parents; still, they kept cropping up.

Beauty-salon owners began to place their orders directly with Sam rather than through his salesmen, just so they could have a talk with him in his office about his wonderful son. (The salesmen complained, but they were nevertheless pleased at being associated with a celebrity.) The Boston Jewish community, in particular, adopted Lenny as a collective son—he was Boston’s own, and a Jewish boy, after all—and people of my parents’ generation absorbed vicarious *nachas* by merely being in the same room as Jennie and Sam. Everybody, it seemed, had heard

about Lenny’s incredible début and the successes that followed in rapid order. Everybody had known him when. Everybody called him Lenny. The man who delivered the fuel oil in Sharon had read all about it. So had my homeroom teacher, Miss Henderson. Distant cousins—some so distant as to be totally unknown—sent clippings and warm expressions of familial cheer.

Lenny’s fame triggered a new optimism for the family. Shirley had almost finished college, and the business was flourishing again as beauty supplies became more plentiful once the Allies had definitely taken the road to victory. Glowing with the brighter outlook, Sam bought a “winter house” in Brookline early in 1944, keeping

the Sharon house once again for summers and weekends. Our new neighborhood in Brookline was abuzz with the news that Lenny Bernstein’s family was moving in. Sam was more dazzled and confused than anyone else by Lenny’s fame and the attention being paid to him and his family. After all, he had made no secret of his unhappiness with Lenny’s artistic bent. Indeed, he had used his considerable power to obstruct it. Could he now take credit, in part, for the miracle? At first, he tried. In his initial interviews with the hungry press, his statements were of the “I knew-he-had-it-in-him-all-the-time” variety. One multicolumn interview, with photographs, on the feature page of the *Boston Sunday Post* prompted general wincing. Its headline read:

FATHER IN TEARS AT BOY
CONDUCTOR’S TRIUMPH
BOSTON MERCHANT CALLS SON’S
ACCOMPLISHMENT,
“MY CONTRIBUTION TO AN AMERICA
THAT HAS DONE
EVERYTHING FOR ME”

The article went on to state such embarrassments as “Papa Bernstein spent over \$12,000 for Lennie’s [the *Post*’s spelling] education, but it was worth it.”

However, Lenny was giving out many more interviews, and he, too, was inexperienced in dealing with the press. He was uncommonly frank about his father, describing Sam as something of an ogre, who had done all he could to prevent Lenny from being a musician. Sam, who subscribed to a clipping service for a while and kept a scrapbook of pieces about Lenny, saw these statements and was

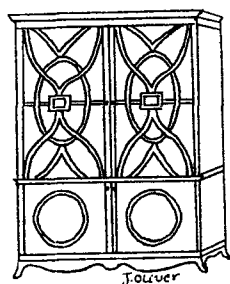


hurt, although he knew they were basically true. Once, when he was questioned by a reporter about this ogreishness, he replied, "From the early sixteenth century, my family never made a livelihood in art, and I didn't want to break this tradition. I also felt Lenny could make a better living in business. Remember, there was no Leonard Bernstein then. . . . I'm very proud of Lenny, but the Talmud teaches us, 'Don't expect miracles.' . . . If I had to do it all over again, I'd do the same thing." Sam made a good point: If a Leonard Bernstein had never existed before, how could you know that your talented kid would grow up to be a Leonard Bernstein? There was no such thing as a young, famous, respected American conductor before Lenny emerged on that November Sunday afternoon. Today, any accomplished American youngster can, theoretically, become a conductor, but Lenny was the fellow who set the precedent. Perhaps Sam could be faulted for a lack of faith in his son, but not for a lack of prescience. He wanted only the best for Lenny, and the best meant a secure, comfortable life. For years after Lenny's initial success, Sam harbored doubts about the stability of his son's career. He worried that it would somehow all come tumbling down, like a construction made of Pick Up Sticks. When he confided these needless worries to me, I suspected that he still secretly wished that Lenny would one day return to Boston and the beauty-supplies business. Then Sam's ogreishness would be triumphantly vindicated.

It was the nature of my father to worry, even when things were going far better than he had ever dared to hope. If there was absolutely nothing to fret about, he would invent something. Instead of forgetting the past and enjoying the present, he preferred to stew—perhaps from guilt, perhaps from a feeling of not being appreciated. His morose silences and depressions returned, this time accompanied by ulcers. When he first experienced the symptoms—stomach pains after, say, a bountiful *kiddush*, and lingering nausea ("varming" was his neologism for it)—he chose to ignore them as best he could. But the symptoms grew worse, and he consulted a specialist, "a famous stomach man at Beth Israel Hospital." The stomach man put him

on a strict diet and told him not to worry so much. The former instruction Sam more or less obeyed; the latter he knew was impossible. If he neglected his bland, lactic diet (while entertaining a business associate at Locke-Ober's, for instance), he would manage to blame others for his failing and the unpleasant consequences. The person who took the brunt of the blame was, of course, his old scapegoat and helpmeet, Jennie. "Jennie," he would cry accusingly from his sickbed, "why did you let me eat that lousy herring? You know the doctor said I'm not supposed to eat herring!" Or, when he knew his wife was within earshot, he would complain loudly, "Jennie served me tea after the ice cream, and I must have told her a thousand times not to serve me tea after the ice cream." It never occurred to him that Jennie could have served him garlic pickles with chocolate sauce but he didn't have to eat them.

As his ulcers and depressions became unbearable—for him and for everybody else—Lenny and Shirley tried to talk him into seeing a psychoanalyst. He declined flatly. But then he developed a painful case of shingles, and he relented. The shingles doctor convinced him that both ulcers and shingles could have psychosomatic origins. (Sam, naturally, pronounced it "psychosemitic.") Willing to grasp at any remedy, he went off to his first appointment with a Boston psychoanalyst. It was a dark day for Sam—the equivalent of committing himself to a madhouse, as his sister Clara had been committed earlier. But he returned home after that initial consultation in the highest spirits I had witnessed in years. His happy report of that brush with the disciple of Dr. Freud went like this: "He said to me, 'Sit down, Mr. Bernstein, sit down. You don't have to lie on a



couch.' So then we sat and talked for a long time about all kinds of things—you know, philahsephy, good and evil, God, the Talmud. He's a Jewish man, the analyst. And so after we talked the analyst stood up and he shook my hand and he said to me, he said, 'Look, Mr. Bernstein, you should be sitting here where I am and I should be sitting there where you are. You haven't got what you call an inferior complex, or any of those things. If everybody in the world was like you, I'd be out of business. Sitting here

listening to you talk, I learned more than I did from all the books. It was a pleasure, believe me. You shouldn't be spending your money and wasting your valuable time talking to me. I should be paying *you*.' And so he tells me I'm all cured, and so I left." There was no second visit to the psychoanalyst. Months afterward, during a new attack of shingles-cum-depression, Sam was asked if he wanted to have another try with the analyst. "Neh," he replied. "I can get the same advice from my rabbis."

As far as Jennie was concerned, the movie in which we had all suddenly become characters was a shopgirl epic, perhaps starring John Garfield and Joan Crawford—the kind she doted on. There was her brilliant son who, against staggering odds, had made it to the top of his profession. Life, fantastically, had imitated art. And, just as she had imagined in her youth, when she read dime novels about the glamorous rich to take her mind off her drudgery in the Lawrence mills, she found herself hobnobbing with those very people in the novels—the famous and wealthy and highborn. Some of them were descendants of the Boston Brahmins who owned those mills, the Yankees who had practiced their golf shots on the lawn outside the mill as the young immigrant Jennie peered at them angrily through a filthy factory window.

These larger-than-life people made a great fuss over her. She was the conductor's mother—sweet, homey, winning in her ways, obviously a good parent and wife. She was no stage mother who had pushed and prodded her son into the spotlight. Lenny's admirers were sincerely interested in her. At post-concert social gatherings, she would often rival Lenny himself for attention as imposing men and women sought her out to chat about Lenny's interpretation of a Mahler symphony or her thoughts on the latest exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. While she never pretended to have any expertise in such arcane matters—"I thought it was very nice, dear," would most likely be her answer to a question fraught with aesthetic significance—her conversations with the intelligentsia sometimes had memorable results. So amusing were Jennie's often stunning malapropisms that her children, with their practiced love of ridicule, began to collect them. We still can hardly wait to share "Jennie stories," and some knowing friends have been dining out on them

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for decades. I was appointed Keeper of the Jenniana—and, of course, the complementary Samiana.

Through the years, my files of Jenniana and Samiana have thickened. At one point, I entertained the notion of compiling them into a thin volume called "The Jennie Bernstein Cookbook"—so named because of her utter inability to cook, or even to make toast palatable, which flew in the face of the Jewish-mother stereotype. Indeed, my plan for "The Jennie Bernstein Cookbook" was to begin with her recipe for toast:

1. Awaken, in the manner of J.B., at 6 A.M., at least two full hours before anyone else in the house.

2. Remove slices of bread from their wrappers (rye, white, whole wheat, English muffins, or challah may be used, although ordinary white is best for these purposes; old bread of any variety, preserved in the freezer, is preferable).

3. Immediately place bread slices in the toaster, allowing some to be overdone, some underdone.

4. As soon as bread is toasted, liberally butter (and add jam, jelly, honey, etc.).

5. Allow toast to stand until soggy.

6. When the first matutinal stirring of another human is heard, pop the toast into a warm oven for reheating.

7. Announce loudly, "Your toast is ready."

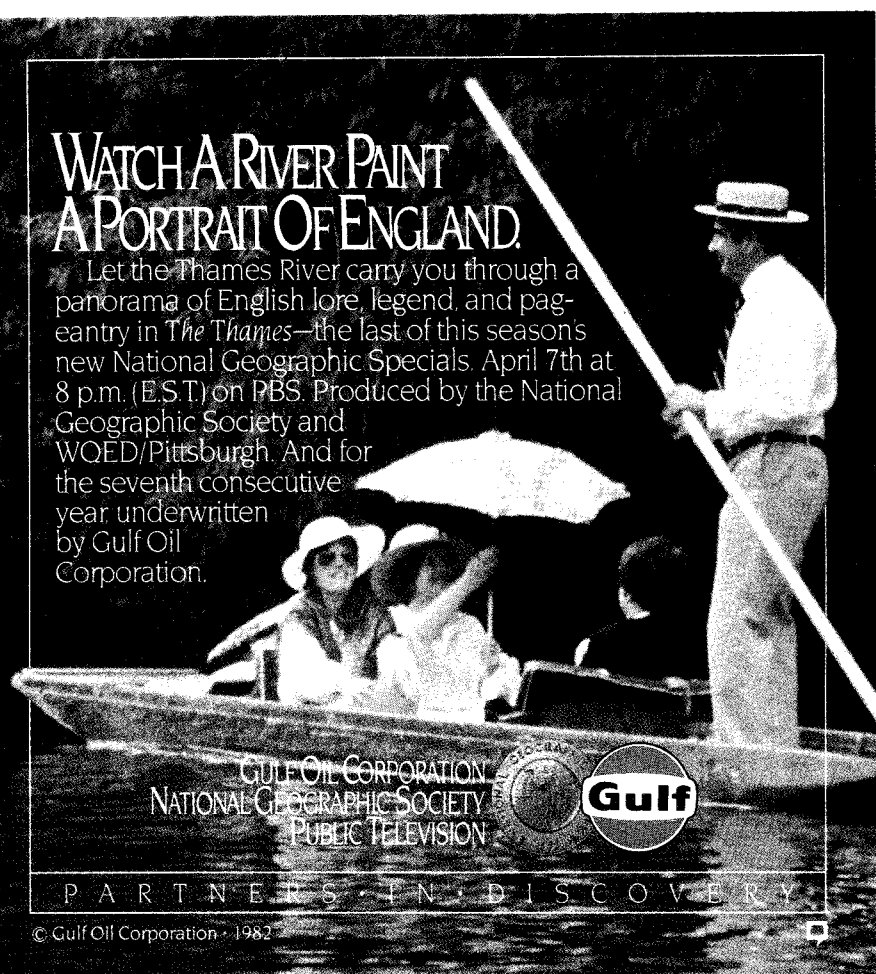
8. Remove pieces of toast from oven, as persons make their way to the breakfast table.

9. Serve only when butter (and/or jam, jelly, honey, etc.) has recongealed and bread is the consistency of moist Kleenex. (Other elements of a normal breakfast may be similarly prepared: grapefruit, orange juice, eggs in any style, coffee. Be sure to prepare a full two hours before served, however.)

Jennie was proud of her breakfasts—proudest most of all of the promptness with which they were presented. It wasn't until the age of five, when I first visited our Hartford relatives, that I discovered what the rest of the world considered to be toast. Her cooking of chicken, steak, or roasts (almost anything, now that I think of it) involved that same adherence to the principle of preparation well in advance of consumption. She would begin the roasting or broiling of meat for dinner as soon as the breakfast dishes were put away. During the day, the food was placed in the refrigerator for safekeeping, and then, a couple of hours before we seated ourselves at the table, it was triumphantly reheated. When the meat course appeared, warmed anew, it was diminished in size, lacking in color, and devoid of aroma. The texture was that of dry clay. Unless one was ravenous, the food was swallowed with difficulty, although my father

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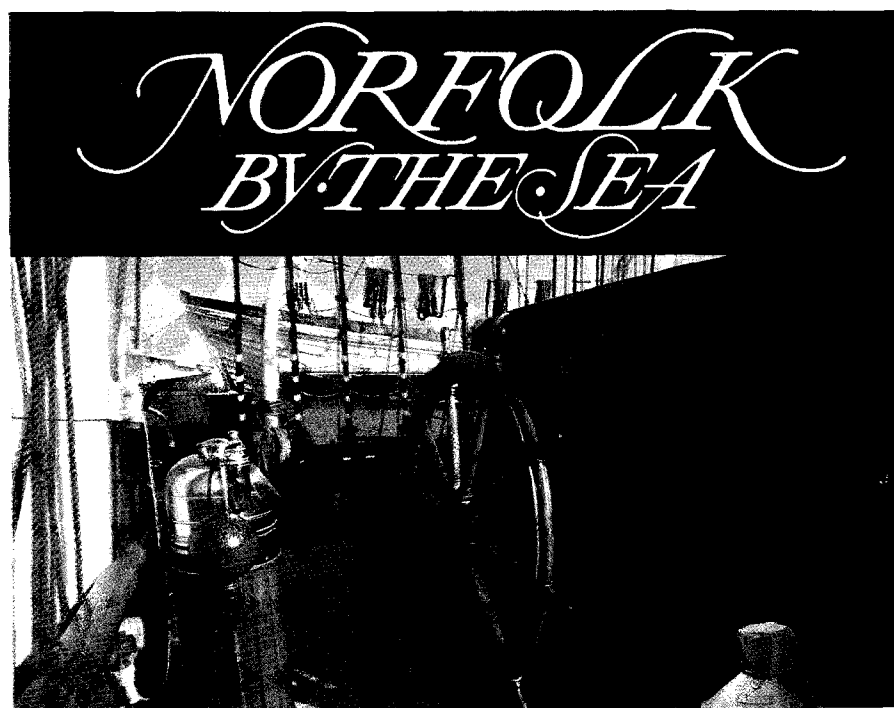


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seemed to thrive on it, perhaps out of habit, and depended on its predictability.

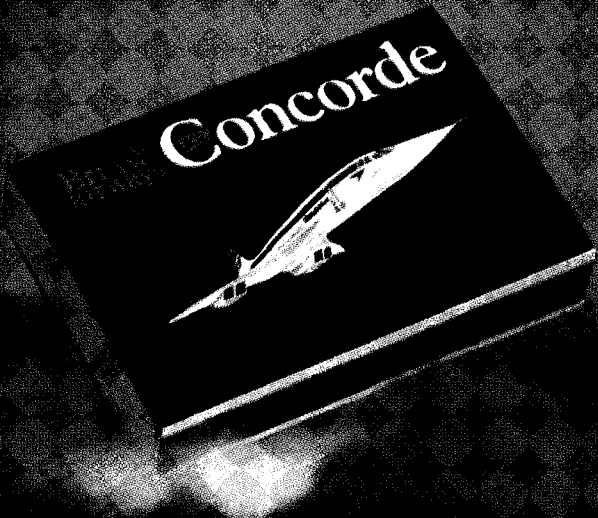
During the evening meal, Jennie patrolled the table, checking on one's rate and volume of consumption. If most of the food was left uneaten on the plate, she would remedy the situation by approaching the offending plate with a salt shaker and say, "Have some salt"—at which point one would have some salt whether one wanted it or not. As soon as any edible on the plate disappeared, it would be instantly replaced by another portion. There was, it seemed, an infinite supply of the evening's fare in her kitchen; her meals were more than enough for twice the number of diners present. Food to her was meant to be eaten in copious amounts, not necessarily enjoyed for its taste. This concept of dining was especially apt for her children, whom she considered to be "skinny pickles." We were thin kids (perhaps because of her cuisine), but her nightly commands of "Eat! Eat!" didn't make us any chubbier. For a long time, the three of us referred to her simply as "Eat."

Once in a while, one of our various maids would be permitted to cook a meal. However, any maid's culinary touch was dulled by Jennie's close supervision, which demanded the chilling-reheating procedure until all taste had been banished. But I am being thankless—"a rotten kid," as my mother often put it. She cooked a few dishes well. One, really. It was a Russian-Jewish treat called *goleptses*—spicy chopped meat wrapped in slippery cabbage leaves and served in a tart raisin gravy—which Jennie had learned how to make from her mother, Pearl. (Pearl, by all accounts, was a superb cook, but her skill was inherited by only one daughter, Dorothy.) The announcement of *goleptses* on the evening menu was cause for rejoicing, and this reaction so pleased Jennie that she scheduled the dish at least once a week. Then she grew suspicious. Why did we like *goleptses* so much? What was wrong with her other dishes? We never told her.

The bulk of my envisioned "The Jennie Bernstein Cookbook" was to be anecdotes, not recipes: anecdotes about Jennie and Sam in collision with their new world. For instance, Jennie had decided in the early nineteen-fifties that while she had acquired some knowledge of music through her concertgoing, she should improve her understanding of fine arts, too. She was

intuitively appreciative of good paintings and sculpture, as she certainly was of good music, but she was at a loss to express her appreciation, and so she enrolled in a course at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Part of the curriculum was to gain awareness of technique by actually painting with oils. Jennie liked the painting best of all. Once, when she was asked how her lessons at the museum were going, she replied, "It's wonderful! I'm already in my Cuban phase." Later on, she began to paint at home, setting up her easel and materials in a room in our Brookline house with a view due west to a wooded ridge. For weeks, we all watched a major interior-exterior painting take shape—what looked to our conventional eyes like the sun hovering over the ridgeline as seen through the window, with part of the room in the foreground. But there was a puzzling white rectangular area around the bright-yellow ball of the sun, which I assumed meant something rather esoteric (maybe even "Cuban"). When she declared the painting finished, I complimented her on the interesting colors and composition, but I couldn't restrain myself from asking about the significance of the white rectangle around the sun. "The sun?" she said. "What sun? That's the brass knob on the closet door. It's a still-life." She could be just as dumbfounding in her appreciation of architecture. When Lenny's wife, Felicia, was showing her the quaint gingerbread-house façades of Oak Bluffs, on Martha's Vineyard, Jennie studied the ornate fronts and said, "Typical Gay Thirties." Ever since, the Gay Thirties School of Art has been our family favorite.

As her exposure to the world of intellectuals and artists increased, Jennie, I suppose, came to believe that she should offer more profound opinions—more profound, say, than "I thought it was very nice, dear." In her mind (perhaps *because* of her exposure to intellectuals and artists), the road to profundity was paved with reckless generalizations, and soon the wild, all-inclusive statement became a Jennie trademark. Her broader declarations often concerned "you New Yorkers," as opposed to "us Bostonians." If a person who lived in New York said he thought that Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" was a powerful work, Jennie would chime in with something like "Oh, you New Yorkers love your Stravinsky. In Boston, we like our Tchaikovsky." Or, if it was snowing

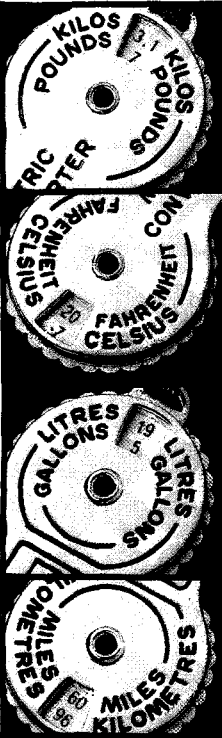


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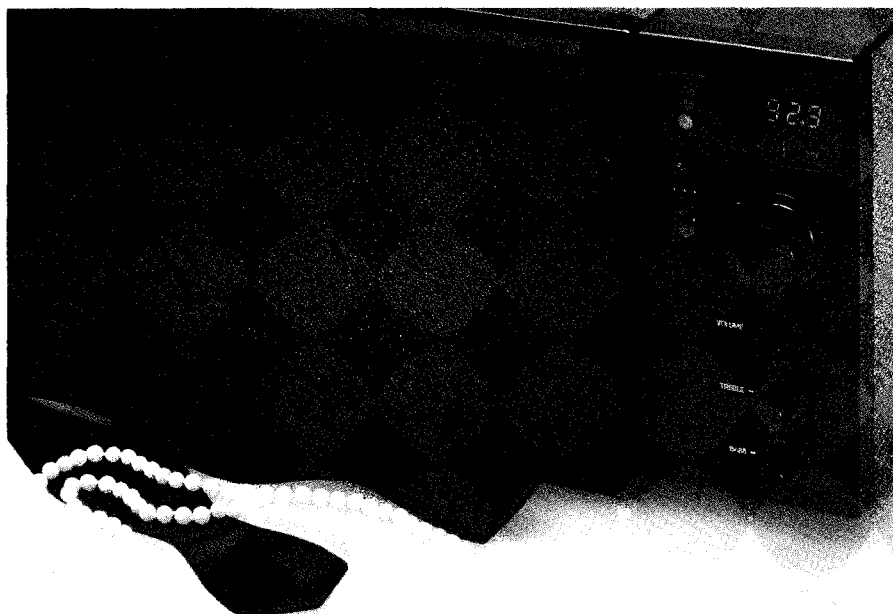


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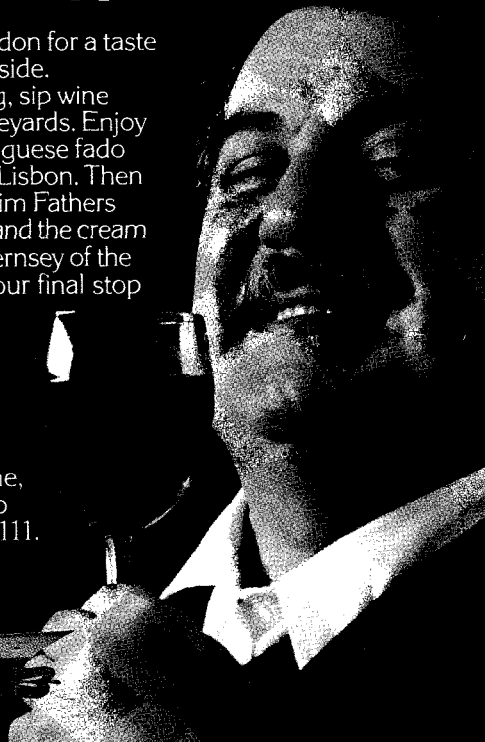
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in Boston and fair in New York, Jennie could be counted upon to say during a phone call when weather was discussed, "It's always snowing in Boston;" if the reverse was true, "It's always snowing in New York." Her finest, and most often recounted, generalization was heard at a formal gathering that was delayed slightly by the tardy arrival of a gentleman who happened to be French Canadian. When the man finally entered the room, he apologized for being late and explained that he had to entertain some guests who had dropped in on him unexpectedly. "Oh, you French Canadians, you just love to entertain," Jennie said, not at all sarcastically. A moment of dreadful silence followed that pronouncement, and Jennie sensed that she had made a gaffe. At last, she broke the tension by adding, "Just like the Israelis."

Her generalizations were sometimes combined with idioms of her own invention. She once told me that a particular bill had been "paid down."

"Don't you mean 'paid up'?" I said.

"No, 'paid down,'" she insisted. "That's the way we say it in Boston."

When I turned forty, she wrote me a touching, consoling letter, which ended, "Don't feel bad about being forty. Remember, you're still my sibling." When she telephoned to invite me to the dedication of the gravestone for a deceased brother-in-law, Jennie said, "Your Aunt Dorothy is unveiling her husband next week." And once, during a Seder, after Lenny had spoken movingly about freedom, Jennie's voice was heard exclaiming, "I second the emotion."

But her cultural allusions were the most noteworthy. On a valentine card to my son, Michael, she wrote, "Michael, how many ways I love you! Let's count the ways. Love, Grandma Browning." And there was the time she realized that her wallet was missing from her purse after a concert at Lincoln Center. Shirley took charge of the search for the wallet, and several anxious hours later it was found, intact. Too exhausted by the effort of the search to coin an original phrase, Shirley simply sighed and said, "All's well that ends well," to which Jennie added, "Shakespeare couldn't have said it better."

When Jennie employed a cliché, it seldom failed to surprise. She once wished me well on a forthcoming book and said she hoped that it would "sell like hot potatoes." On another such occasion, she said she hoped that the

new book would "sell in the hundreds." (It did.) She once refused a slice of extremely rich cake by saying, "That cake, you couldn't sell it to me!" And of taking a plane from Boston to New York she said, quite seriously, "I'm not so crazy about flying anymore. Flying is for the birds." There could be no doubt that her humorous lines were unintentional, because as those around her lost control and snickered she would merely stare in wonder at the reaction; then she would join in the laughter.

If Jennie's misuse of the cliché evoked hard-to-suppress general amusement, Sam's caused general hilarity. He was the all-time master of what I suppose could be called the mixed cliché, or the nearly accurate one. When he was ill, for example, he would complain about getting "side-kicks from the medicine." In 1966, he abruptly halted negotiations for the sale of his business, because at the last moment he "got cold shoulders." An unfamiliar person was someone he didn't know "from a hole in the head." During summer thunderstorms, it was invariably "raining dogs outside." For someone who was departing on a long trip, Sam bought "a getaway present." He would fly from Boston to New York on "the shuffle." His most respected business associate was "a very clean and cut fellow," who spared no expense on Sam and Jennie whenever they met him in what Sam called "Flarda." "Oh, how he song and danced us in Miami," Sam once reported. Important people whom he encountered on trips were always "very famous but I wouldn't want to indulge their names." And as far back as I can recall my father guarded against the vagaries of fate by advising, "Keep your finger crossed."

I've long believed that the most iridescent gem of Samiana or Jenniana took place in Los Angeles in 1960, while Lenny was conducting on the West Coast. Jennie and Sam had never been to California, so Lenny invited them to meet him there. It was a special thrill for Jennie, who, as I've noted, had been infatuated with movies and their stars ever since her girlhood. Indeed, she had named her daughter Shirley Anne after, in a roundabout fashion, the star Anne Shirley. *Tout* Hollywood fêted Lenny and his parents during their stay, and Jennie was in a glassy-eyed daze as her favorite film personalities made much of her at glittering Beverly Hills par-

ties. At one gala, Jennie spotted the actress Anita Louise across the room and tentatively approached her. "Oh, Anita Louise," Jennie said to her, "you've always been my favorite. You know, I named my daughter, Shirley, after you."

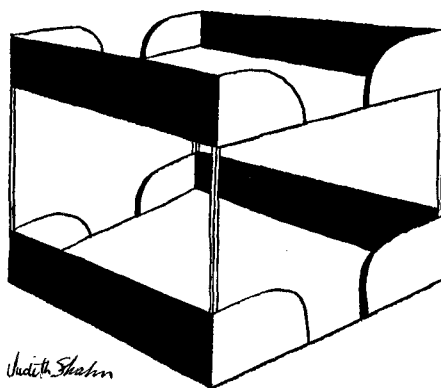
LENNY's sudden fame, of course, also had its peculiar impact on Shirley and me. For one thing, it separated us even more from our parents, while it brought the three children closer together than ever. Shirley and I were exposed to people, places, and ideas whose existence we had only dimly acknowledged before November of 1943. Lenny liked to have us around him to share in it all—art, urbane conversation, celebrities, show business, travel—and Shirley, particularly, relished the opportunity. The pretty, bright girl who had been named after Anne Shirley (or Anita Louise, as the case may be) was ready for, and vulnerable to, those seductive orbits around Lenny. At the time of his début, Shirley had almost finished her formal education and was aching to be set loose in the world, but not the world that Jennie and Sam had planned for her—a return to Boston, a marriage to a nice, steady chap (who might be eager for a partnership in a going beauty-supplies concern), and a long life in a happy home filled with nice, steady children. That was not to be.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Shirley's future would be inextricably entangled with Lenny's. Since her childhood, she had been under his spell—a kid sister who looked upon him not only as a big brother but as a kind of father, too. The attraction of her imaginative, charming, pedagogic, talented older brother was overpowering. Part of the reason for this closeness to Lenny was her place in the family structure—an unfortunate legacy from the Old Country. She was a girl child and the second born, so

nothing much was expected or demanded of her save the *nachas* that would come from her being one day a good homemaker and bearer of children—after she was suitably educated, of course. Not that she wasn't loved by Jennie and Sam. They adored her—but not in quite the same way that they adored Lenny. And when I was born—another son, the baby of their middle years—Shirley's status slipped badly. She was caught in a familial limbo: she was neither the oldest nor the youngest, no longer the cutest or the cuddliest, and certainly not the center of attention; she was the daughter in the middle.

Shirley's early relationship with Jennie and Sam was erratic. While there was a firm mother-daughter bond—having little female chats, cooking, knitting, and shopping together—Jennie's time was severely restricted when I came along, and Shirley was often left to her own devices. (One result of this isolation was a classic case of sibling jealousy. Shirley got even with her innocent newborn brother by experimentally depressing the fontanel on his infant head, until his screams frightened her off. Later, she convinced him that she was really his mother and Jennie was his grandmother. When he ran crying to Jennie for what he hoped would be a strong denial of the treacherous calumny, Jennie would say, in an offhand way, "Of course not, dear. Don't listen to that pest Shirley." He half believed Shirley's mean tale for one difficult year.)

The daughter's feelings about her father were problematical. "On the one hand, I saw Daddy as a tyrant—not so much to me as to Mama," Shirley has told me. "The tension in the house was palpable. He frightened me, because I never knew when he was going to whirl on Mama. The words between them were sometimes ugly, and the silences were just as ugly. I identified with Mama to the point where I vowed that I wouldn't live her life over again—and that's why I'm not married today, I guess. I remember swearing to myself, at eight or nine, that whatever happened to me I wouldn't have that life of a benumbed woman, the wife of a tyrant. I know that Daddy really loved me, but he showed affection with great difficulty. He rarely hugged me. Instead, he would ruffle my hair over my eyes—which had the effect on me that being rubbed the wrong way has on a cat. But, even with his bumbling manner,



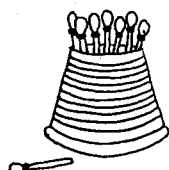
he could be very tender and sweet. If I was sick, he would fall all over himself with worry and trying to make me better. And he very tenderly taught me my bedtime prayers. When he was depressed and brooding, I was in tune with him, in a funny way—with his isolation, his feeling of being unloved. I felt so sorry for him. But he wouldn't let me get close enough to find out what the trouble was." This made for a somewhat difficult childhood. For a while, Shirley sleepwalked, appearing spookily at her mother's side in the middle of the night. She read voraciously to escape—both trashy books and classics—exhausting the fiction shelves of local libraries. She, like Sam, felt a bit left out of things.

Except with Lenny. Thanks to her older brother, she had become a character citizen of Rybernia at age five, a trusted performer in his productions, somebody who could help him learn operas by singing the female roles, often until her vocal cords were inflamed. Lenny was the person to whom she went for help with her homework, for brotherly and paternal advice, for playing word games, for laughs. And when Lenny became famous there was no question in her mind that she would be part of his new life. At Mount Holyoke, Shirley had been in an accelerated-graduation program—a wartime expedient to make more room at the college for the training of Waves. Until Lenny's debut, she had intended to join the Waves after her graduation. (The smart uniforms and the chance to be an active participant in the war effort were the major attractions.) She changed her mind about the Waves once she had her diploma. To appease her parents, she said that she would live with them in the new Brookline house. It was a tiny deception. She moved in for a few weeks in the winter of 1944, but before long she persuaded Jennie and Sam that Lenny desperately needed a secretary and that she would be perfect for the job as soon as she had polished up her typing. Despite parental misgivings, she moved to New York and shared Lenny's apartment.

As a secretary, Shirley was less than efficient, but as a companion and a sort of concert valet she was valuable. (Lenny soon acquired the services of his former piano teacher Helen Coates for the growing secretarial chores.) Shirley delighted in the theatrical

world and the swirl of celebrities around Lenny. I would receive newsy, envy-making letters from her with information such as this:

Lenny and Sylvia Lyons gave a great party the other night—all the usual people plus, mind you, Ethel Barrymore, Bernard Baruch, Joe DiMaggio, Charles Boyer, Ezio Pinza, Moss Hart, John Steinbeck, Garson Kanin, Al Hirschfeld, Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, John Ringling North—and people like that there; how about that?



It wasn't long before she entered show business herself, with Lenny's help. A gritty, bluesy song called "Big Stuff," which Lenny had written to set the scene for his first ballet, "Fancy Free," required a gritty, bluesy voice.

Shirley's by then chronically inflamed vocal cords produced just that, and her voice was used in a recording of the song, a few bars of which sounded before the opening moment of the ballet. And when Lenny and the choreographer Jerome Robbins expanded the three-sailors-on-shore-leave theme into the musical "On the Town" (with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green), Shirley was cast in the singing chorus. She stayed with the show until 1946, finally being promoted to a small speaking role. From then on, it was all show business, in one way or another. Her performing career faded—she was self-critical enough to realize that her talents were limited—but she entered the area of theatrical and television production with spirit and talent. Most recently, she has formed her own literary agency. In addition, her involvement in Lenny's life has remained constant, continuing even after his marriage to Felicia, in 1951. Why Shirley should prefer that "crazy-artist" New York to stable Boston and marriage, home, and family was a puzzle to Jennie and Sam, but one that they never quite gave up the hope of solving.

AS for the kid brother, Shirley's unexpected departure for New York in 1944 left me feeling deserted: another member of my other family, my Rybernian family, had flown the coop, and I was suddenly an only child. I loved my parents, and they loved me—doted on me, in fact—but I still felt deserted. Lenny and Shirley were off in New York; I was stuck at home, just another grammar-school kid.

Actually, my sense of forlornness wasn't as sudden as that. It had begun

around 1940, when Lenny went to the Curtis Institute and Shirley entered Mount Holyoke. But then they at least used to come home fairly regularly. Despite the large age differences, especially between Lenny and me, I had always been close to them. They enjoyed going beyond the usual big-brother and big-sister roles, sharing their private thoughts, jokes, and language with little Baudümü. Lenny never tired of instructing me in such intricate matters as the facts of life, music appreciation, political science, and just about anything he happened to learn at school. In a sense, I received a secondhand Harvard education, starting at the age of three. I doubt whether his patient instruction made me any more intelligent than my coevals, but it did seem to stimulate my young imagination. With my miniature carpenter's set, I would retire to my room for hours at a time to construct not just crude boxes but entire automobiles and airplanes, capable of being sat in. And I sang while I hammered and sawed—naughty ditties my sister taught me to shock Jennie and Sam, and my own lyrics to such numbers as Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. (To the "Shepherd's Song" theme of the last movement, I would intone, "Sometimes it's raining before our work and play, Sometimes it's raining—we're glad to say, 'Good morning.'") To keep me company in my solitary pursuits, I had three very dear imaginary friends, named, for no special reason, Greena Gom, Bob Vrom, and Smooth. The four of us would have lengthy conversations about life in general and carpentry in particular. As I recall, Greena and Bob were nice, ordinary children, but Smooth was deceitful. (Lenny's first luxury car was an enormous forest-green 1947 Buick convertible, and it was christened Greena, in honor of my old friend.)

My frequent childhood illnesses, which meant confinements in bed, also stimulated my inventiveness. It seemed that I was a victim of one continuous cold, despite Dr. Finky's inoculations and my father's constant injunction "Button up your neck!" In midwinter, my unending cold would erupt into sieges of pneumonia, bronchitis, and ear infections. Whenever I was in danger of wasting away to nothing, Sam would pack Jennie and me off to Florida, where, according to Dr. Finky, all ailments could be cured by "putting your nose in the sun." The better part of two winters spent in a

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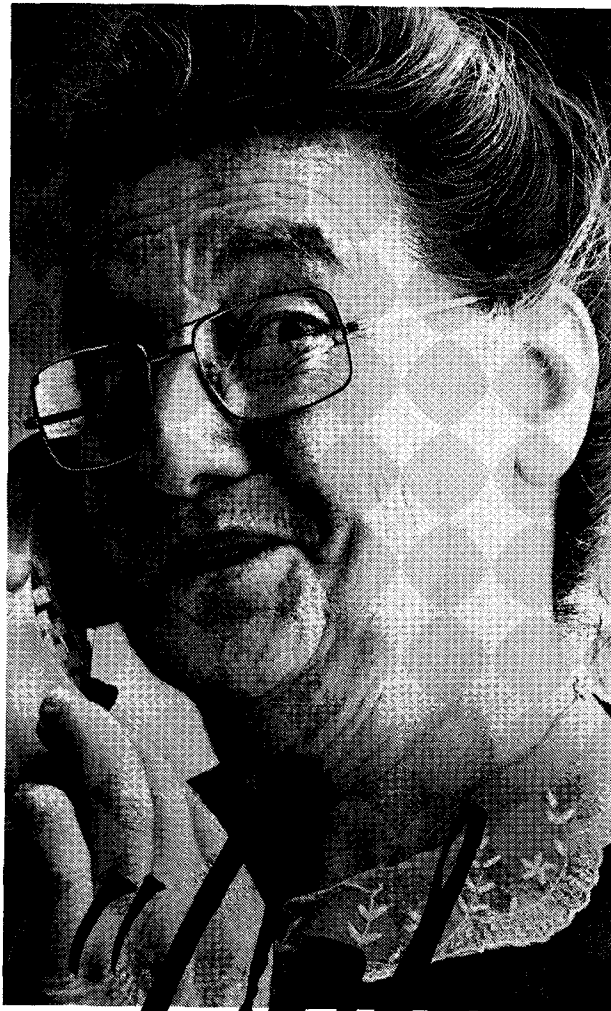
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dreary Miami Beach hotel helped somewhat. To amuse myself in Miami among all those infirm, aging adults, I would write stories in the school notebooks that my teachers gave me for practicing the multiplication tables I was not learning back home. One story, in its entirety, reads:

THE MOTHER GOOSE MURDER

Lennord Burton was sitting in his room in his studio. He was so busy dreaming he did not notice the window open. All of the sudden a package dropped on the floor. It startled Lennord he jumped up in surprise. He saw the man jump away but did not go after him because the other man had a good start. He looked on the floor and he saw a jack in the box on the floor. He picked it up. He pushed the Button and Pop a little head popped out. He pushed the head back into the box again. There was an boom. A cop on the corner came up and came in what was left of the room and there on the floor was Jim. Dead.

However much my creativity flowered during those two winters in the semitropics, my schooling suffered. But when I returned to the John Ward School, in Newton—tanned, a little more flesh on my bones, still sniffing—I managed to catch up with the rest of my class and be promoted. One of my teachers, Rachel Stein, described the situation in a letter to my parents:

May 24, 1940

DEAR MR. & MRS. BERNSTEIN,

Since Grade III marks the end of a period in your child's growth, and Grade IV begins a new educational cycle, we are sending you information concerning his achievement up to this time. We are attempting to give you a clear picture of your child's development. . . .

Burtie loves to read, and he does this very well. He equally enjoys our discussion periods and is always anxious to make his contribution. He holds the interest of the group, and finds it easy to tell what he has read in his own words.

Arithmetic and spelling seem to require more effort, but he is willing to work, and so I can see no reason that he should encounter any great difficulties.

It has always been a pleasure to have Burtie so interested in his work. Sometimes, however, his enthusiasm becomes so intense that he finds himself working under great pressure and strain. A little guidance, at this point, is very valuable to him, and he soon gets control of himself.

Because of this high sense of enthusiasm, Burtie has not always found it easy to do his work carefully and accurately. Papers have come in very untidy and hastily done. It has been good, however, to see a steady improvement along this line, and now, more regularly, his work assumes a different tone quality.

Burtie likes to play—in boyish fashion—and often does not make the most of his time.

Burtie is popular with the group, and all were eager to have him return from his

trip to Florida. He is a good sport—he loves to win, and yet he can lose with a smile.

I have enjoyed working with Burtie.

Sincerely yours,

RACHEL STEIN

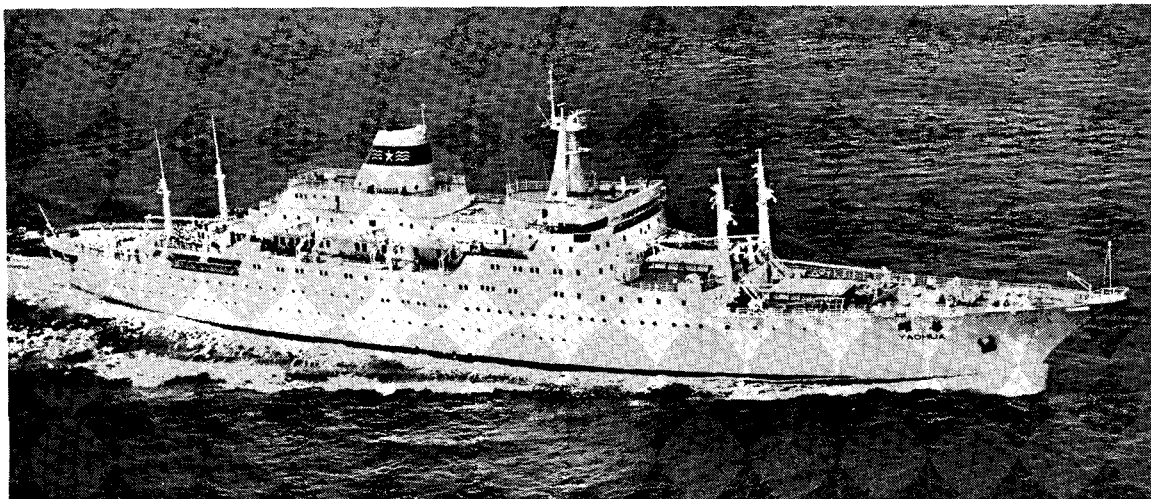
As Miss Stein indicated in her progress report, I was a fairly normal American boy, despite my secret Rybernian citizenship and my long periods of lonely convalescence. I had close boyfriends, a few comely girlfriends, a reputation for excellence in running sports, and three consecutive mongrel dogs, all answering to Mippy—after Ambrose Mippy, the inventor of the shoehorn in a funny Revuers' sketch. (It was a knotty task to explain the dogs' name to those who were not acquainted with the work of Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and such unfortunates were legion then.) In truth, the dogs were my mother's. She loved them most and cared for them best, and the dogs knew it. They rarely let her out of their sight, and they growled at anyone who approached her stealthily—even me. But, alas, all the dogs ended badly—run over, stolen, lost. When the third Mippy escaped from a boarding kennel, where we had put him before one of our trips to New York, and never reappeared, Jennie tearfully said to me, "I have no luck with your dogs." Sam, too, loved the Mippys, even to the point of confusing them with his children. In distracted moments, he would call to me, running the gamut of his offspring's names: "Lenny . . . Shirley . . . Mippy . . . Burtie!"

Those wholesome aspects of a more or less normal boyhood were compromised in 1941, when Sam sold the Newton house and we moved permanently to our newly enlarged house in Sharon. Sharon in the summer was a happy, warm place, but I soon learned that a not so subtle change came over the town in the winter months. Many of the locals, who tolerated and profited from the Jewish summer residents of the Grove, were in reality unabashed anti-Semites—I suppose because of that seasonal economic dependency and a lingering resentment of the strange-talking, well-heeled interlopers from the city, who, they were

told, were descendants of the murderers of Christ. This hostility was decorously hidden by the adults in the dealings with my parents, but their children—especially those in my age group—were far less restrained. I discovered this on my first day at school. A burly lout named Arthur decided that "the new Jew kid" would require his permission to board the yellow school bus for the ride home. I looked to the driver for help, but he stared out his windshield, muttering, "Come on, you people, let's go." I elbowed my way past Arthur and caught his lunchbox on my head for my daring. As I sat hunched and alone on a bus seat meant for two passengers, Arthur and some of his friends threw banana peels, erasers, and spitballs at me. It was the worst day of my young life. I didn't tell my parents about it.

Taking the yellow bus to and from school each weekday became so painful, physically and emotionally, that I walked or rode my Schwinn bicycle the three miles whenever the weather permitted. Inside the school, I wasn't bothered much—just generally ignored. I retreated inward, no longer displaying the "high sense of enthusiasm" that Miss Stein had detected in the Newton classroom. One Sharon teacher was alarmed enough by my sullen silence to call in Jennie for a conference; they decided that it was just a phase I was going through, intensified by the change of school. But on the morning of Monday, December 8, 1941—the day after Pearl Harbor was attacked—the school itself became as dangerous for me as the bus. We fifth graders were standing in the cold, wet recess yard, waiting to enter the dismal school building. My nemesis, Arthur, worked his way into line behind me and proclaimed loudly, "My father says it was the Jap-Jews that bombed us, and this guy is one of them." He shoved me hard and chanted "Jap-Jew, Jap-Jew," and the chant was taken up by several other kids. I doubt whether any American nine-year-old boy was more concerned about the war than I was. I had carefully followed the bloody progress of the Nazis on my father's pin-stuck battle map, I had read the war news every day in the Boston *Herald*, and the previous night I had stayed up late with my parents to hear the horrendous reports on the radio about the sneak Japanese attack on Hawaii. Nobody was going to call me a "Jap-Jew," whatever the hell that was. I lunged for Arthur, and hit him twice





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in the face before he and a couple of other boys knocked me down onto the asphalt pavement and pummelled me. When a teacher finally stopped the beating, my face was covered with blood and tears. It was my uncontrollable, convulsive sobbing that worried and humiliated me most. It continued throughout the morning—in the nurse's office (where I was washed and painted with iodine), in the principal's office (where I was blamed for the sneak attack on Arthur), and, later, in my mother's car (where I found myself being driven home, after she was called to the school by the principal). When I told her my side of the story, she comforted me, and said, "I knew we shouldn't have moved from Newton." Sam said the same thing when he came home that night, but the way he put it was "Why did you let me sell the Newton house, Jennie?" His guilt threw him into a depression that lasted for days. I frequently overheard them talking about sending me to a boarding school.

There were a few more fights with Arthur and some others, but they were less virulent than the Pearl Harbor incident. At last, I was just generally ignored again, except by two friends I had made—Eddie Parker and Marjorie Jones. Eddie Parker was a sickly kid from a pious Catholic family. We became good friends because he stepped in to help me in one of my fights; he said his mother had told him that it would be the right thing to do. Eddie, his mother, his whole family were like that. When he was absent from school, I would take his homework over to his house and study with him. Sometimes he'd be absent for weeks on end, and I'd be a semi-permanent fixture at his place, sharing the Parkers' meals and doing some of Eddie's chores. Marjorie Jones, who sat next to me in homeroom, was pert and popular. She liked to pass notes during class, and she thought that my scribbles were amusing. We were caught once and had to stay after school together, washing blackboards. From then on, I had a large crush on her, although our relationship seldom went beyond the note-passing stage. At school assemblies, when we were supposed to raise our voices in Protestant hymns (and also in "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!" and "America, the Beautiful"), I could never quite bring myself to sing out the ringing last line of the doxology—"Praise Father, Son, and

Holy Ghost." Instead, I used to mumble, "Praise Father, Son, and Marjorie Jones."

Besides my two friends, I took comfort in ice hockey and, oddly, the war during those Sharon winters. Once I had learned how to play hockey, I was pretty much accepted as a regular guy—even, grudgingly, by Arthur, who released his remaining hostility on the ice with bruising but clean body checks. We Sharon boys were so enamored of hockey that we shovelled



the snow off the lake ice before we shovelled out our driveways—a practice that did not please our parents. The thrill of scoring a goal, and of colliding with another kid out of sport,

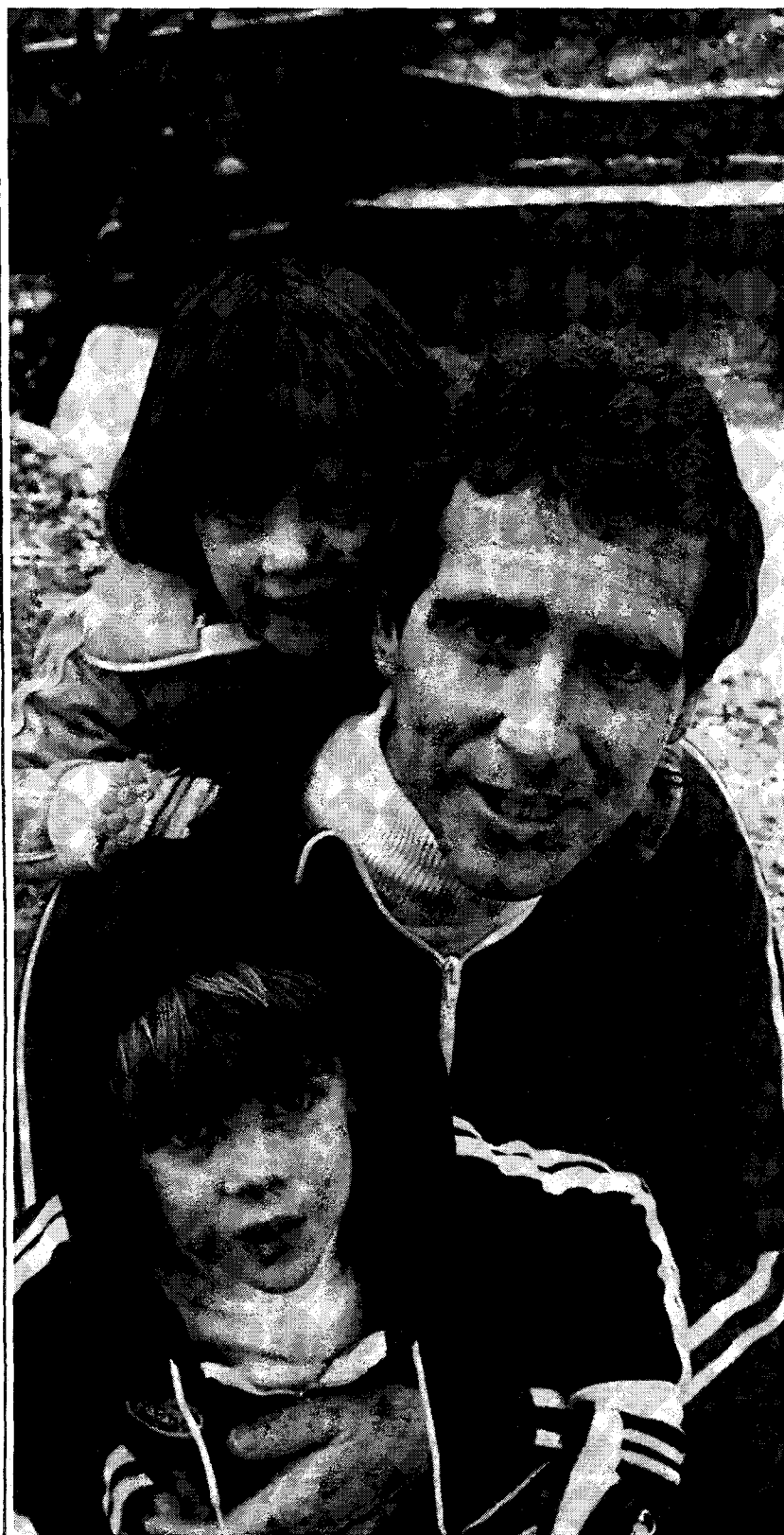
not meanness, helped me gain confidence with my fellows and in school. As for the war, it captured most of my waking thoughts and whatever imagination I had left. I spent Saturday mornings collecting scrap metal, flattened tin cans, old tires, and newspapers for the war effort, and later I earned the position of junior airplane spotter for the Massachusetts State Guard—a collection of overage men who packed unloaded shotguns and wore First World War uniforms on weekend maneuvers. To facilitate my spotter duty, I was given an official chart showing the silhouettes and characteristics of all the American, British, German, Japanese, and Italian planes, and I committed these to memory. We never identified anything in the Sharon skies other than American aircraft, but, as we used to say so solemnly out in the woods on fair weekend afternoons, you never know when some suicidal Nazi bastard might fly his Messerschmitt 109 over Sharon, do you? (Rumors of secret Nazi airfields in the Canadian wilderness were rife.) It was my unashamed dream to be an American fighter pilot, the sole master of a screaming P-47, its fifty-calibre machine guns spitting fiery lead at the accursed enemy. And unashamed, too, was my fervent hope that the war would last long enough for me to be of eligible age to join the Army Air Forces. Until that glorious day, I would have to content myself with constructing models of fighters and drawing flaming dogfights (the Messerschmitt 109s and Zeros flaming most) in my schoolbooks. I had mixed feelings on V-J Day, when I was just a hopelessly underage thirteen.

An inevitable result of my three full-time years in Sharon was my discomfort at being Jewish. It surfaced in

two ways: my stubborn reluctance to learn Hebrew in preparation for my forthcoming bar mitzvah, and embarrassment over my father's accent and his annoying habit of seeing everything through a Jewish lens. The effect of my behavior on Sam was devastating; it was unthinkable that his son wouldn't be an exemplary Jewish lad. Even rebellious Lenny had been faultless in that department. Once, when I told my father that, on intellectual grounds, it would be hypocritical of me, a nonbeliever, to go with him to *shul* on Yom Kippur, he turned crimson and threatened me with all kinds of punishments. Just before I relented, he shouted, "Even the goyim go to *shul* on Yom Kippur!" Who could refuse him after that? But my private anti-Semitism prevailed, even unto my sham bar mitzvah in the marble halls of Temple Mishkan Tefila. I did learn by rote the ritual prayers and the required Scriptural passages, and I carried off the ceremony with dignity and panache—a good bluff job. My parents' friends were duly impressed: another Bernstein son had shown himself to be a fine Hebrew scholar, a credit to his people. Little did they know. After the bar mitzvah, my discomfort gradually disappeared, but my spiritual feeling for the Jewish religion—any religion—never seems to have been there in the first place.

Adolescence struck at about the time we moved to Brookline, just after Lenny's sensational debut. Mine was probably no worse than any other twelve-year-old boy's. Scholastic and social enthusiasms returned with their old intensity, and because my brother was famous I had a certain cachet among my contemporaries and teachers. (When "On the Town" tried out in Boston, in late 1944, I was elevated to a kind of celebrity myself.) But the difference between most adolescents and me was that I had *two* families to rebel against—especially those two fathers, Sam and Lenny. In Sam's case, I denied the causes closest to his heart—his religion and his business. When he maneuvered me into attending services at Mishkan Tefila, I would slip away to the Franklin Park Zoo, across the street, during the rabbi's sermons. I was a "rotten kid," all right, but I rationalized my rottenness by claiming moral and intellectual integrity. I knew I was hurting Sam, but I couldn't seem to help myself. When he tried to interest me in the beauty-supplies business, I wounded him just as deeply. He wanted me to learn the

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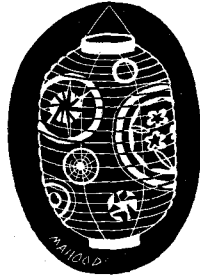
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business from the bottom up, working on Saturdays and during school vacations as a delivery boy and a packer in the shipping room, but after a while I so upset the other employees with my snide remarks about commerce that even Sam thought it best for me to spend my free time in some other enterprise, like shovelling snow or raking leaves. As far as his business was concerned, all three of his children were ungrateful wretches.

My rebellion against Lenny took a similar tack, in that I tended to sneer at his world. Anything connected with long-hair music and art was beneath my notice—sissy stuff. Part of this attitude wasn't necessarily my fault. In greenrooms after Lenny's concerts, well-meaning but thoughtless people would ask me, "Are you going to be a famous conductor, too?" At first, I answered politely (forcing a smile and examining my shoes: "No, I don't think so"), but as that dreaded question became more frequent and predictable my responses grew ruder (brightly: "No, I'm going to be an osteopath"). Actually, I wanted more than ever to be a P-47 pilot, but until that time I had to be satisfied with any kind of speed—running the hundred-yard dash ever faster, tearing down hills on my Schwinn bike and applying the brakes only at the last second, skating and skiing heedlessly, racing my motorboat on Massapoag Lake, purloining the family Oldsmobile and seeing what it could do on desolate country roads. Speed, athletic or mechanical, seemed to me as contrary to artistic endeavor as anything could be. It was virile, exciting, perilous, and, best of all, nobody in my family approved of it.

No matter how fast I sped, it was nothing compared with what I imagined flying would be. I had never been up in an airplane, but from building my models and diligently reading Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and technical books I thought I knew as much about aviation as most licensed pilots did. I arrogantly assumed that I could simply get into a Piper J-3 Cub and take off, without a minute of formal instruction. Strangely, it was Lenny, the consummate artist, who introduced me to my first experience of flight. In the early summer of 1946, he visited Sharon, the scene of his youthful triumphs, before he went off to Tanglewood, where he was teaching and

conducting. He was full of stories about his more recent triumphs, all of which I greeted with calculated indifference, but one of his tales brought me up sharp. Some new acquaintance had taken Lenny for a spin in a small plane and had let him handle the controls. His description of the thrill of flying was so poetic that I lost all pretense of adolescent coolness. I was jealous. That afternoon, without telling anybody, we drove to nearby Norwood Airport, a former military-training base that had been converted into



a private field and flying school after the war. (I had previously spent many afternoons standing by the fence of that airport watching the little yellow Piper Cubs take off and land.) Lenny said that he wanted to take a lesson and that he'd treat me to one, also. He went up first, in a J-3 Cub, with an instructor. An hour later, they landed, and Lenny was ecstatic. "Wait till you try it," he said. "You'll never be the same again." He was absolutely right. After that first lesson, I vowed that I would be a pilot, no matter what.

However, my second lesson didn't take place for more than a year—a year spent trying to convince my parents that flying was as harmless as riding a bike. They weren't convinced, and since lessons cost eight dollars an hour—money that Sam made quite clear he would not provide—they reasoned that my infatuation was not practicable anyway. But I found odd jobs, saved my allowance and school-lunch money, and finally accumulated enough cash to pay for the necessary instruction leading up to my first solo. Sam was struck by my initiative, as he had been by Lenny's financing his piano lessons, and he gave me permission to fly. Jennie, however, was terrified. I told her that she should see for herself how safe it was. So persuasive was my argument (I had Lenny's old wheedling technique down pat) that she drove me to the Norwood Airport for my second lesson, and sat in the car with her eyes shut, a prayer on her lips, while I took off in a flimsy, fabric-covered Cub. When I returned to the car, intoxicated by the magic of controlled flight, she said, "O.K., fly—but don't ever ask me to come here again." Flying, my parents figured, was something I'd get out of my system if I didn't kill myself first. They were right, but it took many years and a lot of magical

flights. I still get a funny feeling when I'm near a small plane. Indeed, in the past year I've taken up private flying again.

During that summer of 1946, Lenny was responsible for another crucial moment in my life, one that had the effect of extinguishing my rebellion—against him, at any rate. He invited me to come to Tanglewood and stay as long as I liked at his rented cottage, on the shore of the Stockbridge Bowl. It was the first full-blown season of the Berkshire Music Center after the war, and the central event was the American premiere of Benjamin Britten's opera "Peter Grimes," which had been commissioned by Koussevitzky (and was called by its sponsor "Peter und Grimes"). Koussevitzky had designated Lenny to be the conductor of the opera, a complex work that tested the talents of the Opera Department.

When I arrived at Lenny's cottage (with the intention of staying for just a few days), I walked into a winning bedlam, the like of which I had never seen before. Besides Lenny, Helen Coates, and a maid as the permanent inhabitants, there was a procession of transients: Shirley; Adolph Green and his fiancée, Allyn Ann McClerie; Betty Comden and her husband, Steve Kyle; Judy Holliday; Jerome Robbins; the pianist William Kapell; the composer David Diamond; various other musicians; and Lenny's girlfriend, a petite Chilean actress named Felicia Montealegre. Despite my noble intentions and Philistine pose, I was captivated by the delightful chaos and all those "crazy artist nuts," as Sam called them. I stayed on and on that summer, working as a lighting technician in the "Peter Grimes" production. At fourteen, I was certainly the youngest student at Tanglewood, and I was everybody's pet. I had discovered a new element—almost as much fun as speed and flying. I learned about opera and stagecraft and poetry and literature and artists and the way special minds work. I became hooked on a world that I presumably loathed.

Of all the people crammed into Lenny's lakeshore cottage that summer, Felicia was the one who beguiled me most. I had first met her the previous spring, when she came to Boston with Lenny for one of his concerts there, and we had become good friends. What instantly attracted me to her then—beyond her delicate beauty, her humor and spirit, and her lilting, unidentifiable accent, which, with her

little black beret, evinced a charming foreignness—was her *not* asking me in the Symphony Hall greenroom whether I was going to be a famous conductor, too. Of such small civilities are great relationships born. Lenny had brought her to Boston primarily to meet Jennie and Sam. Felicia and he were something of an item in New York. They had been introduced to each other by the Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau, who was Felicia's mentor when she contemplated becoming a concert pianist after her arrival in America. (She soon realized that her higher talent was acting, and within a few years she was a leading lady of television drama.) Although the question of marriage had not yet arisen, Lenny thought that Jennie and Sam should meet her, just in case it did someday. From the parents' point of view, there would be problems with Felicia. True, she was half Jewish—her father was a California engineer named Roy Cohn, who had settled in Chile—but her mother, the former Clemencia Montealegre, was a Latin-American aristocrat who had insisted on a strict Catholic upbringing for her three daughters. Consequently, Felicia had been educated by nuns in Santiago. Though she had been the rebel of her convent school, she was hectored by conflicting religious forces throughout her life. Supreme *nachas* for Jennie and Sam meant a good Jewish marriage for Lenny as much as for Shirley, but Felicia was not the sort of wife they had in mind for their famous son. From the start, a wariness enveloped them and Felicia. It dissipated somewhat when her engagement to Lenny was announced, at the end of 1946, but my parents and Felicia never really knew what to make of one another.

That was not the case with Felicia and me. During the "Peter Grimes" summer, it was as if I had been presented with a second older sister—one who even understood Rybernian, after a fashion. My counter-family had been increased by one. But toward the end of the following summer at Tanglewood (I worked as a lighting technician in the Opera Department for three successive seasons) Lenny and Felicia decided that neither of them was ready for marriage, and the engagement was broken off. Next to the principals, I was the most upset.

Another result of those Tanglewood summers was my improved status with my brother and sister. As I stumbled into young manhood, the

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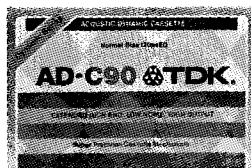


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physical differences in our ages disappeared, and we were practically contemporaries—in spirit, anyway. No longer was I so much the kid brother (or the baby in the Rybernian family); I came to be accepted as an equal, whose thoughts and sensibilities were not necessarily met with indulgent smiles. I was encouraged to go on trips with them—at first, some of Lenny's shorter conducting tours and occasional vacation jaunts. I probably learned more on those trips than I was absorbing in the classrooms of Brookline High School.

After the 1948 Tanglewood season—when I was sixteen, a licensed driver and a licensed pilot—Lenny broached the idea of our navigating Greena, his sleek Buick convertible, to some isolated spot out West, where he could work without interruption on his second symphony, based on W. H. Auden's long poem "The Age of Anxiety." The British poet Stephen Spender happened to be visiting Tanglewood at that time, and he suggested that we accompany him to D. H. Lawrence's ranch, near Taos, New Mexico, which the novelist's widow had made available to various artists who craved seclusion. Spender was going out to work on a new literary project, and he told us that there would be plenty of room for Lenny and me. Thus an unlikely trio took to the road in blistering mid-August—Lenny and I sharing the driving, Spender sitting poetically taut in the back seat, like a reincarnation of Shelley, as we plunged westward. Unknown to us, the four new tires Lenny had bought for Greena were defective. Just outside Oneonta, New York, the first tire blew to smithereens as we careered down a hot highway. Several heart-stopping seconds later, we skidded to a dusty halt in a ditch, just short of a large, implacable elm tree. "Have we had a tire burst?" Spender asked as Lenny and I, limbs aqiver, staggered out of the car to inspect the damage. The question didn't deserve an answer. Spender watched us remove the pitiful shreds of rubber and the mangled wheel until he wearied of observing such witless, sweaty work. By the time we were tightening the bolts on the spare, he had discovered a shaded rill and, thumbing through a thin volume of verses, was lost in thought and nature. In Nashville, Amarillo, and Tucumcari, New Mexico, the remaining defective tires burst, with more or less the same resulting brushes with disaster. Each time, Spender mysteri-

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ously found a rill, or at least an irrigation ditch, beside which to muse or read poetry while we quivered, swore, and sweated. In Amarillo, when my patience with Spender's aloofness had worn thin, he explained why such events hardly disturbed him: he had been a fireman in London during the Blitz.

But mostly the motor trip to Taos and our week's stay at the Lawrence ranch were filled with good, witty conversation. Again, I learned a great deal, in spite of myself. Lenny used the Taos expedition as the setting for a chapter of his book "The Joy of Music." The chapter, called "Bull Session in the Rockies," consisted of an aesthetic dialogue featuring L.B., L.P. (Lyric Poet), and Y.B. (Younger Brother). Here follows a typical passage:

L.P.: I'm afraid you're begging the question. Nobody has proposed that Beethoven leads all the rest solely because of his rhythm, or his melody, or his harmony. It's the combination—

L.B.: The combination of undistinguished elements? That hardly adds up to the gold-plated bust we worship in the conservatory concert hall! And the counterpoint—

Y.B.: Gum, anyone?

L.B.:—is generally of the schoolboy variety. He spent his whole life trying to write a really good fugue. And the orchestration is at times downright bad, especially in the later period when he was deaf. Unimportant trumpet parts sticking out of the orchestra like sore thumbs, horns bumbling along on endlessly repeated notes, drowned-out woodwinds, murderously cruel writing for the human voice. And there you have it.

L.P. (*in despair*): Y.B., I wish I didn't have to constantly keep reminding you about driving sanely!

Y.B.: You have just split an infinitive. (*But he slows down.*)

At the Lawrence ranch, high on a Rocky mountain, each of us fell into a daily routine, L.B. composing at a balky piano in the living room, L.P. taking long walks and then setting down his peripatetically inspired poetry, Y.B. making friends with a neighboring Indian tribe and attempting to corral some half-wild ponies. At six o'clock every evening, we all broke off whatever we were doing and bathed in an icy stream. Then, as the sun disappeared behind a russet ridge, Spender would sing, in a tentative, nasal way:

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

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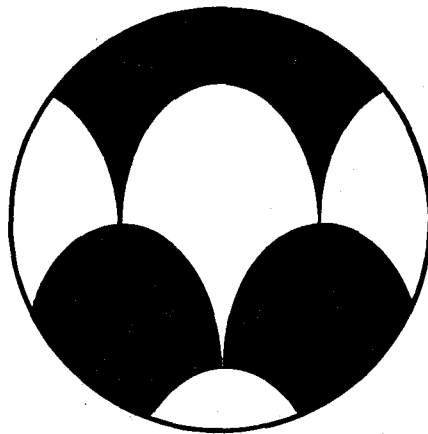
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day would indeed be over, save for dinner and some intellectual talk, punctuated by yawns. It was marvelous fun—the conversations, the Indians, the ponies, the pack rats, which stole your toothbrush and left a twig in its place, the erotic paintings by Lawrence on the walls, even Lawrence's ashes and memorabilia in a musty outbuilding. But a week was all that Lenny could take of the extreme isolation and the deficient piano. He and I sadly left Spender to the Lawrence ashes and the pack rats, and headed north to Sheridan, Wyoming, where we had been invited by a Tanglewood student to spend some time on his family's cattle ranch. We plunged into the strenuous Wyoming life, working, in effect, as hired ranch hands from dawn to dusk and then drinking beer in town at night with the local cowboys. It was a whole new adventure for both of us—a neat counterpoint to Spender, certainly—but soon it was back to the East for my last year of high school and Lenny's sixth year of growing fame. I considered myself to be a very lucky fellow.

After high school, there was Dartmouth, and in the summer of 1950, between my freshman and sophomore years, Lenny asked Shirley and me to keep him company on an extensive post-Tanglewood conducting tour of Europe. Shirley was between jobs and available, and I aborted a trans-America hitchhiking trip with a friend. The moment we fastened our seat belts on the airliner to Paris, the three of us regressed to our old, puerile Rybernian form. From then on, the private jokes and allusions, the uncontrollable giggles and mad laughter, the infantile sense of sheer pleasure in one another's existence poured out non-stop, no matter how many eyebrows were raised in bemusement. It was difficult for the Europeans we encountered to fathom a brash young American maestro who didn't use a baton and moved athletically on the podium; it was impossible for them to comprehend one who blended in quite happily with his idiot siblings. Were we being vulgar Americans, loud Jews? We didn't care. Throughout the tour, it was as if there were only three people on earth and we were the fortunate trio.

The self-perpetuating fun carried us mindlessly through France, England, Scotland, Holland, West Germany, and Ireland. In Paris, where we stayed longest, Lenny was the *chef d'orchestre distingué* to everyone, and,

to the endless amusement of Shirley and me, the *chef*—our very own Lennuht—would mumble asides in Rybernian even as he was being lionized by some terribly grand *comtesse*. We could hardly wait to leave elegant receptions and special excursions to cultural landmarks so we could rush back to our hotel for some unmuffled jokes and, of all things, a long game of canasta. Canasta—loud, riotous, hysterical canasta—was the obsession of the tour. We played it not only in hotel rooms but in any enclosed space, secluded or otherwise: planes, trains, greenrooms at intermission, waiting rooms, lobbies, and, on one memorable occasion, a taxi speeding us across Ireland—the melds and packs balanced on laps and tucked into upholstery crevices, behind the rate card and the lap-robe holder, while the driver snatched astonished glances at us in his rearview mirror. Perhaps the zenith of our exclusive insanity (and rudeness) was our stay as guests in a Donegal castle. There, among British nobility, artists, and a deferential staff of deerstalkers, gillies, maids, chars, and an aged butler named Whiteside, we carried on as though we were in our own Sharon living room. Whiteside, we decided at first sight, was the original butler who did it, and we immediately renamed him Nightshade. He was a nice man, actually, and he kept us fortified with tea and scones during our enervating canasta tournaments.

Ireland was the last stop for me. Lenny and Shirley were going on to Italy and Israel, and I desperately wanted to stay with them, but I was late for my sophomore year at college as it was. When they saw me off on the plane at Shannon, it was a grievous parting. We may not have advanced the cause of American civilization much, but we did have a spectacularly good time, a kind of last fling with our Rybernian childhood, our arrested development. We knew that sooner or later we three—especially the *chef d'orchestre distingué*, thirty-two-year-old Lenny—would have to grow up, and that things would never be quite the same again.

A LARGE part of growing up involved marriage and children. To those ends, Lenny had started seeing Felicia again in 1951. It was finally apparent to both of them that if they were ever going to marry, it would be to each other. In July of that year, at Tanglewood, their engage-

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ment was announced, for the second time in five years. In September, they were married at Temple Mishkan Tefila, with two rabbis officiating. The ceremony and the ensuing reception, at our Brookline house, were at once tense and jubilant. Before the ceremony, Felicia had formally been converted to Judaism—an action that left her mother, Clemencia, in a state of mild catatonia. Both Lenny and Felicia were approaching that state themselves, as their mixed pasts appeared in a startling potpourri: various Chileans; Abe and Annie Miller; show-business friends; Sam's business associates and Sharon cronies; the Resnicks; and stunned Grandmother Dinah, on leave from the Hebrew Home for Aged. (For Dinah, the event was further proof of how utterly insane America was.) Sam and Jennie, swallowing hard, had finally accepted Felicia and her background. Domestic *nachas* was the overriding factor; Lenny had a wife, and soon—please God—there would be grandchildren. They were thankful and sentimental.

Before long, there were grandchildren: in 1952, a granddaughter, Jamie; in 1955, a grandson, Alexander Serge (after—conversely—Serge Alexandrovich Koussevitzky); and, in 1962, another granddaughter, Nina. Sam and Jennie took great pleasure in these more conventional rewards of family; they were fond of saying that Lenny's success meant little to them compared with a smile from firstborn Jamie, and it was probably true. The question of Shirley's singleness provoked frowns, but when I married, in 1960, and gave them two more grandchildren, Karen and Michael, their appetite for *nachas* was almost sated. Almost.

Just as Sam and Jennie never totally gave up the hope that Shirley would "settle down with a nice fellow," they continued to hope that I would take over the family business, though I had firmly stated my intentions to the contrary. At college, I had decided that I would probably be a writer, not a pilot. At the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, I became sure of it. To hasten the day, I chose to be drafted for a two-year hitch in the Army rather than enlist for four years in the Air Force, though this would have fulfilled my old fighter-pilot dream. With the publication of my first book, Sam understood at last that there would be no inheritance of his business. What was by then an old

Boston commercial establishment—a hard-won extension of himself; his fourth child, as it were—had become almost an orphan. Someday it would have to be adopted by a stranger. That realization was a body blow for him. The beauty trade had provided his three kids with a substantial life, but all three had turned their backs on it. Rotten kids.

AS the Cold War grew frigid in the nineteen-fifties, the letters from our Russian relatives arrived less frequently and then stopped altogether. Uncle Shlomo/Semyon had ceased writing directly to Sam much earlier, cautiously sending his stilted salutations via letters from Cousin Mikhoel. (Similarly, Sam had sent *his* stilted salutations to his brother in letters to Mikhoel.) But with the rise of Nikita Khrushchev and the policy of peaceful coexistence, in the late fifties, the thaw in American-Soviet relations was enough to allow for cultural exchanges and the opening of the American Exposition in Moscow. As part of President Eisenhower's Special International Program for Cultural Presentations, the New York Philharmonic was booked in the summer and early fall of 1959 for a sweeping tour of the Middle East and Europe, including nations behind the Iron Curtain. Lenny, who had been appointed music director of the Philharmonic in the fall of 1958, was looking forward particularly to his concerts in Russia. To set foot in the land of his forebears as the esteemed American leader of a distinguished American orchestra was the stuff of historical fiction. If he took Sam along with him to Russia and brought him together again with the only two close relatives who had survived the war—Shlomo (the brother whom Sam hadn't seen in more than fifty years) and Mikhoel (the nephew whom he had never seen)—that would really wrap up the saga. Two brothers, choosing to follow the major divergent courses of the twentieth century, rising to the top, and then meeting again in their advanced years through the intercession of a son and nephew, a world-renowned musician—the symbolism of such a Pasternak-like plot, in a time of brightening hope for peace and understanding between two differing cultures, was irresistible.

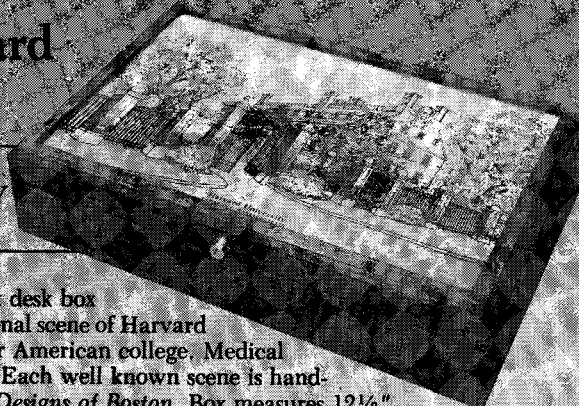
Once Lenny had conceived this compelling notion, he cranked up the machinery for bringing it about. First, Sam had to be convinced that a trip to Russia would be the fulfilling adven-

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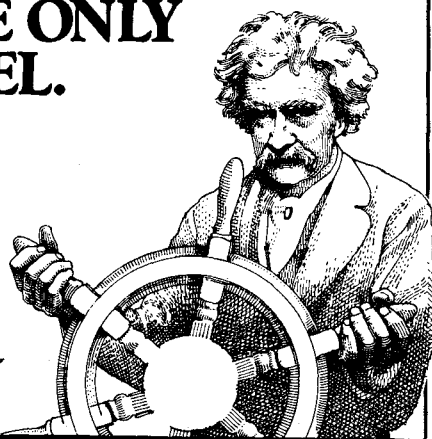
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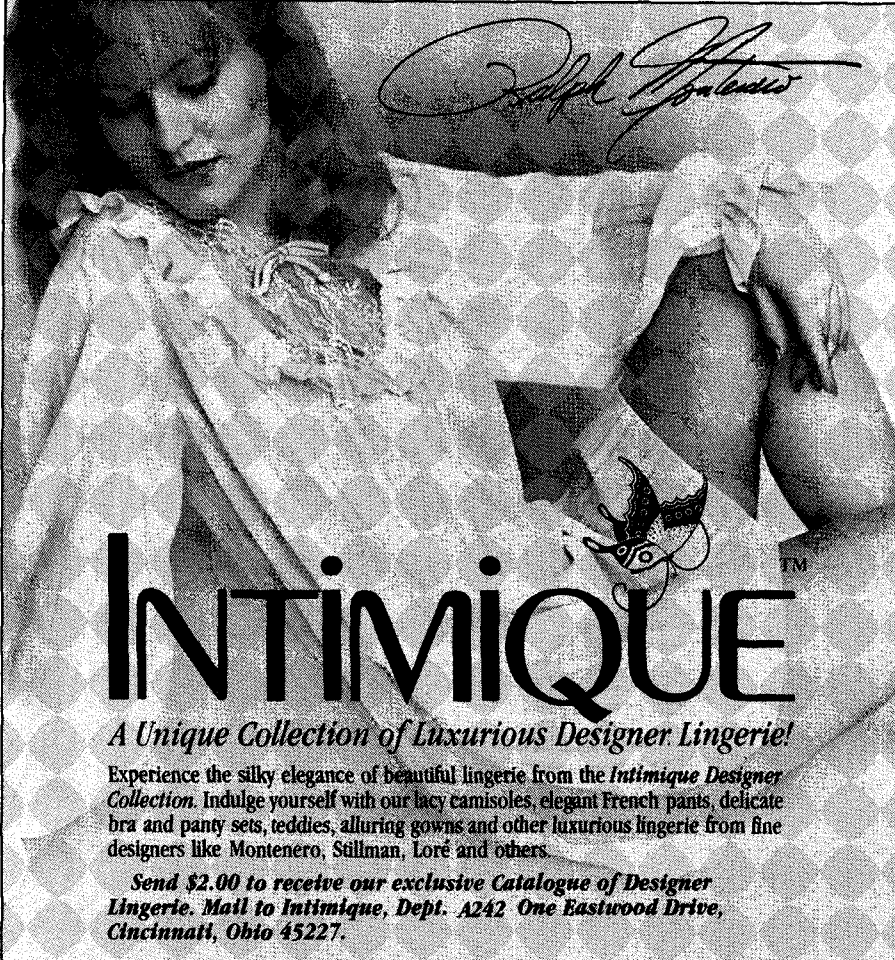
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ture of his lifetime. (Jennie wanted no part of the adventure; she disliked long trips and had no desire to see Russia again.) When Lenny offered the invitation, Sam, buffeted by wildly conflicting emotions, asked to think about it for a while. For days, he paced the Brookline living room and thought. Did he want to return for a visit to the land he had fled? Yes and no. Could he stand the pain of confronting the demolished culture of his youth? Maybe yes, maybe no. Would the shock of seeing his brother again be too great? Perhaps. Several vacillating phone calls later, Sam finally announced, weakly, that he would go. Through pressure exerted by the State Department (which, in effect, was sponsoring the Philharmonic's tour), Sam received a Soviet tourist visa—not an easy document to obtain for a Russian native who had stolen across the border in 1908. Sam would fly from Boston to Paris on August 19th and then take a connecting flight to Moscow.

Just as complex were the arrangements at the other end. Soviet citizens needed specific permission to travel within their own country. In 1959, Shlomo was living the life of a retired mining engineer in Novosibirsk, in south-central Siberia, and Mikhoel worked and lived in Dnepropetrovsk, the Ukraine. There could be no question of simply sending word that their American relatives would be in Moscow, and would they kindly meet them at the Hotel Ukraina. Governmental consent and properly certified internal passports were required. But again the State Department successfully applied the right pressure in the right places. Lenny was assured that Shlomo Bernstein and Mikhoel Zvainboim would be allowed to come to Moscow. Then, at the beginning of August, just before Lenny was to leave for Greece to open his tour, he received another call from Sam. "I can't go," Sam said. "It's too much for me." Lenny understood. It probably was too much, emotionally. Sam, as he himself might have said, "got cold shoulders."

The Philharmonic tour was triumphant from the start, accomplishing its cultural and diplomatic goals. Lenny and Felicia sent me letters and postcards from the early stops, in Greece, Turkey, Austria, and Poland, describing how thunderous the audience ovations were, and how the demands for encores were trying everyone. But all that éclat faded in comparison with the orchestra's reception in Russia. It was

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as if the entire nation had been waiting for the Americans' arrival. And somewhere among the well-wishers greeting Lenny were two men who identified themselves as Uncle Shlomo and Cousin Mikhoel.

They appeared at the Hotel Ukraina wearing ill-fitting Russian suits and nervous grins. "What I remember most about Shlomo was his mouthful of stainless-steel teeth," Lenny has said. "What a shock! He was big and muscular, a completely different type from Sam. Very sympathetic—smiling, outgoing. But those teeth! He had the look of a hardy Russian peasant, sort of like Khrushchev himself. I was thrilled to know there was such diversity in the family—as if I had come upon the legendary Bezalel, our giant blacksmith great-grandfather. Shlomo was unlike anybody else in the family I had ever met. We embraced, and I tried to talk with him in the little Russian I had picked up, but it was impossible. Finally, an interpreter appeared. Even so, Shlomo had very little to say. I asked him about his family, what he was doing, why he hadn't chosen to go to America, as Sam had. He answered that he was retired and living comfortably in Novosibirsk with his wife. He had only good things to say about his life in Russia—everything was hunky-dory. He seemed sincerely to like it where he was. As for the old *shtetl* where he and Sam grew up, he, too, had wanted to escape from it, but not to America. It was the new Russia that had attracted him. He wasn't the studious type, he told me—especially where Judaism was concerned. In fact, there was no sense of Jewishness about him at all. Just the opposite of Mikhoel, who was slight and resembled the Malamud side of the family. Mikhoel could speak Yiddish, and he had complaints. He was emotional. Life was difficult for him in Dnepropetrovsk. He couldn't be Jewish and worship there. I think that deep down he wanted to go to Israel. I was touched by him, but I felt no great connection with Shlomo, who had nothing substantial to tell me. Well, we did talk about Aunt Clara, his dead parents, America—but always on a superficial level. Nothing important, like Clara's marriages and so forth. He didn't exactly thirst for knowledge about the rest of the family. What I did, finally, was put myself in the place of Sam, wondering what Sam would feel if he were in the room. I decided that Sam should be with Shlomo, that

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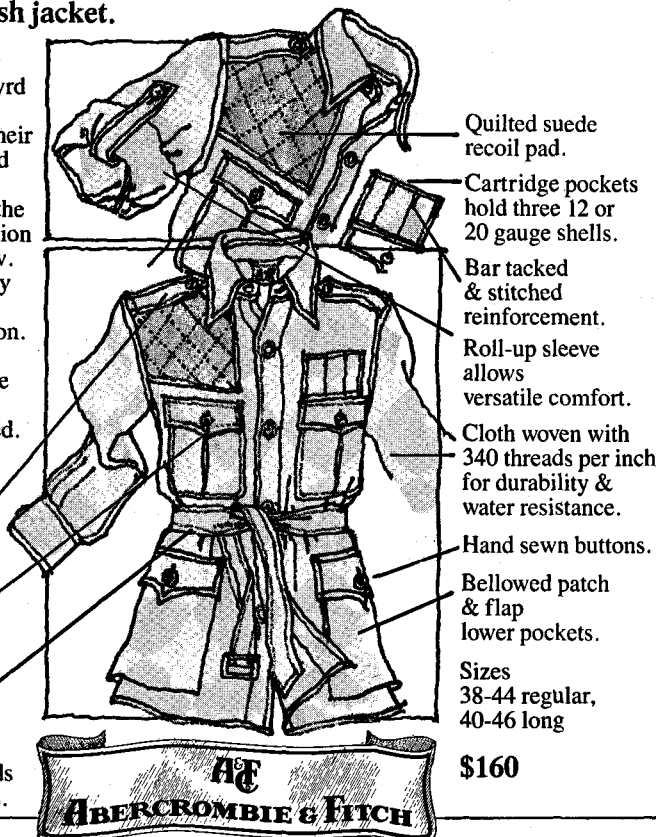
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they should see each other once more. I mean, here was his long-lost brother, standing in my suite at the Hotel Ukraina in the flesh, for God's sake! Of course, I knew that Sam was both fascinated and horrified by the idea of going to Russia—his usual ambivalence about things—but this was simply too important. So I got on the telephone to Sam in Brookline and I said, 'Look, I have your brother standing here in this room. Talk to him.' They talked—Sam using a few remembered words of Russian, Shlomo using a few remembered words of Yiddish—and that conversation persuaded Sam to come to Russia after all."

At such a late date, it took a lot of string-pulling to get him there. Because Sam had cancelled his visa and his airline reservations, he was faced with the problem of having his travel documents reinstated on short notice. The Russians were suspicious and wouldn't give a firm answer. Higher influence was called for, and Lenny turned to, of all people, Vice-President Richard Nixon. Lenny had met Nixon on the previous year during their coincidental good-will tours of Latin America—Lenny's eliciting cheers, Nixon's brickbats. (The irony of Nixon's interceding on Sam's behalf was made all the sharper more than ten years later, when Lenny's name appeared on President Nixon's notorious "Enemies List.") But Nixon's pull worked, and Sam, fresh visa in hand, left Boston for Paris on September 8th.

At Orly airport, where he changed planes for the flight to Russia, Sam ran into someone he had once met, through Lenny—Robert Saudek, a television producer, who was also on his way to Moscow, to film Lenny and the Philharmonic for a TV special. "We sat together on this Russian airliner," Saudek has recalled. "It was like a 1900 Pullman car—rope hammocks overhead for small luggage, a lot of brass fixtures and worn carpeting. Sam was very nervous, very tense, and very talkative. He told me that he had eaten a big breakfast before he left Boston that morning, was served another big breakfast on the plane to Paris, then lunch, and as soon as we took off for Moscow we were presented with a huge Russian banquet. 'I have to accommodate them by eating what they offer,' Sam said, 'and I'm still accommodating.' He was stuffed but afraid to refuse anything—out of nervousness, I suppose. He confided how worried he was about going



back to Russia. He had grave reservations about what was ahead—meeting his brother and nephew. His voice trembled when he talked about it. There was no sense of nostalgia or tingling excitement—just a kind of dread. Sometimes he spoke like a superpatriot, saying how wonderful America had been to him and how awful Russia was. As we came in for a landing at the Moscow airport, he almost seemed to be in shock. Felicia and Lenny were at the airport to meet him, and one of the first questions Lenny asked him was 'Do you want something to eat?' 'No!' Sam shouted."

In New York, I received a postcard from Sam, dated September 9th: "I arrived safe and happy. Lenny and Felicia met me at airport. I am being treated royalty. *Wodka* is my natural drink now. I love it. All my love, Dad." But not a word about Shlomo and Mikhoel, the real reasons for his anguished journey. And in a letter to my mother he just barely mentioned them. "Best regards from my brother and nephew," he wrote at the bottom of the page. Jennie, Shirley, and I, holding down the home front and expecting dramatic details of the great reunion, were perplexed. What was going on over there?

What was going on, it emerged later, was a large anticlimax. The two brothers were at last brought face to face. They collided with bear hugs, their eyes glistening, and then, according to Lenny, "they had absolutely nothing to say to each other." Nothing. "There was a language barrier, of course," Lenny has said. "But even through translators they hardly talked. I had to run off to a rehearsal, so I didn't see the entire reunion, but I remember them being very tentative, as if they were slightly afraid of each other. Sam seemed to hit it off with Mikhoel, though. They talked for a long time in Yiddish. But with Sam and Shlomo there was no common ground."

The unexpected coolness between the brothers disheartened Lenny, but it didn't surprise Hans Tuch, who was the cultural attaché at the United States Embassy in Moscow then. "Lenny kept commenting on how distant the two brothers were," Tuch has recalled. "He brooded about it a lot. But sometimes the distance between people of opposing cultures can't be overcome, even if they are blood brothers. I saw the same thing happen when George Balanchine met his

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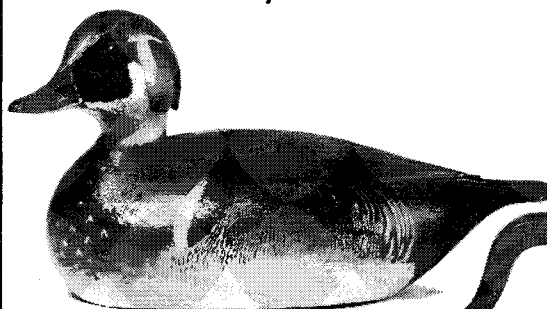
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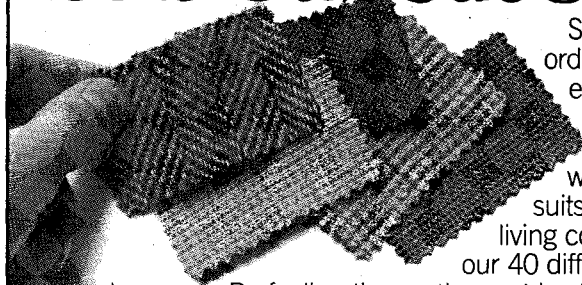
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brother, who has stayed in Russia, after many years." Robert Saudek and his associate, Mary Ahern, also noticed the stiffness between Sam and Shlomo, at a meal in the Ukraina dining room. "It wasn't until the brother showed us his internal passport, marked 'Jew,' that any real conversation took place," Mary Ahern has said. "Sam and Lenny were shocked. I remember that Lenny said, 'What would have happened if I'd grown up here?'"

As the days passed in Moscow, Sam became more concerned with Lenny's concerts than with his relatives. Also, Felicia had succeeded in tracking down Boris Pasternak, the out-of-official-favor Nobel Prize novelist, in his village outside Moscow. She brought Pasternak and Lenny together, and she created a scandal throughout Russia by inviting the author to a concert. In a way, the historical novelist overshadowed the historical novel. When it was nearly time for the touring Americans to leave Russia, on September 12th, Lenny asked Sam if he would like to have his visa extended, so he could visit longer with his relatives and do some sightseeing. Without a moment's hesitation, Sam declined. "Before I even got here, I already had enough Russia to last me a lifetime," he said. He could hardly wait to leave.

I telephoned my father soon after he arrived home to ask him what had happened.

"What was it like to see your brother?"

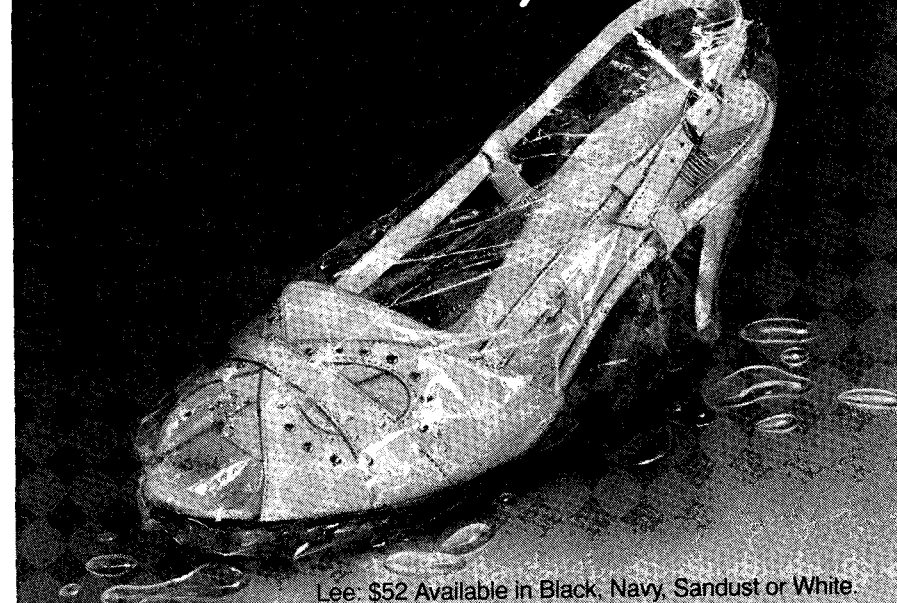
"Well, we went to Lenny's concert and we walked in Red Square and I took pictures," Sam answered. "My nephew's wife and son joined us one day."

"That's all?"

"That's all," he said. "I'm very tired. You'll see them in the pictures I took."

On the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1967, Sam received two letters—one each from Mikhoel and Shlomo—in a single envelope. The letters were expressions of greeting and good wishes for Sam and his family, and betrayed just a hint or two about their lives in Russia. Mikhoel wrote, "There's nothing new here unless you count the fact that we've got a bit older. Our son is already working independently. In our eyes, he is a very good young man." And Shlomo wrote, "All is as it was here, except that our health has got worse and worse. The heart doesn't want to

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work as it did before." Later that year, another letter arrived from Mikhoel:

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Shalom! I have received your letter, for which I am very grateful to you. We are pleased that all is well with you. In connection with your fiftieth wedding anniversary, much *nachas* from children and grandchildren.

Several days ago I received a letter from Uncle Shlomo. He asks that we give you regards and best wishes.

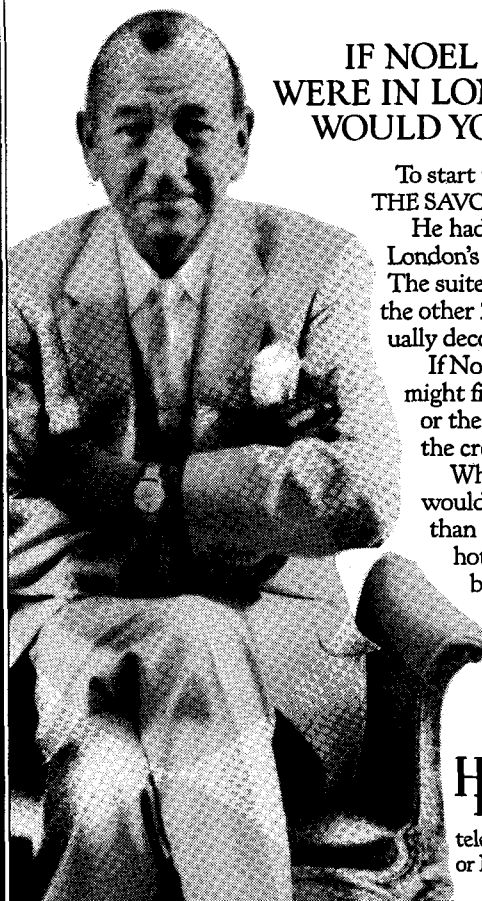
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YOUR MIKHOEL AND LENA

Regards from our son.

That was the last communication from Russia until a few months ago. For two years, I had tried through every likely channel to establish contact with any living relatives in the Soviet Union; the State Department, the Russian Embassy in Washington, the International Red Cross, even a quasi-private Moscow law firm called Injurcolleguia produced no substantial help. Then, as a last resort, my Soviet lawyers suggested that they place a classified advertisement in the national edition of *Izvestia*, inquiring about the existence of Shlomo/Semyon Bernstein and Mikhoel Zvainboim. The advertisement was placed on July 7, 1981, and, remarkably, it was answered by both of them. I dispatched a cable to Mikhoel, sending my greetings and asking a lot of biographical questions. Again remarkably, he responded with a long, warm letter. He wrote me that his job, as a vulcanizer in the Dnepropetrovsk chemical factory, had permitted him to retire in 1976, at age fifty-five, but that he continues to work at light jobs. In 1977, he suffered a heart attack, but he is fairly healthy now. His wife, Lena, died in 1980, however—"my second grave loss, after the death of my parents and brothers." His son, Aleksandr, is a telemechanical engineer. Aleksandr married a woman named Sonia, also an engineer, in 1974, and they have two children—a daughter, Lena, and a son, Igor. As for Shlomo (Uncle Seme, Mikhoel calls him), he retired in 1955, at age fifty, and occupied himself with gardening on a small plot of land in Novosibirsk. His wife, Fanye, died in 1979, and now he lives in an apartment in Alma-Ata, near the Chinese border. "He is sick," Mikhoel wrote. "The last time he visited us was in 1974." Shlomo's son, also named Aleksandr, is a construction engineer, and a



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grandson is a student at an institute in Moscow.

In 1959, Uncle Seme, my wife, my child, and I met Uncle Samuel and Leonard in Moscow. The visit was unforgettable. That entire day remains fresh in my memory, among the happiest days of my life.

And I continue to meet with Leonard from afar, through his music, which runs through the entire movie "West Side Story." Our world champions in figure-skating, Rodnina and Zaitsev, did a performance to the music of Leonard. A Sunday television program, "Musical Kiosk," was dedicated to the work of Leonard. All this gives me reason to take pride in my cousin Leonard. ... I wish you health, happiness, and the very best. Please write to me in detail about your life and all your relatives. Is Aunt Clara still alive? I'm at the end of my life. It would be nice to meet you. ... My son, his family, and Uncle Seme send their regards.

I hug and kiss you.

Yours,
MIKHOEL

AT the January 7, 1962, testimonial dinner for Sam at the Sheraton Plaza in Boston, he was—as is demonstrated by the lone group photograph I have of my family and me, taken just before that event—supremely ambivalent: he was being honored by officialdom, friends, and relatives for his seventy years of life and good works, and he was, as Jennie had put it, "on Cloud Ninety;" at the same time, the event marked the conclusion of his Biblical span, and, in his mind, every moment thenceforward would be borrowed from God. With an eerie expression of both glee and fear on his face, he enjoyed and suffered the long program—the playing of the national anthem by a small combo of patent klezmers (once, he had imagined his older son in such a group of struggling musicians), the invocation, the saying of grace, the predictable chicken dinner, the greetings from the Mayor, the Massachusetts Attorney General, and the head rabbi of the Boston Lubavitz Yeshiva, and then the scheduled "remarks" by various relatives and friends.

Despite a bad attack of flu, I had written out my remarks the day before. It was a difficult chore. How does one praise one's father, the man one knows too well? What is there to say beyond banality? Under the influence of a high fever, what I wrote, and later spoke, was, in part, this:

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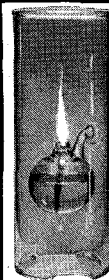


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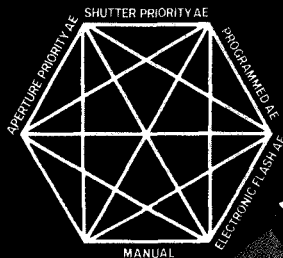
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rience. This is not meant facetiously. Few sons have had a father who offers so many charming surprises and kindnesses, so many moments of truth and integrity, so many spiritual and material gifts.

Those of you who have not known him for any great length of time probably think of him as basically a successful businessman who dabbles in various good causes—a man who has realized the classic American Dream, in the best Horatio Alger tradition, and has risen from the dingy herring bins of the Fulton Fish Market to an upstanding place in the Boston mercantile and religious communities. Well, that was pretty much how I thought of him until one day when I was about eight years old. We were playing his favorite, and rather primitive, game of stick-hurling in the back yard of our old summer house in Sharon when suddenly it began to rain. We repaired to the protection of an enormous oak tree and, within moments, my father had gratuitously embarked on an exacting discussion of a fine point of Talmudic logic, every bit as though he were talking with an intellectual equal. I sat back against the tree confused and entranced—not only by the intellectual calisthenics of it all but by the way my father went on, unsparing in his wealth of philosophical information, despite the fact that he was addressing an audience consisting of a very average eight-year-old boy and an oak tree. Quite frankly, I understood about one word in five, but that's not the point. The point is that I was the recipient of one of the rarest privileges a child can have—to be instructed by someone who truly loves to instruct. . . .

As I grew older, this didactic streak in my father lengthened and widened. I began to question him and eventually even argue with him, much as a student might do with his favorite professor. Then, one day, the essence of it all became alarmingly clear to me: Samuel J. Bernstein had missed his calling. He was not just a businessman—albeit a good one—he was a professor. A professor without a classroom. A man with a bottomless fund of information and opinion, who deeply loves to share it with others—and, what's more, has a native talent for doing so. . . . One must pay homage to such a rare man, and that is precisely what we are doing here tonight. And, as a still confused but entranced son, I want to say to my father at this happy time, "Thank you and happy birthday."

Shirley was also called upon to speak in praise of her father, and although we had not discussed beforehand what we were going to say, she alluded to that same quality of Sam's—his love of learning and teaching. Then it was Lenny's turn. Amazingly, his words—again, without any prearrangement—touched on Sam's didacticism. "The greatest gift my father bestowed on me was to teach me to love learning," Lenny said. "He made it impossible for his children not to love learning." As a special tribute, Lenny played a piece he had written for the occasion, titled "Meditation on



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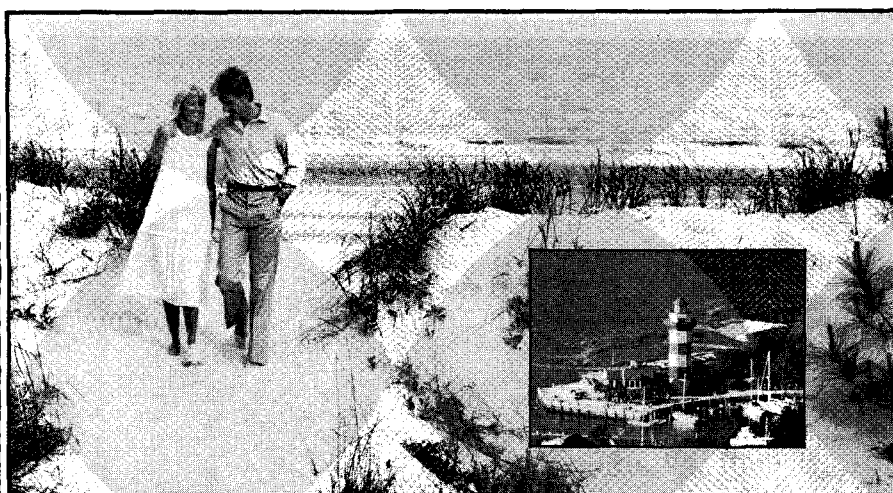


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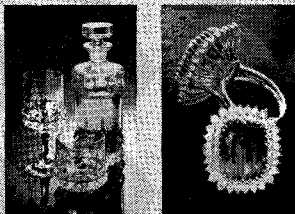
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a Prayerful Theme My Father Sang in the Shower Thirty Years Ago." The shower theme was a Chassidic ditty that Sam liked, and Lenny explained that thirty years before he himself had performed variations on the theme "in the style of the great masters" as one of his musical tricks at a Mishkan Tefla Brotherhood dinner. "Tonight, in honor of my father, I play it in my own style," he said. The performance moved the honored father most of all. In his response, Sam said that his life had been a happy one, because his family had love for one another. It was true. A tenacious love was there, in spite of everything. The family was stronger than the sum of its fallible parts.

As Sam had feared, his physical health deteriorated after his three score years and ten. Circulation problems in his legs were followed by angina pains, which, in turn, were followed by prescribed medication that upset his stomach and his equilibrium. The cycle was completed by his heightened anxiety and depression, which aggravated his physical ailments. He stayed home from his office for weeks at a time, and began negotiations for the sale of his business. Whenever I saw him, he would say, "I'm as good as finished." Sam's decline was as hard on Jennie as it was on him. He rarely felt up to leaving the security of his house, even to see his grandchildren. The slightest untoward circumstance made him miserable. And caring for a semi-invalid weakened Jennie. (Sam couldn't abide a practical nurse around him.) Jennie began to experience angina pains herself. Then, in the spring of 1964, Sam found himself in an emergency situation. A nearly ruptured aneurysm of his aorta was discovered, and he was rushed to Massachusetts General Hospital for surgery. He fully understood the gravity of the procedure—the replacement of his ravaged aorta with an Orlon prosthesis—and he was surprisingly calm about it. The night before the operation, he had a dream in which two angels argued over his fate. Finally, the pro-Sam angel won out, promising him a few more years of life. "I wasn't worried, because I knew I'd make it from my dream," Sam told me after his surgery.

Indeed, as his dream had foretold, he did have a few more years of life—five more—but there were days when he wished that the anti-Sam angel had won. His arteries further degenerated, and the pain was sometimes unbearable.

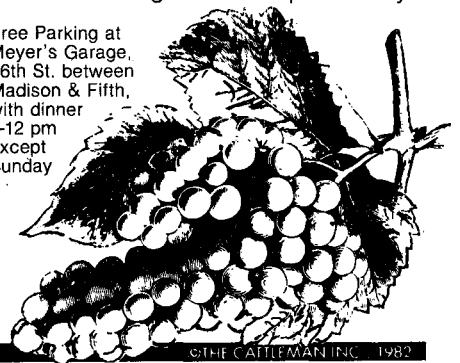
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able. In November of 1966, he and Jennie flew to New York to spend Thanksgiving with their family. When I picked them up, at LaGuardia Airport, I was appalled at how frail and waxen Sam had become in only a few weeks, since I had seen him last. New York was undergoing a weird spell of summerlike weather, with an accompanying temperature inversion and smog. You could taste the air, and the taste was that of burnt rubber. As soon as Sam arrived, he complained of dizziness and nausea. That night, he had a crushing heart attack. He survived, and returned to Boston three weeks later, but from then on it was a grim cycle of more cardiac incidents, longer hospitalizations, and, during his last year, nurses around the clock, whether he cared for their presence or not. His lingering, tenuous hold on life ended at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital on April 30, 1969, with Jennie at his bedside. He died just a few months short of seeing the astronauts land on the moon. It would have been a fine conclusion for a life that began with his marvelling at the speed of a kulak's droshky. The funeral was a sombre version of the testimonial dinner seven years earlier. As he was buried, alongside his mother and father, flocks of disparate people came once again to pay homage to the man—an extraordinary man, for all that.

Sam's decline and death almost did Jennie in, too. Even with round-the-clock nurses attending her husband, she had never been more than a few steps away from the sickbed. Only she could make tea just the way he liked it, only she knew how many banana slices he preferred on his Cream of Wheat, only she understood what he meant when he said, "My legs are drawing." For a while, she was taking almost as many nitroglycerin pills as he was, but, despite our urgent pleas, she wouldn't relax her ministrations to the man with whom she had lived for fifty-two years, for better for worse. As a marriage, it had been more of the latter than the former, but Jennie had taken that nuptial injunction seriously and stuck it out. After Sam died and the first shock of mourning and loneliness began to dissipate, she tended to expunge from her memory all the unhappy moments of the fifty-two years, and spoke of Sam only as a hero, a devoted husband, a great provider.

Before long, a new Jennie was revealed to her kids. We had always known that she was a tough woman, a



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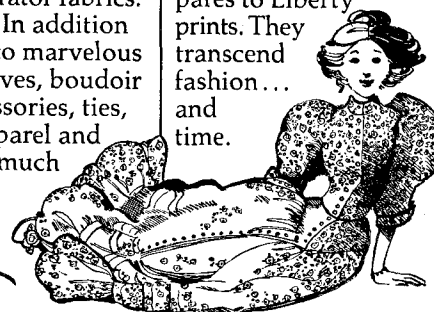
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survivor, but as a widow she showed a different sort of mettle—a plucky independence. She discovered herself and came into her own at last, easily replacing Sam as the cynosure of the family. In Newton, where she lives—near her sisters Dorothy and Bertha (Betty died in 1961)—she is the darling of her new set of friends, most of whom are involved in the local art scene and would have been deplored by Sam. She attends concerts, museum openings, theatre, ballet, and “functions and affairs galore.” (As she put it recently, “I like to keep adrift of things.”) She travels, too, as much as her age and health will allow. Her life, in its eighty-fifth year, is full and truly liberated, in the best sense of the term.

My continuing collection of Jenniana also shows a change. In her station as the doyenne of the family and the living parent of Leonard Bernstein, she has developed an awareness of her position that can be, at times, just a hair cavalier. A few years ago, when the producers of “60 Minutes” asked her to be interviewed on camera for a television piece they were doing on Lenny, she rejected the invitation out of hand. “I don’t need that kind of publicity,” she said. Recently, she has tended to refer to her celebrated son as “Leonard,” even when she is talking about him with relatives or old friends. “Why do you call him Leonard when you’re talking to me, of all people?” Shirley once asked, with a touch of amused annoyance. Jennie replied, “Do you *mind* if I call him Leonard? It’s his name, isn’t it?”

WHEN my father was sick and failing, he entered into painful negotiations for the sale of his business. We had a long talk about it one day, and Sam was in a reflective mood. “You know,” he said, rocking his wrists to adjust his shirt cuffs—the gesture that meant the start of a discourse—“it’s a big disappointment to me that none of you kids wanted to take over the business and live in Boston. But when I think about it all the younger generations in the Bernstein family went against their parents’ wishes. My grandfather, Bezalel, became a blacksmith instead of a rabbi like his father. My father became a rabbi instead of a blacksmith. I ran away from the *shtetl* to be a businessman in America. Now my own kids won’t have anything to do with my work and my life. We’re a funny family that way. Who knows what your

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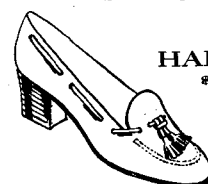
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kids and Lenny's will turn out to be?"

This matter of occupational rebellion came up at a Thanksgiving dinner not long ago. The latest generation of Bernsteins agreed that they had revolted against their respective parents' work, but, strangely, they all have since become attracted to artistic pursuits—especially performing. Lenny's son, Alexander, who, at twenty-six, is now trying to become an actor, said, "Those musicians and writers and so on who were around the house when we were growing up suddenly seemed more interesting—or less boring—than other people. I guess we want to be like them." Apparently, the generation gap has narrowed, with more similarity of culture, language, tastes, and education—although I notice that our kids have their private mockeries of their parents. In fact, Lenny's daughter Jamie has been keeping a journal, and I fear it's not unlike my collection of paren-

tal data. That's how it goes. And it serves us right.

Perhaps Lenny, Shirley, and I were educated too much and grew too worldly. We patronized and ridiculed our less educated, less worldly parents. We had it too easy. It's a common American experience with offspring of immigrants. But throughout our guilt-ridden discomfort with our parents, our arrogant derision of them, and our final acceptance of them, there was always love. To our credit, we never denied or apologized. The family was the family, after all. Whether we like it or not, we are the living aggregates of all those genes and acquired characteristics. It's the nature of things. And when it comes to the nature of things, one can only hope for the best. As Sam used to say, "keep your finger crossed."

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

CARDINALS

I
I see the cardinal from the kitchen window
on one of the first warm days, a scarlet puff
at the center of the holly bush, a great
red, beaked, and black-eyed berry. His crest

lifts to the wind. I tap
on the window, and the cardinal
does not move. It is only when
I walk outside and reach

into the bush, so that
I am no more than five inches
from taking him into the circle of my thumb
and finger, where I think he will burn

like a small, beating flame, that suddenly
he sleeks and flickers
low across the yard
into the dark heart of a cedar.

2
The lawns are full of green light.
There is a scarlet litter
of windfall holly berries.
Five feeding cardinals

bloom like tulips in the grass.
It is a day for the felling of trees,
the butchering of animals, the capture
of great fish. But I look

into the cold blue iris of the sky. I see
that although I have been set upright,
I will be permitted
to fall back.

—JOHN ENGELS

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THE THEATRE

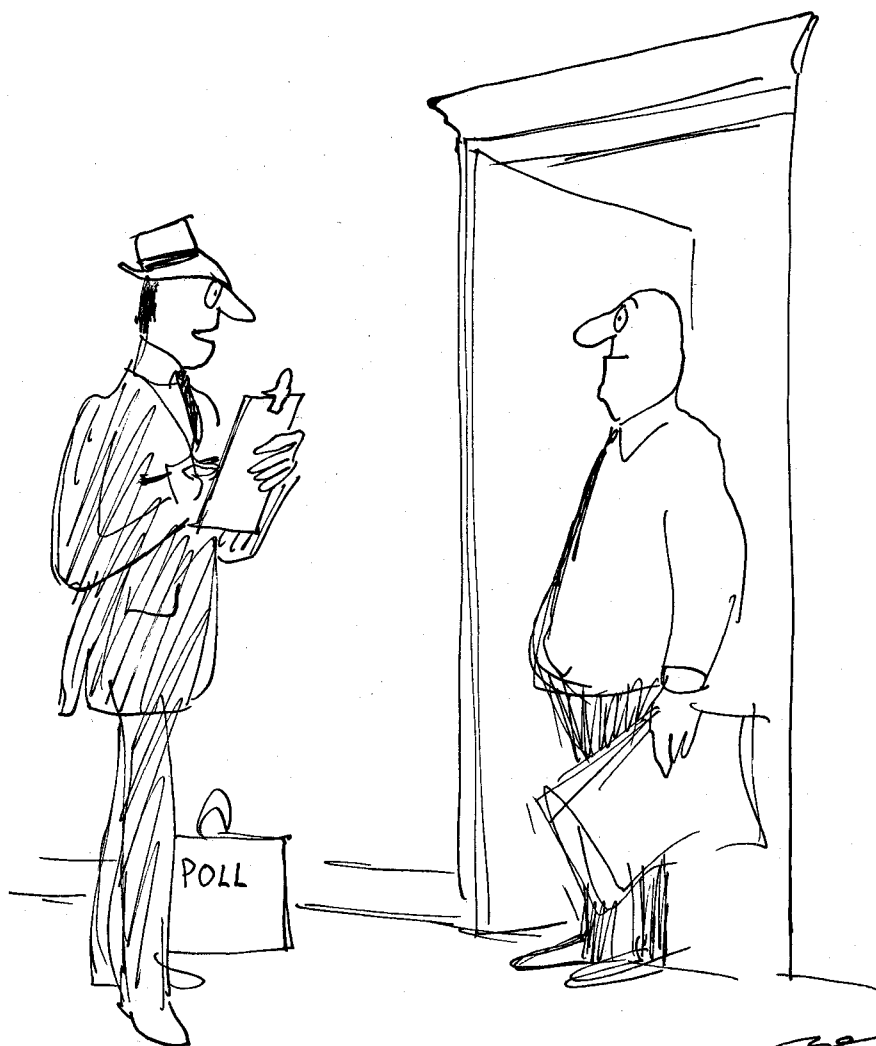
Off Broadway

THE "Poor Little Lambs," at St. Peter's Church, are eight Yale lads who, after a few edgy moments in the first scene, are admitted to the Whiffenpoofs; the ninth member of the company, also a Yalie, is a female and therefore has no chance of being admitted. The foolish book of this sporadically entertaining and very musical musical, by Paul Rudnick, hinges on this fact and on the attempts of the girl to break down the sexual barricades and join the chorus: if she is good enough to share the bed of one of the boys, called Davey, she is good enough to share the fun. There are blackmail tactics and a pregnancy scare and—oh, the hell with it. All ends happily, and the show closes with a sturdy rendition of "The Whiffenpoof Song." Mr. Rudnick appears at first to be casting an ironic eye on these "gentleman songsters" of present-day Yale; they include a Jew

from New York's Co-op City, a black, Americans of Polish and Japanese extraction, and one traditional Ivy Leaguer—a dear fellow from Connecticut named Jack Bayliss Hayes, who spends his vacations on Nantucket with his very proper fiancée. In short, what we have—as Pauline Kael once said of a similar group—is the bomber crew of a Second World War movie. Although the irony tends to dissipate as that foolish book grows ever more intrusive, there are plenty of jokes, ethnic and sexual (some good and some not), plenty of dirty talk (much of it funny), and, above all, plenty of songs. The songs date from the beginning of the century through the forties, and they include four (among them "Love for Sale" and "Bull Dog") by Cole Porter, Yale '13. The singing—solo and choral—is of a quality that one could listen to forever; the score (remnants, admittedly) is as musical and as

attractive as any On or Off Broadway at the moment.

The singer-actors, all of them well cast, manage to slip in characterizations between the jokes and the songs. David Naughton, a strong baritone, does well as poor Davey, torn between loyalty to his club and loyalty to his demanding girl; William Thomas, Jr., is funny as the black student, describing the rapture of the Admissions Committee on receiving the news "I am black, I am poor, and I am gay;" Blanche Baker is as scrappy and as lively as she is meant to be in the role of the only soprano aboard; and best of all is Miles Chapin, who plays square Jack Bayliss Hayes with a humor and gravity and unflagging courtesy that reminded me of Rudy Vallée's in his glorious performance in "The Palm Beach Story." The good, spare sets, of various spots around New Haven, are by David Jenkins; the good costumes (especially so in an inexplicable drag scene at the opening of the second act) are by William Ivey Long; and Jack Hofsiss is responsible for the competent direction.

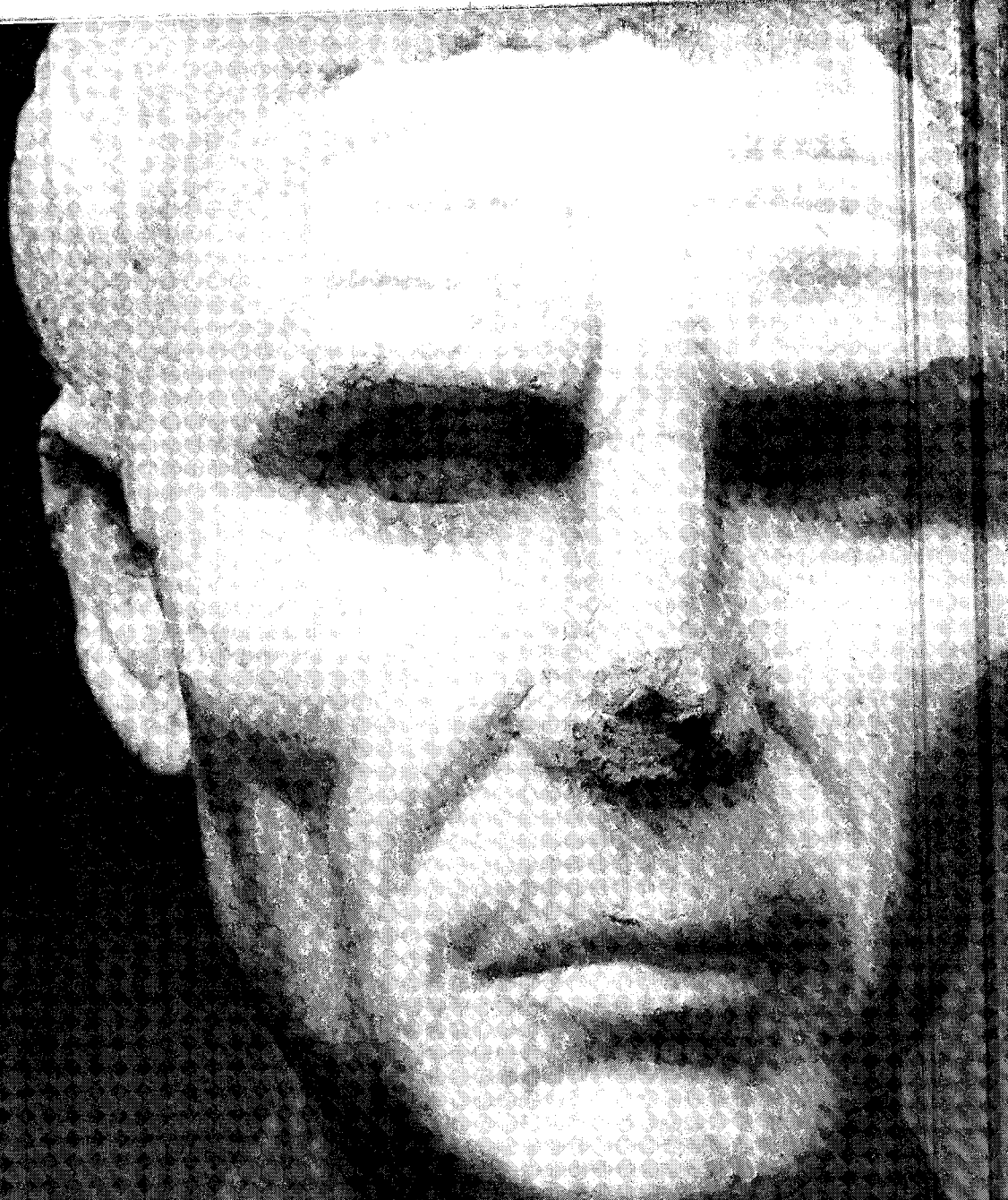


IN "Maybe I'm Doing It Wrong," at the Astor Place, the songs of Randy Newman are sung, one by one, by Deborah Rush, Mark Linn-Baker, Larry Riley, and Patti Perkins, with a little acting on the side. Whether Mr. Newman's songs are worth a whole evening is surely debatable. There can be no question, though, about the company, which could not be more talented or able or attractive. Miss Rush gives a compressed performance with every song she delivers, Mr. Linn-Baker's clowning is delightful, and Mr. Riley (until recently the good-natured private who got his sergeant's goat in "A Soldier's Play") and Miss Perkins are charming, too. The lovely setting—a public park complete with bandstand—was designed by Heidi Landesman and lighted by Fred Buchholz; the costumes are by Hilary Rosenfeld; and the show was conceived and directed (and very well directed) by Joan Micklin Silver. —EDITH OLIVER

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, March 7—The unacceptable outcome of El Salvador's civil war perched uncomfortably on a leather-covered couch in the quiet hillside villa, sipping Coca-Cola and arguing that Alexander M. Haig Jr. and other Americans had nothing to fear from him and his Marxist guerrilla comrades.—*Washington Post*.

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U.S. JOURNAL: SANTA FE, N.M.

THY NEIGHBOR'S ROOF

A WHILE back, I heard that Jesse Merlan's distaste for the kitchen roof being built on Maurice and Gloria Weisberg's new house had led to three long and raucous hearings before various official tribunals of the Santa Fe city government, a threat by Weisberg to sue Merlan for holding up construction, a threat by Merlan to sue the city for six and a half million dollars, and a criminal case that resulted in Merlan's being given six months' probation for waving a gun at the Weisbergs' son—not to speak of assorted verbal abuse, such as Merlan's referring to the Weisberg house as Coney Island Texas Gothic and Weisberg's referring to Merlan, who used to run a radio show called "Joe Question," as Joe Moron, and one city-committee member's referring to all the disputants as "a bunch of animals." I can't say I was particularly surprised. Over the years, I have found Santa Fe to be a place where roofs are taken seriously. In Santa Fe, there are people whose commitment to the flat roof—the sort of roof that appears on the brown adobe house built to conform to what is known locally as Old Santa Fe style—is strong enough to make, say, the affection of Nantucket summer people for weathered-shingle façades seem casual and transitory in comparison. When the *Santa Fe Reporter*, the paper that first brought me news of the roof feud, listed the top stories of 1981 not long ago, one of them was a re-evaluation of the Santa Fe Historical Styles Ordinance which had been provoked by a ferocious battle over a local architect's attempt to build a house with a pitched roof—a battle the architect had to carry through the Historical Styles Committee and the Planning Commission and the City Council before winning once and for all in District Court. My response to the *Reporter's* article about the roof feud between Jesse Merlan and the Weisbergs—a long article headlined "BATTLE OF UPPER CERRO GORDO ROAD"—might have been anticipated by its author, John Robertson, since he began the second paragraph by saying that what was happening on Cerro Gordo Road was "the kind of controversy that maybe only Santa Fe can generate."

Old Santa Fe style is also known as Spanish-Indian Revival—a blending

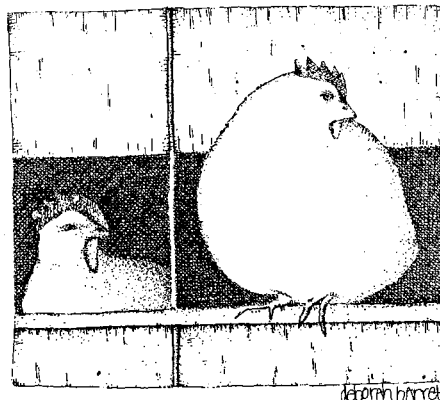
of local influences that had occurred by the nineteen-twenties through the efforts of some Eastern aesthetes sometimes called the mud-hut nuts. By then, Santa Fe was already established as a romantic destination for wellborn Easterners. I once heard a man in Taos explain the origins of the Santa Fe Anglo community by what he called the Theory of the Dumbest Sons. According to this theory, there was a time when a number of wealthy Eastern families assigned their dumbest son—the son who was of no use in the bank or the factory—to a life of coupon clipping in Santa Fe, and everything that has happened since can be traced to either the customs or the genes brought from the East by those founding offspring. Although the Theory of the Dumbest Sons has a simplicity that has always appealed to me, I suspect that a theory closer to the truth would be the Theory of the Sons or Daughters Who Didn't Fit In—didn't fit in because of being uninterested in business or being artistic or sickly or eccentric or dumb or not dumb enough to devote their lives to a family bank. In northern New Mexico, they found a romantic setting inhabited by romantic people—Indians who lived in astonishing-looking pueblos, "Spanish-Americans" who had been isolated on the high desert long enough to acquire institutions like secret Penitente brotherhoods, and even a few Anglo artists and writers who had never been to prep school.

Some of the Easterners moved into ancient adobe houses. A lot of them had their own adobe houses built—real adobe rather than covered pumice block, with real aspen or cedar branches for the crosshatched *latias* of the traditional ceiling. They filled the

houses with Navajo rugs and Pueblo pottery and Hopi *kachina* dolls and New Mexican *santos*. They set the styles that persist among Anglos in Santa Fe today—a disdain for right angles in houses and for paving on roads, a relatively respectful attitude (either genuine or fashionable) toward the Spanish-American majority, a bias toward the informal, a tendency to refer casually to one's precise arrival date in town as a way of establishing rank, a willingness to drop an important name now and then as a way of indicating that all ties to the cultural and financial capitals back East have not been severed, a commitment to some artistic or literary project that seems to take a long time to complete, and a belief that Texans in large numbers are the equivalent of Visigoths in large numbers.

In time, the Eastern remittance men were joined by new waves of Eastern remittance men and by more artists and writers and by Texans with enough oil money to make them seem somewhat less Visigothic and by Canadians with almost as much oil money and by upper-middle-class people looking for a charming place to retire (even if they were only forty-two) or for a change of scene that might freshen up their marriages and, lately, by a large enough sprinkling of tinselled names to attract the attention of the press and alarm the old-timers. Part of the Santa Fe experience of just about everyone who came was to move into a brown adobe house on the east side of town and begin acquiring Navajo rugs and Pueblo pottery and Hopi *kachina* dolls and New Mexican *santos*. At some point, most of the adobe houses were being built with simulated adobe skins rather than adobe bricks, and the New Mexican *santos* had been carved in Guatemala, or maybe even Czechoslovakia. At first glance, though, everything continued to look the same. There are plenty of Spanish-Americans living in adobe houses in Santa Fe—there are even quite a few on the east side, though I was told by one Spanish-American that constantly increasing land values have tended to put "all the brown houses on the east side and the brown faces on the west side"—but it is possible to gather, as Maurice Weisberg gathered during his battle over the kitchen roof, that discussions of architectural purity in Santa Fe amount to "Anglos fighting each other over who's most Spanish."

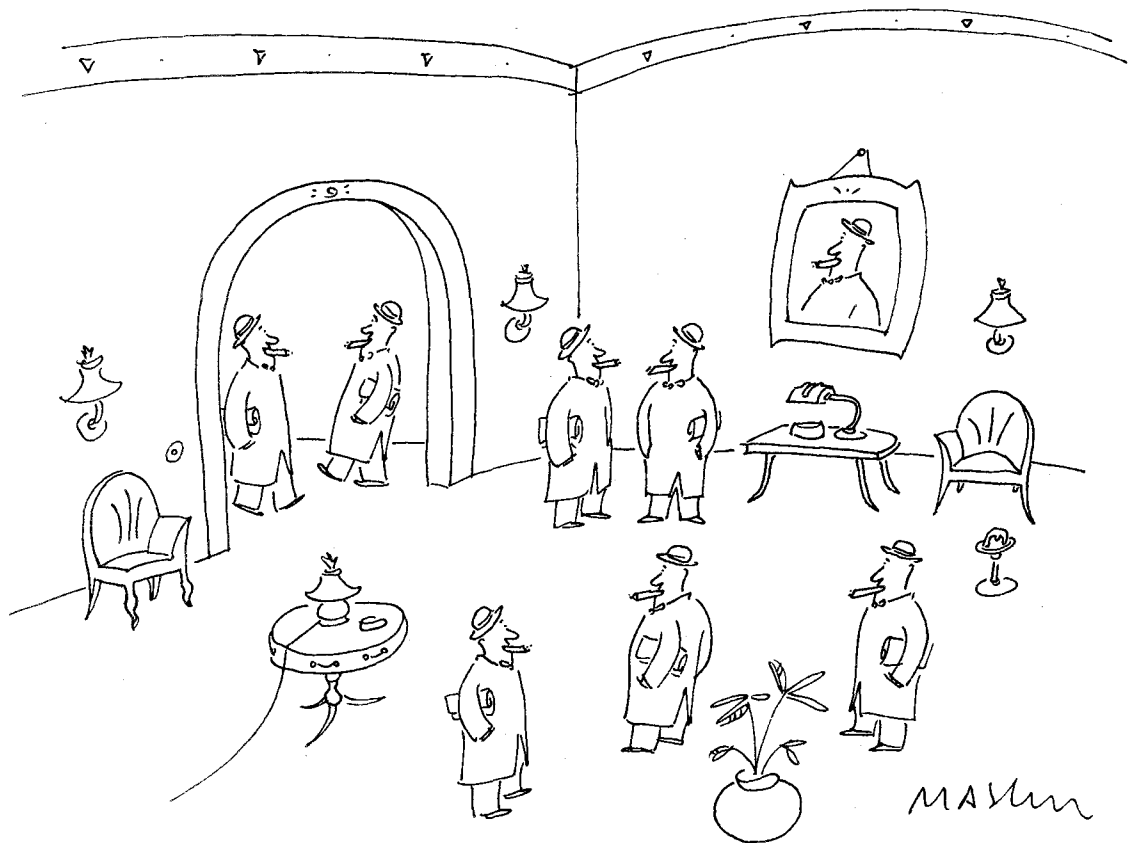
In the historic district that encom-



passes the east side, everything looks the same by law—the Historical Styles Ordinance. In a touch that people in Santa Fe still find pleasing, the ordinance was composed not by some faceless bureaucratic committee but by the writer Oliver La Farge. A wellborn Easterner himself, La Farge had literary and anthropological credentials that were far more serious than those that the man I met in Taos associates with the Dumbest Sons. He won the Pulitzer Prize for “Laughing Boy,” a novel about a young Navajo; for years, he worked for the benefit of Indians as the president of the Association on American Indian Affairs. When he wrote the Historical Styles Ordinance, in 1957, it represented just about

the most ambitious attempt any American city had ever made to control what it looked like. Now, twenty-five years later, there are a number of people in Santa Fe who believe that the Historical Styles Ordinance as it is written has served its purpose. Members of a citizens’ committee studying the subject tend to think that the controlling ordinance ought to recognize a broader range of historic styles and to concern itself more with harmony and scale than with the specifics of individual buildings; an architect on the committee told me that the present ordinance “doesn’t demand mockery but it does encourage mockery.” There are also people in Santa Fe, though, who would resist any attempt to tamper with the Historical Styles Ordinance. Oliver La Farge may have won the Pulitzer Prize for a novel, but I suspect that there are people in Santa Fe who believe he wrote his most important line in Section 3-29-3, Paragraph B (1): “Roofs are flat. . . .”

A LOT of people paid no attention to Jesse Merlan’s complaint about Maurice Weisberg’s roof, because they no longer bother to keep track of Merlan’s complaints. He is, he told me in an uncharacteristic moment of self-disparagement, “a pain



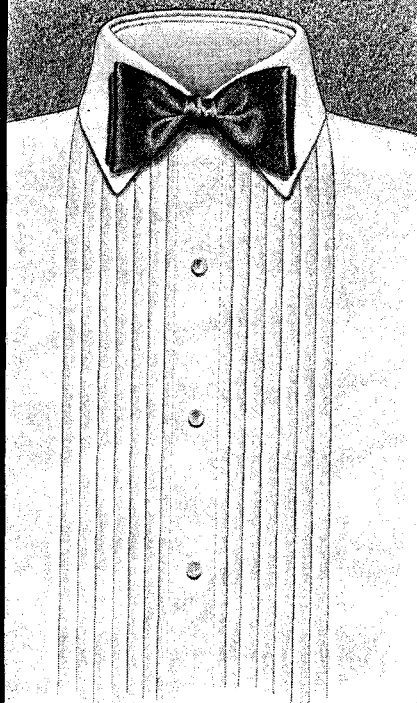
THE BUB CLUB

in the neck.” When Merlan had a radio talk show based on answering questions from listeners on any subject, I was told by people in Santa Fe, his initial response to a question was likely to be an attack on the questioner for being so stupid as to have to ask it. He apparently didn’t get along much better with management than with the listeners, and he parted company with four or five stations in half a dozen years—until, three or four years ago, he seemed to run out of stations. Off the air, Merlan is still called Joe Question as he bustles around Santa Fe, and he still seems to split his conversation up evenly between decrying the stupidity in evidence everywhere and celebrating his own intelligence. Since he is confident that he could easily solve, say, the problem of illegal immigration from Mexico (“I’ve asked my good friend Governor Bruce King to take me to López Portillo, and I’d speak to him in Spanish”), he is obviously not shy about offering advice to the various boards and commissions of the Santa Fe city government. While I was in Santa Fe, he told me that, starting out as “a little Italian boy from New York” in the thirties, he had, among other things, turned out hundreds of scripts for “Superman” comics, thought up the gag lines

for any number of legendary magazine cartoons, bought fabulously valuable paintings at trivial prices, composed poetry (“I have a whole series of sonnets on love and war, which are going to be important”), designed and built houses, mastered several languages, influenced important politicians, and conceived the idea of a restaurant’s serving steak and lobster on the same plate. He can still rattle off the script for four or five frames of a “Superman” comic in a matter of seconds, and he can prove a number of his other accomplishments, since his standards of proof are not rigorous. If visitors look at all skeptical about his claim that he “published the original *Mad Magazine*,” for instance, he simply goes to a closet and digs out a standard forties cartoon-and-gag magazine that happened to be called *Madhouse*. If he begins sentences with the phrase “When I arrived here in 1932,” he means that he passed through during a trip to Los Angeles.

After 1932, Merlan lived in a number of places, several of them college towns where his wife was teaching German, and he bought and sold some property along the way. In the late sixties, the Merlans arrived in Santa Fe for good, and eventually bought an undeveloped hill on Cerro Gordo

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Road—a section of the east side that seems almost rural. Merlan had four houses built on the top of the hill—three of them were for the Merlans' grown children—and sold off most of the rest of the land through a subdivider. Dr. Maurice Weisberg, a radiologist who was ready to retire from a practice in Denison, Texas, was the third buyer to start building a house. The two others also had trouble with Merlan.

There are people in Santa Fe who think that Jesse Merlan simply doesn't like having other people on what was once his hill, and there are people who think that he simply needs an argument to soak up his contentiousness. In response to those theories, Merlan sighs, and says, "Here I am, trying to preserve Santa Fe." Before he got around to the kitchen roof, he complained to the city a number of times about the presence of a tepee that the Weisbergs' son was living in while he helped with the construction—the city required that it be taken down—and even before the Weisbergs arrived he complained about another homeowner's leaving a trailer and a tent on the site of her construction in violation of city ordinances. That homeowner struck back in kind: she asked why Merlan was being so sticky about small points of the code when he himself had nonconforming windows. Nonconforming windows! In fact, Merlan did have nonconforming windows. The windows on his sun porch were larger than the ordinance allowed. After being rebuffed by the Historical Styles Committee and the Planning Commission, Merlan finally persuaded the City Council that he should not be required to dismantle his porch. After the same neighbor testified for the Weisbergs at the City Council hearing, Merlan turned her in for having a solar collector on her roof, but it was a wild swing; the solar collector had been approved in the original plans.

Merlan actually won the first round against the Weisbergs' roof at the Historical Styles Committee, but then the Weisbergs mounted a vigorous counterattack. Like Merlan, the Weisbergs were originally from New York, where roofs are not usually a bone of contention but experience comes quickly in arguing about practically everything else. For their next appearance, before the Planning Commission, the Weisbergs prepared what amounted to a brochure for each board member; it included not only architec-

tural drawings but also allegations of harassment against Merlan. Once the issue was joined, the Weisbergs did not turn out to be the sort of tentative newcomers who might let Merlan completely dominate any public hearing. At one hearing, Mrs. Weisberg responded to Merlan's attempt to speak yet again by saying, "Sit down, you schmuck!"—an outburst that provoked Merlan to display his skill at translating Yiddish invective with somewhat more specificity than the committee really needed. When it comes to roofs, people in Santa Fe play rough.

GIVEN the history of the Cerro Gordo Road battles, I suppose it would be fair to say that Merlan's feud with the Weisbergs is not based strictly on their roof. I don't mean to suggest that he doesn't hate their roof. He hates it. He often refers to it as a quonset hut. It's a vaulted roof—the shape of a barrel half from a barrel that has been cut lengthwise—with half-circle skylights on either end and a couple of dozen small portholes on top to bring even more light into the kitchen. It is, of course, not flat; the Weisbergs won their appeals before the Planning Commission and the City Council by pointing out that the ordinance allows non-flat roofs as long as a parapet or the angle of the site makes their lack of flatness invisible from the road. Merlan claims that at night lights "shoot up" from the portholes into the sky, causing him sleeplessness and great distress—although anyone who wants a good view of the offending lights has to go into an otherwise little-used room in Merlan's house and peer down out of a particular window. When I remarked on that as Merlan and I stood at the roof-viewing window, he was not at a loss for an answer. "Tell me," he said, waving a hand toward the roof. "Would you call that Spanish-American?"

I suppose there are people who think that the feud on Cerro Gordo Road has more to do with Jesse Merlan's temperament than with Santa Fe, but I still tend to agree with the *Reporter* that it may be the kind of controversy that only Santa Fe can generate. Where else would someone whose hostility settles on his neighbor's roof have the opportunity to drag his neighbor through three city tribunals? Where else would Anglos fight one another over who's most Spanish? The weapons used in the Battle of Upper Cerro Gordo Road are Santa Fe

weapons—a complaint on unauthorized structure parried by a complaint on nonconforming windows. When Merlan had said everything else he had to say about Maurice Weisberg, he tried the unkindest Santa Fe cut of all—describing him in a letter to the *Reporter* as “a barbarian who comes out of Texas to destroy Santa Fe.”

In fact, the feud on Cerro Gordo strikes me as a sort of carnival-mirror version of Santa Fe life. Merlan, like so many transplanted Easterners in town, is willing to drop a name, but he doesn't bother with the name of a Hollywood director or a Manhattan art dealer; he'll imply chumminess with the Giscard d'Estaings. Like a lot of collectors in Santa Fe, he thinks his *santos* are more authentic than those of his neighbors, but he also hints at having a Turner or two stashed away. Contention over architecture and zoning is not at all unusual in Santa Fe—one woman I met told me that she had three battles going right now, and she spoke as if that was about her normal allotment—and neither is eccentricity. Jesse Merlan just happens to be eccentric in a way that strikes a lot of people as a pain in the neck.

The feud may even have the sort of ending that is appropriate for Santa Fe—where many of the people who move in eventually move out again. Both Maurice Weisberg and Jesse Merlan now say that their houses are for sale—although Weisberg says that Merlan is just talking and Merlan says that the Weisbergs would never move, because “they love that goddam house, monstrosity that it is.” The Weisbergs told me that they wouldn't mind living in Santa Fe as long as they're not on Merlan's hill. Merlan says that he and his wife may go to Italy or Australia. “I'm through with Santa Fe,” he told me. “What's happening now is going to destroy Santa Fe as I knew it. In 1932.”

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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[From the *Columbia (S.C.) State*]

EDUCATOR SAYS LACK OF
COMMUNICATION A PROBLEM
WITH PREGNANT TEENS

In the “American Dream” the attack on suburban morays and values is too heavy handed.—*TV/Radio & Cable Week*.

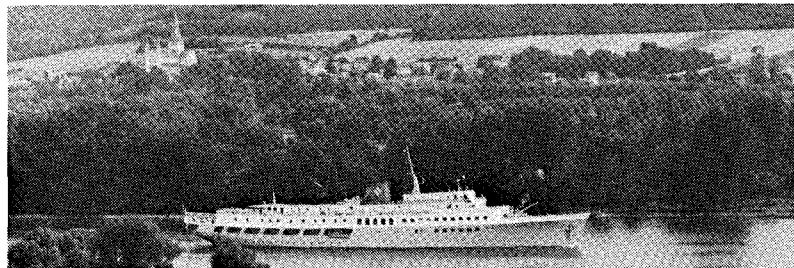
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Cantate Domino

RICHARD TARUSKIN and his Cappella Nova provide some of New York's most valuable concerts. They light the pages of music history into life with, at once, ardent belief and polished technique. Their latest program, sung first in Corpus Christi Church and a week later in St. Joseph's (where I heard it), was a composite Easter Mass of fifteenth-century music from northern Europe. Like everything else I have heard the Cappella do, it was beautiful. The choir can make a listener happy, with many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out with giddy cunning, the melting voice through mazes running; and it can make him thoughtful in anthems clear that dissolve him into ecstasies and perhaps even bring all Heaven before

his eyes. At the least, it takes him into a world where the dry pages of Gustave Reese's "Music in the Renaissance" turn into eloquent sound, and the footnotes break into flower. The Cappella's programs are adventures of discovery: presentations of what the singers and their director have found by, as it were, following with their voices along paths pointed out by historians—paths that often lead through unpublished music. The concerts are communicative. They glow with a sense that the performers are eager to show and share wonders they have come upon.

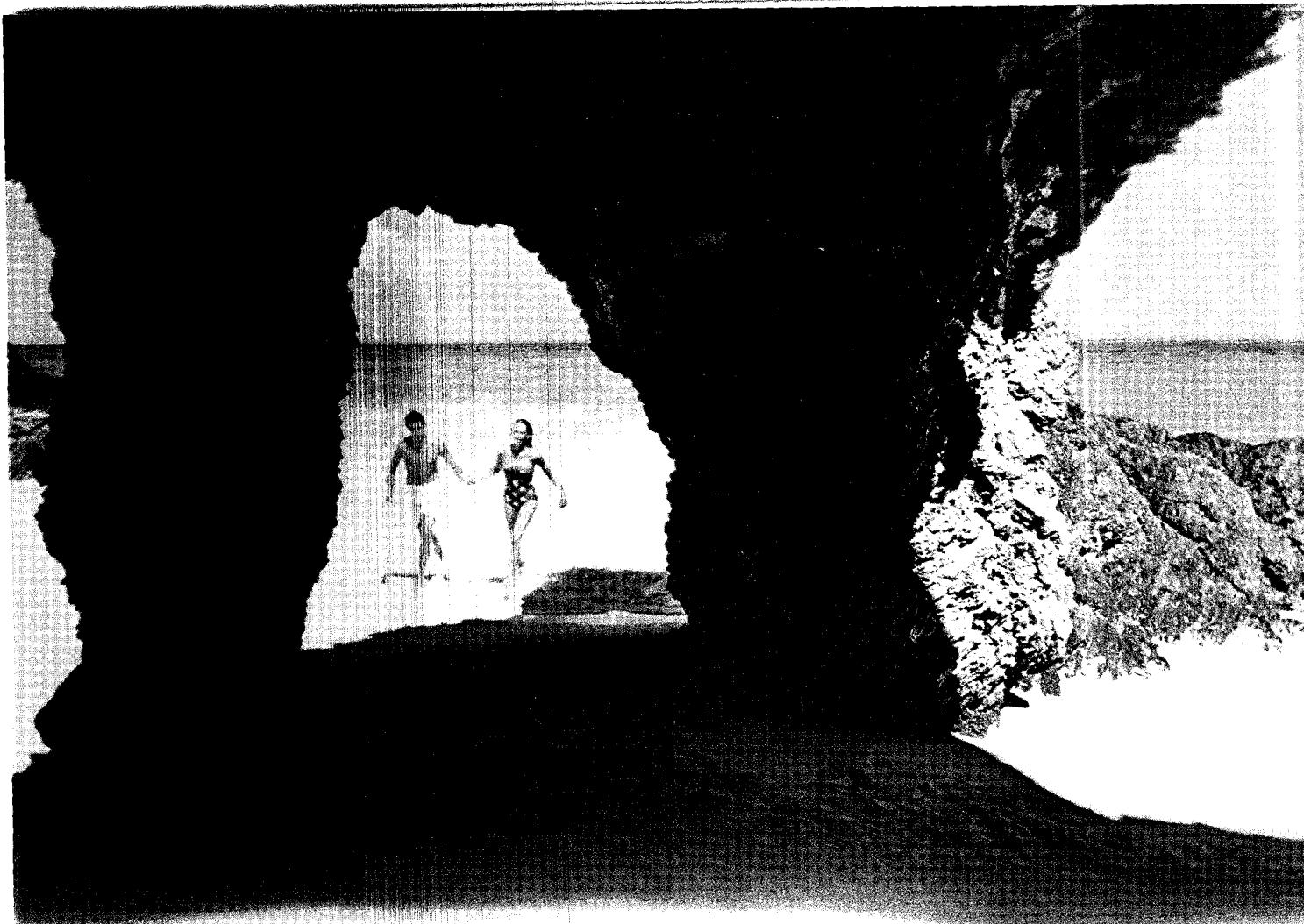
The Cappella's Johannes Ockeghem explorations are "documented"—made available for repeated, enthralled listening—on two fine Musical Heritage records. Two years ago, I

wrote about its revelation of Heinrich Isaac's grandeur in sacred music, and there was further championing of Isaac in the Easter Mass: the Gloria was taken from his Missa Paschale. Like much Isaac, it calls to mind Fior-diligi's simile in "Così Fan Tutte": as a rock resists the onslaught of winds and tempest, so the cantus firmus is unshaken by the florid writing that beats against it. This Gloria is a stunning example of Isaac's inventiveness, his craftsmanship, and his affecting power. The word "suscipe" is suddenly set to simple chords that make the listener catch his breath. From Isaac there came, too, the Introit, the Gradual, Alleluia, and Prose, and the Communion: Cappella Nova programs have continuity. But the "featured" composer of the evening was Ockeghem's great contemporary Antoine Busnois, Charles the Bold's musician, "who today is far too little known," said the program note. Every music

student knows *about* him, of course, and his song "Fortuna desperata," a hit in its own time, to judge by the many arrangements that were made of it, has now become a hit of the Renaissance revival. But modern performers give most of their attention to Busnois's secular music. Cappella Nova included the Sanctus of his "O crux lignum" Mass, the Easter Sequence "Victimae paschali," and two motets, both settings of "Regina coeli." All of them revealed his strangely elegant deployment of very long and metrically elaborate lines, florid and unpredictable, quirky as Janáček's. The motets were breathtaking. This is all that Grove has to say about them: "Busnois composed two four-part settings of 'Regina coeli.' One, in which the cantus firmus is in the bass, shows evidence of being modelled on a 'Salve regina' by Ockeghem. The second incorporates the cantus



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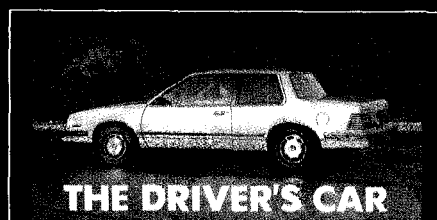


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PONTIAC  **NOW THE EXCITEMENT REALLY BEGINS**

firmus in canon." Not a word to suggest that the second, in particular, is one of the loveliest stretches of music ever written. I suppose it must be heard to reveal its more than structural merits. The program was rich and was assembled from a wide knowledge of this repertory. Nine settings of "Christ ist erstanden," drawn from various sources, formed verses of the Hymn. Three Easter chants wove through the music as leitmotifs. Jacques Barbireau provided the Kyrie, Johannes Tinctoris the "Ite missa est," and Anon.—in a Vatican codex, the Trent codices, and the Glogauer Liederbuch—the rest.

In the past, I sometimes felt that Mr. Taruskin could be too insistent a champion. It was a fault on the right side, and better than blandness, but a fault all the same when he squeezed expressiveness out of the music too hard and screwed tension up in an almost unseemly manner. No longer. Although his gestures still seemed often to be saying "Give me more, more," his singers did not overdo things. The music flowed securely and convincingly. There was excitement—"Alleluia"s that broke forth like dazzles of radiant light—and there were soft phrases that caressed the ear like Gigli at his most dulcet, but nothing was exaggerated. Everything was finely judged. The singing of the twenty-one-voice choir was well balanced, well tuned, firm, and excellently supple. There are women on the upper lines, but their timbre was not unmeetly feminine. St. Joseph's, a Greek Revival temple in the Village, is a friend to voices. The Cappella's next concert there, on June 6th, is of Byrd's five-part Mass with the Proper for Pentecost.

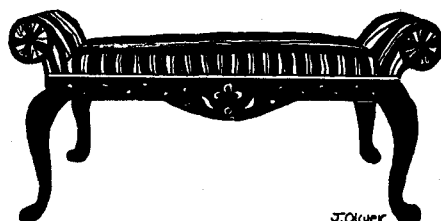
A DAY after the Cappella Nova concert, Steve Reich's latest composition, "Tehillim," had its New York premiere, in the twentieth-century galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. On ears still tuned to the refined, delicate workmanship, the subtleties, and the sophistication of Renaissance church music, "Tehillim" fell brashly at first. A sudden change from candlelight to neon glare or from Burgundian illuminated manuscripts to large modern canvases painted with bold, bright acrylics would be no less startling. Still, the world is full of a number of things, and "Tehillim," which aims at instant appeal and accessibility to listeners of all kinds, is a substantial, carefully made, and color-

ful work. "Tehillim" is the Hebrew word for "Psalms," and the piece is a setting for four female voices—high soprano, two lyric sopranos, alto—and instruments of texts from Psalm 19 ("The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork"), Psalm 34 ("What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. . . . Seek peace, and pursue it"), Psalm 18 ("With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful"), and Psalm 150 ("Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs"). The accompaniment includes four "timbrels" (tuned tambourines without jingles), a quintet of stringed instruments, and two electric organs; also flute, piccolo, two clarinets, oboe, English horn, maracas, marimbas, vibraphone, and crotales. The voices, winds, and strings are amplified. "Tehillim," which lasts half an hour, was commissioned jointly by the radio stations in Stuttgart and Cologne and the Rothko Chapel, in Houston. Two movements were played in Stuttgart in June last year, and all four in Cologne in September. Several European performances followed, and in November the piece was done in the Rothko Chapel. An orchestral version—with full strings, unamplified—opens the Philharmonic's 1982-1983 season.

The work begins with a soprano singing a lilting, tricky, catchy tune, accompanied by tambourine taps and clapping hands. The rhythm is elusive, with anything from four to eight eighth notes per measure. The melody is "modal" (Locrian, I suppose: B to B on the white notes, but here up a fourth, with a B-flat in the key signature). The effect is exotic: people to whom I play the start (on tape) guess it to be something recorded in the Middle East. The tapping and clapping patterns grow denser. A second voice strikes in, in canon. Strings add slow-moving drone harmonies. (The amplified strings, played non-vibrato, sound oddly reedy and, again, exotic, suggesting the kamanacha, or Persian spiked fiddle.) All four

voices take up the melody in four-part canon. Then just one voice sings it again. The movement dances along in a pretty moto perpetuo of flexible metres. Tempo does not change for the second movement, but tunes and textures do. It is homophonic; voices in parallel sixths add a lush touch, and voices in parallel fifths a medieval one. So far, there has not been, except in key signatures, a sharp or flat in sight. The melodies are all "modal," and the harmonies are diatonic added-note chords. But the third movement becomes chromatic, and it moves, more slowly than its predecessors, over a seductive, Caribbean-sounding beat from marimbas and vibes. The text is delivered stichomythically, with voices paired in parallel thirds, fourths, fifths, or sixths for each statement and response. The final Laudate resumes the initial tempo, recapitulates the techniques employed in the preceding movements, and mounts to a climax of hallelujahs.

In a program note, the composer gives instances of his word painting: a "crystal-clear A-flat-major triad" on the word "good;" an unexpected G-natural in C-sharp minor, creating a tritone *diabolus in musica*, at the word "perverse;" a subtle conversion of that G-natural to a leading note into G-sharp at the word "subtle." But since "Tehillim" is sung in Hebrew, the weddings of word to tone can hardly be apparent to most listeners. What they hear is a syllabic patter—"Im-chah-síd, tit-chah-sáhd, Im-ga-vár ta-mim, ti-ta-máhm"—until "Ha-le-lu-yáh" rings out at the close. The score bears few dynamic indications, and those mostly *mf* and *f*. There is, perhaps, something slightly "machine-made" about the sonic effect—the result of the even dynamics, the rubatoless, unvarying tempos, and the amplification, and also of the near-constant doubling of the vocal lines by winds or electric organs. Still, it is plain that "Tehillim" is the work of a composer and not just a constructor, and it is far less schematic than Reich's earlier pieces. At the Metropolitan Museum performance, it was preceded by part of his "Drumming" (1971) and by his "Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices, and Organ" (1973). To their sparkle and vivacity it adds a new flexibility of metre and a new feeling for expressiveness. George Manahan conducted the composer's regular ensemble, Steve Reich and Musicians. The balance was somewhat awry; the voices—Jane Bryden, Rebecca Arm-



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strong, Jay Clayton, and Pamela Wood—did not dominate, as plainly they should, and the piccolo screamed with painful shrillness. But it was a spirited performance, and everyone except the *Times* critic seemed to enjoy it.

CHORAL music of the twentieth century was both sung and enacted at the third of the Brooklyn Philharmonia's "Meet the Moderns" concerts, given earlier this month in the Lepercq Space of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Five choirs—one from the city, three from the state, and one from Connecticut—came to take part, each contributing a number to the bill. Its coordinator, Frank Ledlie Moore, declared in a program note that "choral drama provides the best possible context for hearing the subtlety and the beauty of great music," and invoked Greek drama and "the great celebrations in medieval and renaissance cathedrals." The idea is interesting, but the execution faltered. The performances were varied in approach—and in accomplishment—but only small steps were taken toward justifying Mr. Moore's large claim. By professional standards, this was on the dramatic side not a competent show. The performers probably learned more from it than the audience did. It seemed woefully underrehearsed, and, in particular, the special problems presented by the Lepercq Space—a long, lofty, narrow, rectangular room—were scarcely addressed. The spectators were banked up at either end, while the choirs sang and acted in the space between them. David Buttolph's staging of Jacob Avshalomov's "Tom O'Bedlam," which opened the bill, used the room most successfully; there was a sense that a band of wandering beggars—played by the S.U.N.Y. Binghamton Chorus—had made its way into a market square and was addressing the crowd around it. Schoenberg's "Friede auf Erden," sung and enacted by the Ithaca College Choir, conducted by Lawrence Doeblner, was the most ambitious and elaborate piece of staging. John Stevenson, president of the Dalcroze Society of America, had patterned the motet in space after the structure of the music and the sense of the text. (The choreography would have been more communicative had the piece been sung in English, not German.) But when half the chorus faced one way and half the other, to share the music between the east audience and

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the west audience, balance and ensemble suffered. And when the singers united at the climax, they addressed their passionate appeal to a blank brick wall.

Moore's own "Wagadougou" had its first performance. The title refers not to the modern city of that name but to the legendary African city that Herodotus wrote of and that the ethnologist Leo Frobenius still heard being sung about early in this century. In a preface to the score, the composer affirms that his work "will come across memorably if it is performed with precision and with what actors call projection of emotion." And I think it might, for it seems to be a deft and imaginative composition. But the performance by the Hartwick College Choral Theatre Ensemble was thin. Hans Werner Henze's "Moralties" had what was billed as its first staged performance. (Can it have been? These "three scenic plays by W. H. Auden from fables by Aesop" have been around for a long time—since their first performance at the 1968 Cincinnati May Festival—and an English-German score with two-piano accompaniment, "for school performance," was published in 1969.) It is a slight work, but not as feeble a work as the Craven Singers, conducted and directed by Dorothy Craven, made it seem.

Thea Musgrave's "The Last Twilight," a theatre piece for large chorus, semichorus, and supers, accompanied by twelve brasses and percussion, had its New York premiere. A setting of D. H. Lawrence's "Men in New Mexico," it was written for the New Mexico D. H. Lawrence Festival, in 1980. The first performance was given in the open-air spaces of the Paolo Soleri Theatre, in Santa Fe, with campfires, torches, and processions. The Brooklyn performance, by members of the Schola Cantorum and other choruses, conducted by Hugh Ross and directed by Maroun Azouri, was constricted; no use was made of the varied levels and distances that the Lepercq Space can provide, and again that brick wall was much addressed. This was no more than a sketch of what "The Last Twilight" might be—just enough to let one guess at Musgrave's large, romantic, picturesque evocation of New Mexico's landscape and history, seen in a terrible and beautiful Lawrentian vision. Musgrave's writing for voices and brasses, drums and bells is inspired.

—ANDREW PORTER



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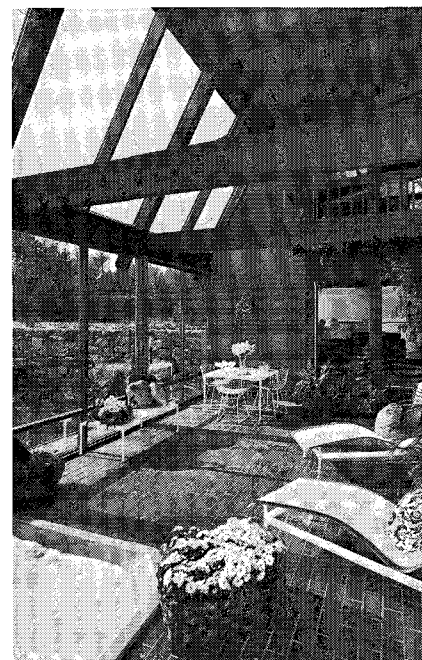
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THE ART WORLD

The Natural Problem

FOR several years, young artists have been looking more to the past than to the future. This is partly the result of their education. Many of them have been through at least four years of training in university or college art departments, where they absorbed a lot of art history and looked at a lot of slides. Professionally savvy about recent art, they are well aware of the premium on novelty—the near-necessity of coming up with a specific image or “look” that will catch the eye of dealers and collectors—and it is only natural for them to ransack the image bank of the museum-without-walls. In another sense, though, the current looking backward reflects the widespread belief that modernism is dead—that a century of experimentation with new materials and new ideas and new attitudes has run its course—and that, since this is the case, one might as well go back to painting on canvas, and reexamine tried-and-true styles (German Expressionism, for example) and subjects (landscape, portraiture). One of the more significant aspects of the current “Robert Smithson: Sculpture” exhibition at the Whitney Museum is that it upsets this whole notion of the modernist demise. Organized by Robert Hobbs, curator of contemporary art at the Herbert F. Johnson Museum, in Ithaca, New York, where it opened in November, 1980, the exhibition has also been on view at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis; the Museum of Contemporary Art, in Chicago; the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art; and the Laguna Gloria Art Museum, in Austin, Texas. After leaving the Whitney, in April, it moves on to Europe, where it will be the official United States exhibition at the 1982 Venice Biennale. My guess is that it is having and will continue to have a powerful impact on younger artists, some of whom may now have to think twice about looking backward.

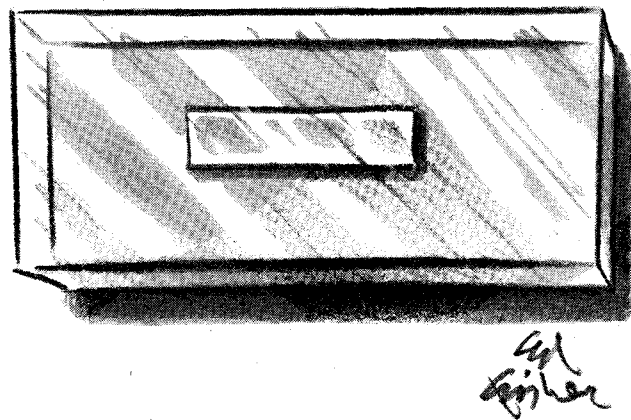
When Robert Smithson died, in 1973, at the age of thirty-

five, he was known mainly as an earth artist. Smithson, Michael Heizer, Walter De Maria, and a few others had carried out large-scale sculptural projects in remote areas of the world during the late sixties and the early seventies—projects that used the land as material and heavy-duty machinery as sculptural tools. “Spiral Jetty,” Smithson’s fifteen-hundred-foot-long, gently curling peninsula of rocks and mud at the north end of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, was, to my mind, the most impressive of these, and the only one that became familiar to a large number of people, through photographs published in art magazines and also in the mass media. (The work has been under water since the mid-seventies, when the lake rose and covered it.) Heizer and De Maria have continued to work on earth projects in the years since 1973, but the movement itself has received little attention, for fairly obvious reasons. Most of the existing earthworks are situated so far from urban art centers that few people have actually seen one. Both Heizer and De Maria have made it clear that a photograph is no substitute for the experience of seeing their work *in situ*, but they have not yet solved the personal problem that their work poses; namely, how to function as an artist outside the gallery system while depending primarily on that system for support and recognition. Smithson was very much aware of this problem. He spent the last two years of his life trying to

resolve it, and his solution, as Hobbs makes clear in the exhibition and in the excellently organized book that serves as its catalogue, was as ambitious as they come.

The urge to be “outside art” has been a persistent one in our century. Oppressed by tradition and art history, certain artists have longed to throw it all off and start out from zero. “I wanted to be like a new-born child, knowing nothing, absolutely nothing of Europe,” Paul Klee wrote in 1902. The Dadaists’ all-purpose derision fell most scathingly on art and artists, not excluding the masters of modernism; Picabia once exhibited a child’s stuffed monkey and called it “Portrait of Cézanne.” Marcel Duchamp thought reverence for art a form of heresy. Fifty years later, some of these ideas still have force, and their influence shows up in the work of artists as far apart as Jean Tinguely and Joseph Beuys. Tinguely, the Swiss-born fabricator of poetic machines, has spent much of the last decade working on a gigantic construction in the forest of Fontainebleau, sometimes by himself and sometimes in the company of like-minded artists whom he invites to collaborate with him. The construction is in the form of a mechanomorphic human head, some eighty feet high, with an interior network of capillary chutes through which metal spheres roll noisily at intervals; its lavish tongue is a slide for children. The head in the forest may become public property one day, but for the time being the artist has no such plans. He is content to be working on it, outside art.

The commercial success of Pop Art in the sixties came as a nasty shock to Tinguely, Yves Klein, and the other European *nouveaux réalistes*. They, too, were interested in the contemporary reality of advertising and popular culture, but they felt that the artist’s job was to find new pathways to individual freedom through the thickets of mass-market conformity. Once the contemporary American art boom got going, nobody paid much attention to the artist’s social role. Success was its own justification. The boom even

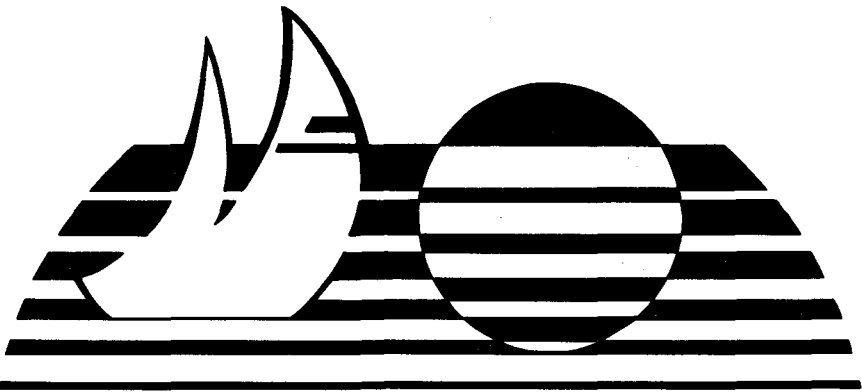


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accommodated itself to Minimal Art, which had seemed at its first appearance a severe antidote to the jocose vulgarity of Pop. Those puritanical, high-tech, smoothly finished, single-color minimal shapes, as it turned out, were just what the interior decorators could use. There was no getting beyond the system that way.

Smithson made important contributions to Minimal Art. One of his early Minimal sculptures was in the 1966 "Primary Structures" show at the Jewish Museum—the show that focussed attention on Minimal Art as a movement—and for several years afterward his steel forms and glass "strata," shown at Virginia Dwan's New York gallery and elsewhere, were as strong and severe as anything being done in that line. But Smithson, who started out as an Abstract Expressionist painter, was never entirely comfortable as a Minimalist. He mistrusted abstract art, for one thing. "Abstraction in a funny way seems to take you very far from any kind of natural problem," he said in 1971, "and I've always been drawn to natural problems." As a boy growing up in the grimmer suburbs of New Jersey (Passaic, Rutherford, Clifton), he had wanted to be a naturalist. His collections of minerals, fossils, and reptiles and other fauna occupied a special room in the basement of the family home. Both parents encouraged this interest; they also indulged his passion for maps by letting him plan their vacation trips by car across the country. Smithson's decision to be an artist rather than a naturalist did not vitiate his concern with "the natural problem." He got deeply interested in crystallography. The formation and growth of crystals came to seem to him a possible paradigm for aesthetic structures, and several of his Minimal sculptures were based on crystalline patterns.

Smithson was a great talker and writer of essays. He did most of his talking informally at Max's Kansas City, the main New York artists' hangout during the sixties, but in 1966 he was invited to be on a panel at Yale to discuss art and the city. An architect in the audience found Smithson's ideas so impressive that he got his firm to hire Smithson as an "artist-consultant" for the firm's major objective at the time, which was to land the contract for the new Dallas-Fort Worth airport. Smithson spent about a year on the project. Although the firm did not get the airport contract, the



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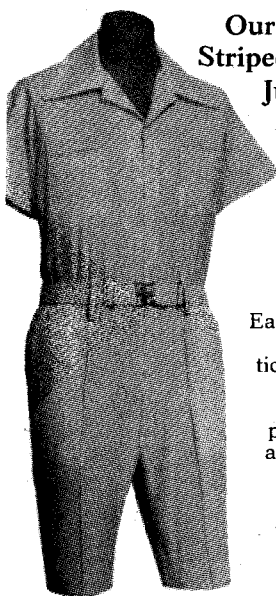
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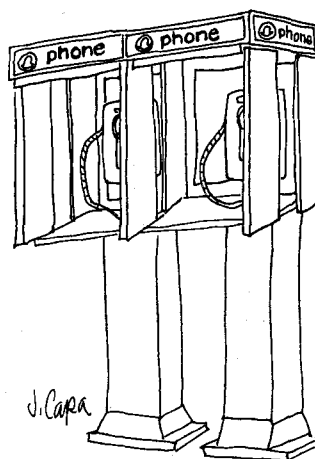
experience encouraged him to think in terms that were far from Minimal. He began making trips to the New Jersey Pine Barrens and to abandoned quarries, often in the company of other artists, whom he tried to interest in doing collaborative work there. The "Site/Non-Site" works that came as a result of these trips were actually a form of earth art in reverse. Instead of going out to make things in the desert, as Heizer and De Maria were starting to do at about that time, Smithson in 1968 brought back sand samples from the Pine Barrens and exhibited them, in specially constructed wooden bins, at the Dwan, together with an aerial map of the area from which they had come. Natural material "displaced" from its site was thus inserted in the artificial space of the "non-site"—in this case, an art gallery: a "nowhere" white room whose only purpose was to be a temporary container of works of art. He went on to do many more of these works, using geological material from as far away as Mono Lake, California. But for Smithson this was a transitional activity.

Smithson, Heizer, and De Maria itched to break away from galleries and exhibitions, and to make works that existed independently in nature. The sort of works they had in mind were big, and they would cost a lot to make, and this presented a problem. Most of the major earth projects in the seventies were financed by wealthy individuals, either collectors or dealers. Smithson was able to carry out some smaller projects more or less without subsidy—for example, the "run-downs" of viscous material, which he allowed to take their own course on the land, and the various "mir-

ror displacements," which involved his travelling to specific locales where he would insert a series of mirrors in the landscape at intervals, then photograph and remove them. But "Spiral Jetty," his major earthwork and the one that established his reputation, was financed by Virginia Dwan, his New York dealer. A more sympathetic and intelligent patron could not have been found. When Virginia Dwan closed her gallery in 1971, she continued to help certain earth artists realize their projects. But even Smithson, who once

complained that "photographs steal away the spirit of the work," felt he had to go on showing photographs of "Spiral Jetty" and other pieces in art galleries. "Painting, sculpture, and architecture are finished, but the art habit continues," Smithson wrote in a 1967 essay. The earth artists professed to be contemptuous of the art market and its multiform corruptions. On the other hand, nobody wanted to make invisible art. If only eight people saw your work in the Great Salt Lake or the Nevada desert in the course of a year, was the work really valid? If a tree falls in the forest with no one around to hear it... The art habit dies hard.

Relatively widespread publicity about "Spiral Jetty" did not make it any easier for Smithson to carry out his subsequent projects. He travelled restlessly around the country looking for sites and sponsors. He bought a small island off the coast of Maine, then decided it was too "scenic" for the project he had in mind. He went to the Florida Keys and the Salton Sea, in California, but nothing quite panned out. Smithson completed only one major new work after "Spiral Jetty." It was called "Broken Circle/Spiral Hill," and it turned his thinking once again in a new direction. Invited by the directors of an international art fair in Hol-



land to create a temporary earthwork for a public park, Smithson elected to make it in an abandoned sand quarry near the town of Emmen. The quarry, which was scheduled to become a recreation area at some future date, had the non-scenic, ravaged look that Smithson liked. "Broken Circle/Spiral Hill" bore a direct relationship to the site

and to Holland: one half of the circle was a dike surrounded by water. The people of Emmen liked it so much that they voted to maintain it permanently, which pleased Smithson. The experience also led him to think about land reclamation as the *raison d'être* of earth art.

Up until 1971, Smithson had shown no interest in this idea. His unsentimental attitude toward nature usually led him to places that had been scarred or devastated by man—abandoned quarries or dumps or industrial waste-

lands. He wanted to draw attention to these modern ruins; he saw them as examples of entropy, the universal loss of energy that is also a natural process. Smithson had mixed feelings about the ecology movement, which had been in large part responsible for blocking a 1969 plan of his to cover a barren island near Vancouver, British Columbia, with broken glass. He found a lot of the ecological arguments simplistic and puritanical—especially those that seemed to view man as being outside (and inimical to) nature. "To me nature has three different aspects," he said. "There's wilderness, and there's the country, where man has been, and then there's the urban area. And the urban area is no more unnatural than Yellowstone Park." Mining for coal, to Smithson, was a natural process; and strip-mined hillsides were ideal sites for earthworks. After "Broken Circle/Spiral Hill," at any rate, Smithson started writing letters to large corporations with proposals for land reclamation through art. Smithson believed that the artist could mediate between industry and the ecologists. He was not out to beautify the strip-mined hillsides. His projects would call attention to what had been done to the land by man, just as the Grand Canyon calls attention to what has been done to it by wind and water. He wanted access to the devastation caused by the gigantic machines of the strip miners, such as Hanna Coal's seven-thousand-ton Gem of Egypt earthmover that stood twenty stories high and could scoop up a hundred and thirty cubic yards of earth in its bucket. What a solution to the dilemma of the artist outside art! "Art should not be considered as merely a luxury," he wrote in one of his proposals to industry, "but should work within the processes of actual production and reclamation."

He was amazed that the big corporations did not see it. The political movement against large-scale strip-mining for coal in the West and Midwest was gaining momentum in 1971. With the help of an influential New York businessman, Smithson put together a prospectus and mailed it to some fifty corporations—Anaconda, U.S. Steel, Union Carbide, Peabody Coal, Kennecott Copper. He designed a specific proposal for Hanna Coal's vast stripping operation in the Egypt Valley of southeastern Ohio: a thousand-acre tract of embankments and jetties that somewhat resembled his Emmen quarry piece but was on a far

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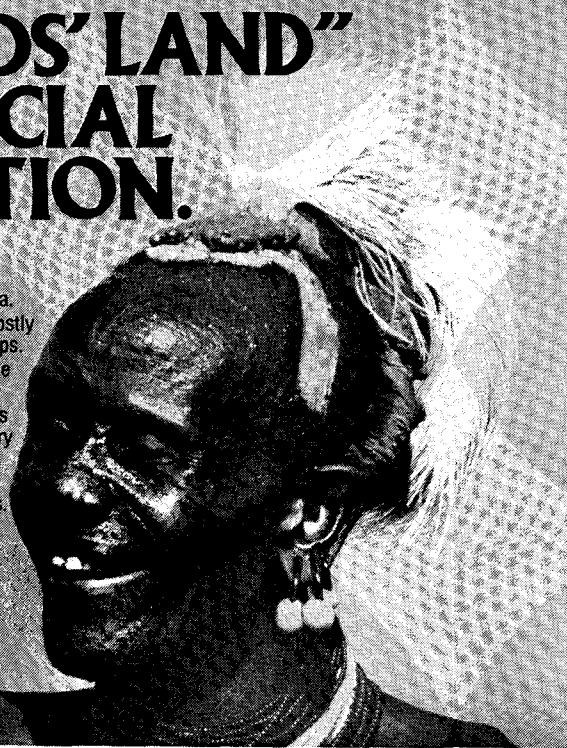


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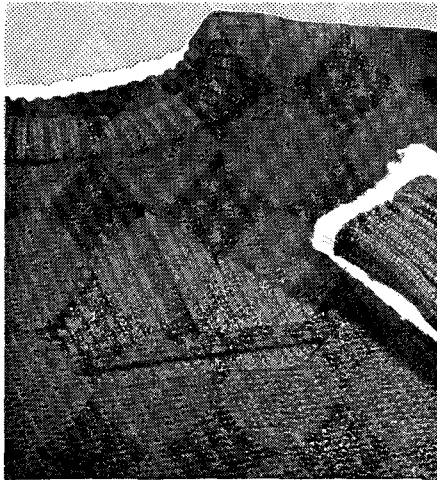
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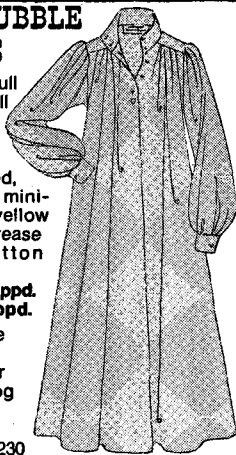
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larger scale. Hanna declined to commission it. Few other corporations bothered to respond at all.

One that did was the Minerals Engineering Company, in Denver. Smithson made several drawings for a "Tailing Pond," a terraced receptacle for the waste products of this company's silver-and-lead mine in Creede, Colorado. The firm actually decided to commission the piece, and Smithson went out to Colorado in the summer of 1973 to work on it. Work was delayed for technical reasons, though, and while he was waiting for clearance he drove to Texas with a friend and met Stanley Marsh, a wealthy art enthusiast who was interested in commissioning an earthwork for his ranch, near Amarillo. Smithson chose his site and staked out a winding, ascending earthen ramp. Marsh chartered a small airplane, so that Smithson could survey and photograph the site from above. The plane went into a dive and crashed a few hundred feet from the staked-out area, killing Smithson, the pilot, and the photographer.

The period in which Robert Smithson completed all his mature work was remarkably brief—only nine years—but his influence is still very much alive. It can be seen in the work of the so-called site-specific sculptors and in the more recent development of works that lie somewhere between sculpture and architecture. It is also evident in a new generation of earth artists, one of the most interesting of whom is Smithson's widow, Nancy Holt. The people who dismiss Smithson as a failed visionary, an artist who never did get outside art, miss the point of his basic proposition. He believed that art could be an integral force in our society, as it had been at other times and in other societies; he held that the problem of art, like the problem of nature, was neither modern nor post-modern but contemporary.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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[From the Lakeville (Conn.) Journal]

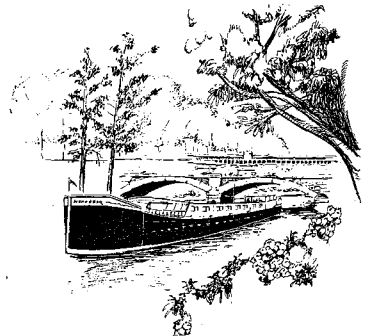
His experience in opera was evident in his exemplary collaboration with Alicia de Larrocha in Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor.

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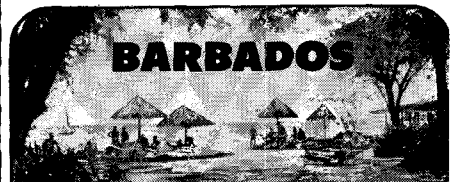
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BOOKS

December Seventh

"AT DAWN WE SLEPT: THE UNTOLD STORY OF PEARL HARBOR," by Gordon W. Prange, in collaboration with Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon (McGraw-Hill; \$22.95), is a definitive history—an absorbing book crammed with details that contribute to our understanding of the unprecedented achievements that made up Japan's self-destructive triumph. The author, who died in 1980, was a professional historian who became fascinated by Pearl Harbor while serving as Chief of the Army's Historical Section during our occupation of Japan. He worked on this book for more than thirty years, and left a vast manuscript, which Mr. Goldstein and Miss Dillon, former students of his, shaped for publication. Their introduction mentions that they have followed Prange in "interweaving . . . the Japanese and American sides of the story." By artfully shifting from Tokyo to Washington and from Hawaii to the decks of Japanese carriers, they imbue the tale with dramatic excitement and sharpen the contrast between the Japanese bent on war and the Americans striving to avert it, and between Japan's single-minded pursuit of the raw materials of European possessions in Southeast Asia and the United States' scattered anxieties: about the war in the Atlantic and the survival of Britain; about whether, after June, 1941, the Russians could withstand the Germans; about our duty to defend the Philippines; about our ability to produce arms and organize defense; about our government's need to prepare our citizens for incalculable danger and to conceal our weakness from our potential enemies. There is also the contrast between the ineptitude of the American commanders defending Pearl Harbor and the professional keenness of the Japanese on the attack.

After a brief prelude, the book opens on January 7,

1941, aboard the Nagato, the flagship of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Combined Fleet, who on that date wrote to the Navy Minister that the existing, essentially defensive naval plans for war with the United States were inadequate, and proposed the alternative of wrecking the American Pacific Fleet by a surprise air attack on the warships moored at Pearl Harbor. Prange stresses that Yamamoto, who had studied at Harvard, did not desire war with the United States. He also makes it clear that Harvard was not solely to blame for Pearl Harbor, although Admiral Osami Nagano, Chief of the Naval General Staff, also studied there; he introduces other naval officers, who attended Yale or Princeton, and notes that "the Ivy League was well represented in the Japanese Navy in 1941." The puzzle is that men familiar with this

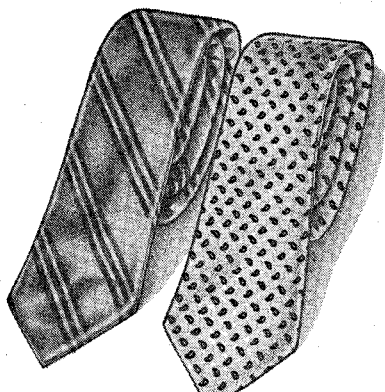
country did not realize that they could cause us greater confusion by avoiding us than by attacking us—by skirting our territory while taking what they really wanted. The classic military argument—that the Japanese, on the move south, dared not leave the Philippines in American hands—assumed that the United States' foreign policy, like Japan's, was run by our Army and Navy. Our military men were willing to fight to deny Japan the oil, rubber, and tin of the European possessions, but it is extremely unlikely that Congress and the public would have thought in such purely strategic terms; Americans at that time would have rejected a proposal for war to maintain European mastery over Asian colonies.

Yamamoto was not supposed to formulate naval plans—only to execute those of the Naval General Staff. However, he maneuvered his way



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through the Navy, persuading and befogging, inspiring, arguing, and browbeating, and stretched his legitimate powers to create little *faits accomplis* (such as instituting special training programs for naval aviators). Finally, he bullied those superiors who thought an attack on Pearl Harbor too risky by threatening to resign. Yamamoto, who was killed in 1943 when Americans shot down the plane in which he was flying, did not work alone, and Prange interviewed several of his colleagues. Yamamoto's impetus resembles that of a progressive-school teacher applying the project method: he dealt out problems to individuals or groups, and they learned by doing. The Japanese modified their aerial torpedoes, for example, and figured out how to use aircraft carriers offensively. The plan for secrecy and deception was as polished as every other part of the scheme, and Prange's literary gifts make us appreciate the magnitude of the effort as well as its extremely high quality. Both are the more impressive because the Pearl Harbor force was only one of several launched simultaneously against Guam, the Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, and the Philippines. "The great bulk of the Japanese Navy was at sea as of December 1, ready for war," Prange writes. "This deployment in November... was one of the largest (if not the largest) of preconflict movements of warships the world had ever seen."

Prange portrays American uncertainty as vividly as he portrays Japanese purposefulness. Our guideline, as phrased by our Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Harold R. Stark, was "If Britain wins decisively against Germany, we could win everywhere, but if she loses *everywhere*, we might possibly not *win anywhere*." Our lack of military power and our desperate need to keep Britain in the war contributed to our perplexities as our diplomacy attempted to win time. In the extended negotiations with Japan, we sometimes sound almost timid, while the Japanese sound brazen; in May, 1941, for example, they told us that they considered our aid to Britain aggressive. (They had aligned themselves with Germany and Italy in the Tripartite Pact in September, 1940.) With an effrontery that is hard to grasp, they were attempting to dictate American foreign policy—commanding us to support their efforts to subjugate China by supplying them but not the Chinese with war matériel. Their proposals never allowed us a neutral's



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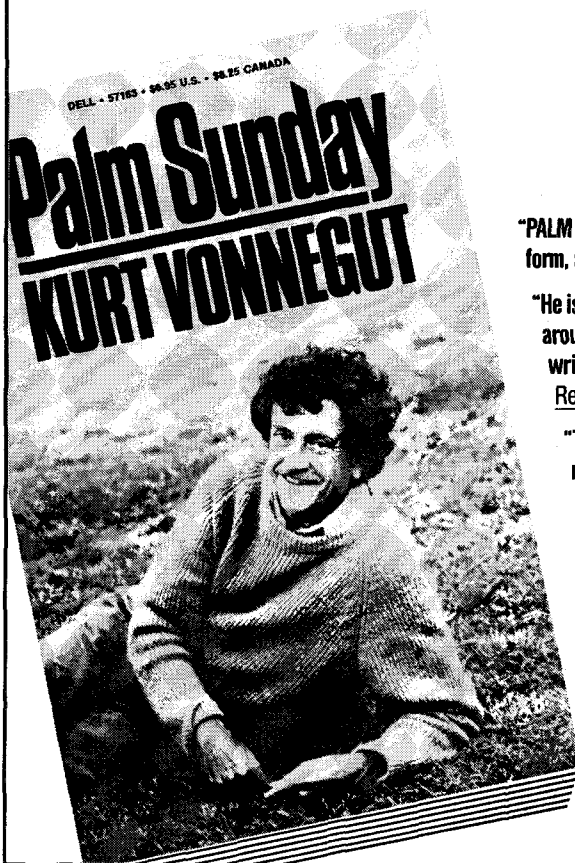
happy privilege of profiting from both sides. Our responses were temporizing; after the Japanese began to build up bases to attack China from French Indo-China, we came very near begging them not to. At last, on August 1, 1941, President Roosevelt proclaimed an embargo on oil—a step we had been loath to take lest it incite an attack on the Netherlands East Indies. (We had earlier embargoed scrap iron and steel and aviation fuel.) Prange for the most part contents himself with narration, but when he pauses to make a judgment he is invariably moderate and persuasive. Of this decision, he says:

When the alternatives are examined, it is difficult to see what other course Roosevelt could have taken at this point. Economic sanctions were strong medicine, but they are legal, recognized moves on the international chessboard. The embargo was not a malicious attempt to bait Japan into war, but designed to make it stop, look, and listen.

He discusses the reasons that the Japanese were unable to reconsider their course, even though they had been losing men and weapons in China since 1937 at a rate that was straining their economy. All governments have a stronger tendency than individuals or businesses to reinvest in failure. The most striking instance I can think of is Napoleon, who as a general in 1799 cut his losses, ran out on a French army stranded in Egypt by Nelson's victory at the Battle of the Nile, and went back to Europe to see to his own career, but who as Emperor—as the French government—could never bring himself to withdraw from his Spanish adventure (1808-13), which was as draining and inconclusive as Japan's in China; Wellington ended it for him. Japan in 1941 does sometimes recall Napoleonic France but more often recalls Wilhelmine Germany—skillful, harsh, and without any sense of proportion.

Our unpreparedness for the Japanese attack was only one aspect of our unpreparedness to live in a hostile world. We had no spy ring in Japan and did not make an issue of Japanese espionage in our country, because we were attempting to avoid a breach in relations. We had broken the Japanese diplomatic code but none of the military ones, and the Japanese did not tell their diplomats of their military projects—the Japanese envoys in Washington on December 7, 1941, learned of the attack after our government did. Above all, our intelligence lacked coordination. Army and Navy intelligence

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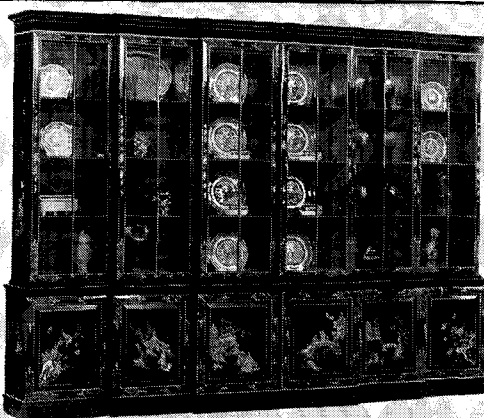
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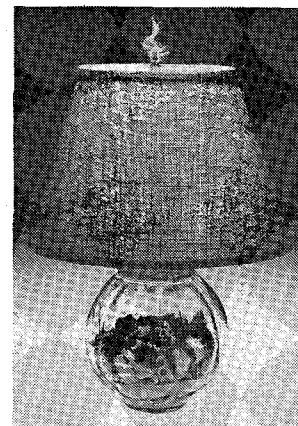
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staffs were friendly, but no single person or body kept track of the information that came in and was distributed, and there was no machinery to insure an over-all view or evaluation of the bits and pieces. The President and his closest advisers—Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Secretary of War Henry Stimson, Chief of Staff of the Army George Marshall, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, and Admiral Stark—demonstrated a remarkable degree of understanding and coöperation, but there was no organizational unity on lower levels. In Hawaii, General Walter Short, commander of the Hawaiian Department, Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, commander of the Pacific Fleet, and Admiral Claude C. Bloch, commander of the 14th Naval District (that is, Pearl Harbor, as distinct from the fleet), understood that they were to get along, and they did—Short and Kimmel had a regularly scheduled golf game—but as Prange shows us the months unfolding and the warnings piling up we never find these men acting as if they worked for the same company. Prange thinks their superiors in Washington assumed that Short and Kimmel and their staffs were coöperating closely, and also thinks these superiors might well have checked up on the activity (or inactivity) in the field. But, of course, there are objections to nannying from headquarters; as he also comments, "initiative is one of the principal components of command."

Prange believes that the first Pearl Harbor investigation, carried out by a commission under the chairmanship of Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, which sat from December 17, 1941, to January 23, 1942, was too severe in finding both Kimmel and Short guilty of dereliction of duty rather than of errors of judgment. The book follows closely the subsequent investigations by the Army and the Navy and, finally, by Congress (September 15, 1945, to July 20, 1946). Though none was ideal, all are prime historical sources, if one makes allowance for the fact that each was a great effort at shifting blame. Neither Kimmel nor Short won the exoneration he sought. Republicans hoped that the congressional investigation would place the blame for Pearl Harbor on President Roosevelt. It did not, and that gravely disappointed the Pearl Harbor revisionists, a tribe of writers who maintain to this day that secret or suppressed information would prove foreknowledge—usually in the White



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House—of the attack. The last section of the book summarizes Prange's dissection of revisionist works and theories. In a sense, it is not necessary: Prange has convincingly told us what really happened, and does not have to tell us what did not. His all-inclusive narrative demonstrates how feeble was the verifiable support for revisionist efforts, how wayward their temper, how intellectually shabby the result. History being a tissue of irrationalities, the last thing we need is irrational historians.

Prange, sticking to his story, never goes out of his way to stress how different the world seemed in 1941, but the reader cannot help being aware of the changes wrought by the war the Japanese started—beginning, of course, with the creation of nuclear weapons. We cannot help noticing the slowness of movement and the vastness of distances in 1941, when one air clipper a week travelled, weather permitting, between Hawaii and the American mainland. The greatest change, though, is the sense of security Americans have lost. In March, 1941, Prange tells us, the National Park Service refused a War Department request to install an Aircraft Warning Station on one of the Hawaiian Islands' high points, lest the structure "materially alter the natural appearance of the reservation." Such lack of urgency was not typical of the highest levels of our government, but it reflects the conviction, which disappeared forever on December 7, 1941, that this country was as good as invulnerable, and that America's role in the world was solely for America to decide.

It is difficult to know whether mankind has learned any lessons from Pearl Harbor, or, even with hindsight, to say how or if that audacious strike might have been averted. I doubt whether it could have been, because in intelligence, as in theology, belief seems to precede understanding. Americans in 1941 did not believe the Japanese could successfully attack Pearl Harbor, and the basis of this assumption, it seems to me, was a racism so ingrained we did not recognize it. One matter that recurs is our unexamined conviction that the Japanese were morally or emotionally dependent on their German allies. Although in the past—in the Russo-Japanese War, and in the usurpation of Manchuria—the Japanese had struck on their own, we were not ready to believe that an Asian power would act for its own



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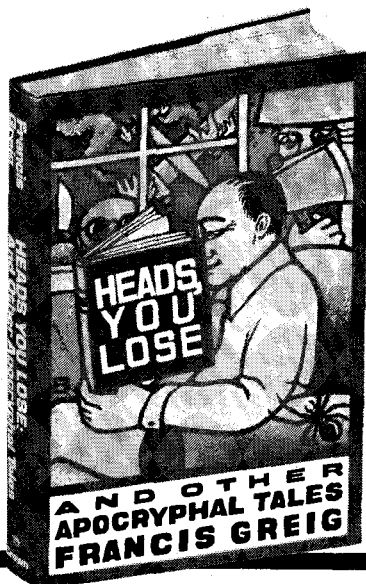
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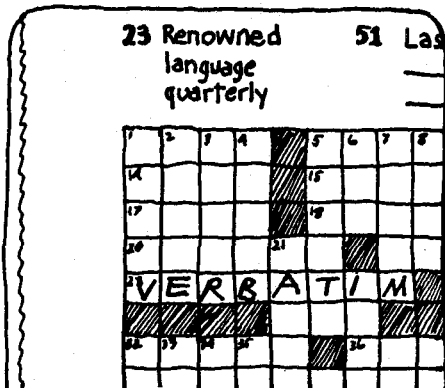
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purposes in its own ways entirely on its own initiative. Nor did we believe that the Japanese had the technical proficiency to carry out this assault.

Our underestimation of the Japanese was paralleled by their underestimation of us. Racism played a part—many of their militarists certainly hated whites. But I am more impressed by the tenacity of the anti-democratic tradition that they espoused. In every war that we have fought, our enemies (I include the Confederacy, which imagined itself an aristocracy) have believed, as the Japanese did in 1941, that a society that does not value subordination and allows its citizens to pursue their own purposes produces men who are corrupt and cowardly. This may be the only conviction shared by George IV as Prince Regent, Santa Anna, and Hitler. The persistence of this stereotype despite contrary evidence is mysterious. (Before the United States existed, the Dutch Republic had wrested its freedom from the Spanish Empire.) Just as the revisionist assumption that the Japanese victory could never have been achieved without the assistance of American skulduggery exaggerates our general racism, the Japanese assumption that one sharp blow would utterly cow Americans magnifies this hoary anti-liberal tradition. The story of Pearl Harbor as Prange tells it is that, for a brief while, the Japanese were our superiors in the arts of war. The lesson of Pearl Harbor, I imagine, is the folly of belittling. —NAOMI BLIVEN

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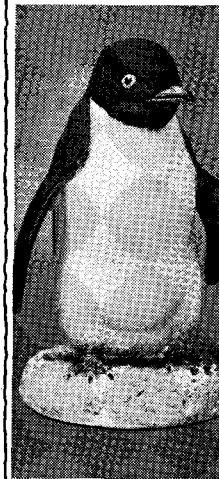
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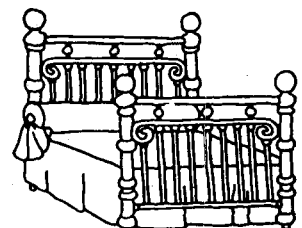


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